



SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

*PART I.—VOL II.*



AS YOU LIKE IT  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  
MACBETH. CYMBELINE.  
HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.  
OTHELLO. KING LEAR.

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EDINBURGH AND LONDON

# Shakespeare's Library

*A COLLECTION OF THE*

PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS  
AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

SHAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

*CAREFULLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED*

The Text now first formed  
from a New Collation of the Original Copies

*VOLUME THE SECOND*

LONDON

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1878





AS YOU LIKE IT.



## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.



STEEVENS, speaking of the obligations of Shakespeare to the novel we have here reprinted, says that our great dramatist followed it "more exactly than is his general custom, when he is indebted to such worthless originals." Let it be remembered, that this opinion as to the value of Lodge's "*Rosalynd*" was given by the commentator who asserted that the force of an Act of Parliament would not be sufficient to compel people to read Shakespeare's Sonnets, and who pronounced Watson a more elegant writer than Shakespeare in that department of poetry

Comparing "*Rosalynd*" with "*As you like it*," the former may indeed be termed "worthless," inasmuch as Shakespeare's play is so immeasurably superior to it; but Steevens spoke in the abstract of works of the kind of which Shakespeare had availed himself; and placing Lodge's novel by the side of other productions of the same class, we cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents), and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in

the characters, cannot be denied. These are errors which the judgment and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid, but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to the excellence of that "original," which Steevens pronounced "worthless." It may almost be doubted whether he had even taken the trouble to read carefully that performance upon which he delivered so dogmatical and definitive a condemnation.<sup>1</sup>

As in the case of Greene's "Dorastus and Fawnia," so in that of Lodge's "Rosalynd," the means of exact comparison between it and the play being now afforded to the modern reader, it would only be a waste of time and space for us to enter into any details on the point. The resemblance throughout will be found rather general than particular, and the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are entirely new in Shakespeare. The names of the other personages engaged in the drama have also been changed, with the exception of those of the heroine, Phœbe, Adam, and Charles the Wrestler.

The edition we have followed is that of 1592, in 4<sup>o</sup>, B. L., and we have carefully collated it with the impression of 1598. "Rosalynd" originally came out in 1590; but Ritson was unacquainted with its existence, and as no perfect copy of the first edition is known, we have necessarily adopted the text of the second. It was reprinted at least ten times between 1590 and 1642—a sufficient evidence of the popularity of the story.

On the title-page Lodge tells us that it was "fetched

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<sup>1</sup>["Lodge's 'Rosalynd' is reprinted in Shakespeare's Library by Mr Collier, who is very angry at Steevens for having termed it 'worthless:' but if Steevens somewhat undervalued it, Mr Collier greatly overrates it."—*Dyce*. It appears to me that Mr Collier states the matter fairly enough.]

from the Canaries;" and in the Dedication he informs Lord Hunsdon that he wrote the novel "to beguile the time" while he was on a voyage "to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries," with Captain Clarke. He does not speak of it as a translation (as he does of his "Margarite of America," printed in 1596, and written in 1592 while Lodge was at sea with Cavendish), and there is no reason to suppose that it was not an original production. Several of the poems interspersed in "Rosalynd" were copied into "England's Helicon," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1600.

We have it on Lodge's own evidence (see the Dedication), that he was educated at Oxford under Sir Edward Hobby, and that he was contemporary there with two of the sons of Lord Hunsdon. In fact, he was entered at Trinity College in 1573, and as Anthony Wood states, took "one degree in arts," after which he went to London. There he joined a theatrical company, became an actor and a dramatic author, and about 1580 wrote a "Defence of Stage-plays," in answer to Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse," which had been printed in the preceding year. Lodge's "Defence" was suppressed by the public authorities, and only two copies of it are now known, both of which have been mutilated, being without title-pages. His oldest production with a date is his "Alarum against Usurers," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1584, in which he mentions the fate of his answer to Gosson. It seems likely that he entered the army soon afterwards, and accompanied Captains Clarke and Cavendish on their several expeditions.

At the close of his "Rosalynd," Lodge promises a work which, as far as we know, was never printed, to be called "The Sailor's Calendar," and it most likely had relation to his sea adventures. However, we find him again in connection with the stage soon after 1590; and his tragedy called "The Wounds of Civil

War" was published in 1594. This is the only extant dramatic piece which he wrote alone, though he had joined Robert Greene in "A Looking Glass for London and England," which must have been composed before September 1592, and was printed in the next year. If any other dramas came from his pen, we have no record of them either in print or in manuscript, but as he certainly wrote with much facility, it is possible that he produced other plays for the association of actors with which Philip Henslowe was connected, and of which Lodge was a member.

As early as 1589, we learn from the title-page of his "Scilla's Metamorphosis," that he was a "student of Lincoln's Inn, and he still styled himself "of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman," when he published his "Fig for Momus," in 1595.

How soon, and from what motive, he abandoned the study of the law and took up that of medicine, we have no information. Probably it happened about the year 1596, when he published his latest miscellaneous work, "Wits Miserie," and dated it "from my house at Low Layton." Wood says that he took his degree in medicine at Avignon; but we hear no more of him until 1603, when he printed "A Treatise on the Plague," which was then raging in London; and of which disorder he is supposed to have died in 1625. In the interval he practised as a physician, and is mentioned by his contemporary dramatist and actor, Thomas Heywood, in his "Troja Britannica," 1609, in that capacity. Lodge was the author of a Translation of Josephus, in 1602, and of Seneca in 1614; and in 1616 he obtained a passport from the Privy Council, that he might "travel into the Arch Duke's country," to "recover debts," said to be due to him, though circumstances make it appear likely that it was to avoid his own creditors.

It seems not improbable that our novelist and poet

was in some way related to Sir Thomas Lodge, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1563, and regarding the necessity of supporting whose credit a letter from the Lord Treasurer is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum (No. 6). Sir Thomas Lodge was one of the persons who fitted out the *Minion* and *Primrose* for the coast of Guinea in 1562 (See Hakluyt's *Voyages*), and it is very possible that the author of "*Rosalynd*" accompanied Clarke and Cavendish on their respective expeditions in consequence of his family connection with one of the promoters of previous naval adventures. He speaks of his "birth," and of "the offspring from whence he came," in his earliest dated production, and for aught that appears to the contrary, he might be the son of Sir Thomas Lodge, who met with misfortunes both during and subsequent to his mayoralty. This, however, is a new point of speculation, not touched by any of those who have hitherto adverted to the particulars of the life of the author of the ensuing novel.





Euphues golden Legacie, found after  
his death in his Cell at Sile-  
xedra,

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAVTVS

Sonnes, nvr sed vp with their Father  
in England.

*Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*

L O N D O N

Printed by Abel Ieffes for T. G.  
and *John Busbie* 1592.

*To the Right Honourable and his most esteemed Lord  
the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine to her  
Majesties houshold, and Governor of her Towne of  
Barwicke. T. L. G. wisheth increase of all  
honourable vertues.*

SUCH Romanes (right honorable) as delighted in martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a patron of souldiors : and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Mœcenas of schollers, both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present her with bayes, as she is wise, and with armour as she is valiant, observing heerein that excellent *το πεπρον*, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (right honorable) with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a patron of all martiall men. and a Mœcenas of such as apply themselves to studie : wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde. beeing myselfe first a Student, and afterwards falling from booke to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordshippe. Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I wrot this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a Souldior and a

Scholler, I presumed to shrowd it under your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and faviour of all vertuous actions, and whose honorable Loves, growne from the generall applause of the whole commonwelth for your higher desertes, may keepe it from the mallice of every bitter toong. Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) chalenge in me a speciall affection for your Lordshippe, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Maister Edmund Carew, and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also beeing scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the winges of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a Lady. Thus (right Honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so pretious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your Honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers penne with your gracious acceptance, who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to your honour, as his onely desire is, to ende his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the Patronage of my work, I cease: wishing you as many honorable fortunes as your L. can desire or imagine.

Your honors souldiour most

humbly affectionate :

THOMAS LODGE.

## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS



GENTLEMEN, looke not heere to finde anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Lawreat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent Orator. *Nolo altum sapere*, they bee matters above my capacitie the Coblers checke shal never light on my heade, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, I will go no further than the latchet, and then al is wel. Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mutle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtlaxe, not boght with the allurements of a filed tongue To bee briefe, Gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the Ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour But if Momus or any squinted asse, that hath mighty eares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge if he come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either wel bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods. But curteous Gentlemen, that favour most, backbite none. and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, Gentlemen, you have Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with favour, and farewell.

Yours, T. L.

*The Siedule<sup>1</sup> annexed to Euphuus Testament, the tenour  
of his Legacie, the Token of his Love*

THE vehemency of my sicknes (Philautus) hath made mee doubtfull of life, yet must I die in counsailling thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla, as I heare, who being yong in yeres have green thoghts, and nobly born, have great minds. bend them in their youth like the willow, least thou bewaile them in their age for their wilfulness. I have bequeathed them a Golden legacie, because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassender, to profit by it; and in reading let them meditate for I have approved it the best methode. They shall find Love anatomized by Euphuus, with as lively colours as in Appelless table: roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie. Here they may read that Vertue is the King of labours, opinion the Mistres of fooles, that unitie is the pride of Nature, and contention the overthrow of Families: here is Elleborus, bitter in taste, but beneficial in triall. I have nothing to send thee and Camilla but this counsel, that instead of worldly goods you leave your sons vertue and glorie; for better were they to bee partakers of your honours then lords of your mannors. I feele death that summoneth me to my grave, and my Soule desirous of his God. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applyed to thy childrens comfort.

*Euphuus dying to live*

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

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<sup>1</sup>“The Schedule annexed to Euphuus Testament” is not in the edition of 1590, but was first added to that of 1592. It appears in all the subsequent impressions that have fallen under our notice — *Collier*.



## Rosalynde.

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THERE dwelled adjoyning to the Citie of Bordeaux a Knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties

Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government, and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grewe aged: his haies were silver hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men

might perceive that his glasse was runne, and that Nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir John (that with the Phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the Swan, discover his end by her songs) having three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a Legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him, in the presence of his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

SIR JOHN OF BURDEAUX LEGACIE HE GAVE TO HIS  
SONNES.

Oh my Sons, you see that Fate hath set a period of my years, and destenies have determined the final ende of my dayes. the Palme tree waxeth away ward, for hee stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. my silver haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pende downe the subtleties of Fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelfe to counterchecke povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto vertue. First therefore unto thee Saladyne the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraven as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I give foure-

teen ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next unto Feinandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But unto Rosader the youngest I give my Horse, my Armour, and my Launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend, as I have beene carefull to get, your friendes wil greeve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fal did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeavours, and shew yourselves siens worthy of so flourishing a tree, least as the birdes Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceede in blacknes. Climbe not my sonnes. aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake; they which stare at the starres, stumble upon the stones, and such as gaze at the Sunne (unless they be Eagle eyed) fal blinde. Soare not with the Hobbie, least you fal with the Larke, nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus Fortune when shee wils you to flye, tempers your plumes with waxe; and therefore eyther sit stil and make no wing, or else beware the Sunne, and hold Dedalus axiome authenticall (*medium tenere tutissimum*). Low shrubs have deepe rootes, and poore Cottages great patience Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspiueth to nestle with dignitie Take heed my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melodie, where strings high stretch, eyther soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countiyes eare be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selves, but to levell your



thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, and faythful to your friendes ; so shal Fraunce say, these men are as excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a pretious Jewell, within whose bosome you may unload your sorrowes, and unfold your secrets, and he eyther wil releeve with counsaile, or perswade with reason, but take heed in the choyce : the outward shew makes not the inwarde man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calendeis of truth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most dry, then it is most wet. when the shoares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they fore-point a storme. The Baatan<sup>1</sup> leafe the more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest wordes is oft hid most trechery. Therefore my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant : so trie and then trust : let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them up for jewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour, but not too rash, for that is extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But above al, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Love, for it is farre more perillous then pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with times colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but deadly destres. a womans eye, as it is pretious to behold, so

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1592 reads *Baarran* ]

is it prejudicial to gaze upon; for as it affordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not theyr fawning favours, for their loves are like the breath of a man uppon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the sight of every object.

My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxeth dimme, the houre is come, and I must away; therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet man cannot want one: and therefore if you love, choose her that hath eyes of Adamant, that wil turne onely to one poynt; her heart of a Diamond, that will receive but one forme; her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that never wagges, but with a Southeast winde: and yet my sonnes, if she have all these qualities, to be chast, obedient, and silent, yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to countervaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, even now take these my last wordes as my latest Legacie, for my threed is spunne, and my foot is in the grave: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts, for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fal see and marke my sonnes the folly of man, that being dust clumbeth with Biases to reach at the Heavens, and ready every minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bavons blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee ful of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But my sonnes, least you should forget your Fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying

wils you to execute living At this hee shrunke downe  
in his bed, and gave up the ghost

John of Bordeaux being thus dead was greatly  
lamented of his sonnes, and bewayled of his friends,  
especially of his fellow Knights of Malta, who attended  
on his funerals, which were performed with great  
solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladyne caused  
next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to bee  
pourtrayed out, which were to this effect :

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN  
OF BORDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONNES.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do give  
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost :  
I leave advise, to schoole you how to live .  
I leave you wit, but wonne with little cost .  
But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,  
When Father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choise of thrift let honour be your game,  
Winne it by vertue and by manly might ;  
In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine ;  
Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right .  
Fight for thy faith thy Country, and thy King,  
For why? this thrift wil prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chaste ;  
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell :  
The sweetest lookes by age are soon defast ;  
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.  
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,  
Presents the hony mixt with bitter gall

In choise of friends, beware of light belefe ;  
A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart  
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle grieve.  
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart  
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,  
When richer growne, befriend you him agen.

Learne with the Ant in summer to provide ;  
Drive with the Bee the Droane from out the hive .  
Buyld lyke the Swallow in the summer tyde ;  
Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thrive  
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,  
So by your death your glory shall beginne.

Saladyne having thus set up the Scedule, and hangd about his Fathers hearse many passionate Poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowfull, hee clad himselfe and his brothers all in black, and in such sable sutes discoursed his griefe : but as the Hiena when she mourns is then most guileful, so Saladyne under this shewe of griefe, shaddowed a heart full of contented thoughts The Tyger though he hide his claws, wil at last discover his rapine : the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a man's phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it wil have his course nurture and art may do much, but that *Natura naturans*, which by propagation is ingrafted in the hart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse,

Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his Fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his Fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardain, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter . wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

#### SALADYNES MEDITATION WITH HIMSELFE

Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy Fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment? By the one thou art coun-

said to content thee with thy fortunes, by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter physick than store Avicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most pretious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde Oh Saladyne, what were thy Fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from coveting without honor, and climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to ayme at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will bee more prejudiciall to thy credite, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one neast? and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to robbe them, whom thou shouldest relieve? No Saladyne, intreat them with favours, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what wordes are these base foole, farre unfit (if thou be wise) for thy honour<sup>1</sup> What though thy father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age, and raved in his sicknes, shal his words be axioms, and his talke be so authentically, that thou wilt (to observe them) prejudice thy selfe? No no Saladyne, sicke mens willes that are parole, and have neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a Cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What man thy father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions; therefore bury his words with his carkasse,

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1592 has *humour* ]

and be wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true :

*Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe, make him not checke mate with thy selfe . for

*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit*

Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though he bee a Gentleman by nature yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture so shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raign thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions As for Fernandyne thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes : witte is great wealth, if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his foote boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The yoong gentleman bare all with patience til on a day walkyng in the Garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. Alas,<sup>1</sup> quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectual passions), why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such un-

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1592 has *As*]

natural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is you heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy Cates? aske some of thy Churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more Cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my Manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemye.

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly. he therefore tooke him up thus shortly, What

sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand: In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You sirs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loades upon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them. and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie Saladyne afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus, Rosader, be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes. revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John Bourdeauz say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt bee satisfied Brothers frownes ought not to be perodes of wrath. what man looke not so sowerly, I know we shalbe friendes, and better friends then we have been. For. *Amanthum ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to



the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond King of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of Wrastling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heades, least being idle, their thoughts should runne upon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King, a Champion there was to stand against all comers a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength, so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead · first by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his claws hee should never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*), taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the Stratagem Having thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus: He went to yoong Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him) and began to tel him of this Tournament and Wrastling, how the King should bee there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the Countrey: now brother (quothe hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in Chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of Armes I am

yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my Launce: my brother Feinandyne hee is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs, but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee: take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and Horse, and hye thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free hoise, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts, that hee past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the Curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver Couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Geismond their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the Forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who rather for fear then love graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter

Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull Dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a simpathy, for such as were martial, might use their Launce to be renowned for the excellency of their Chevalrie, and suche as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheeks there seemed a battaile betweene the Graces, who should bestow most favour to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the Shepheard on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance. her eyes were lyke those Lampes that made the wealthie covert of the Heavens more gorgious, sparkling favour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramelles of her hayre, foulded in a call of Golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightness: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laid herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence. what shoulde I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, shee was the Paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the Cavaliers cracke their Lances with more courage: many deedes of Knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several

desertes : at last when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when hee advaunst himselfe agaynst Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie . til at last a lustie Francklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage . the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the King entered the Lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage , which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees . which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himself, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie , but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution, tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent

All the while stood Rosader and sawe this Tragedie : who noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his Horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this Champion, being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus.

Bold yeoman whose sonnes have ended the terme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile and either see me make a third in their Tragedie, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph, the Francklin seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happy successe With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven, but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face, which shee perceiving, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora, at the sight of unacquainted Phæton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Noirmane seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looks of the Ladyes drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the fure of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, hee roughly clapt to him with so fierce an

incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil, which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try everie sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate. which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter: the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so yoong yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence but when they knew him to bee the yoongest son of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all favourable curtese, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughtie deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lordes graced him with em-

bracyng, so the Ladyes favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke · and therefore feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know she affected him · tooke from her necke a Jewel, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The Prize that Venus gave to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan, as this Jemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make himself sole Monarke of the world, he would rather have refused such dignitie, than have lost the Jewel sent to him by Rosalynd. To returne hir with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his lookes discover his affection, hee stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie .—

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,  
 Ten braunches from two boughes tipt all with roses,  
 Pure lockes more golden than is golde refine,  
 Two pearled rows that Natures pride incloses,  
 Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,  
 A snow died orbe where love increast by pleasure  
 Full wofull makes my heart, and bodie faintie :  
 Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.  
 In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,  
 Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read, shee blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of yong gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladynes, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his

brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe, to celebrate his funerals: as he was in his thought he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize accompanied with a crue of boon companions: grieved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grieft with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought up in the country, he absented himself as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux: he for the love hee bare to his deceased Maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolike and be merry, you shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare be I tel you Cavaliers, my Brother hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares his lyquor. With that hee burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer covered the Tables, and set downe whatsoever he could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withal such hartie welcome, as would have made the coursest meats, seeme deli-



cates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise or thrise with an upsey freeeze, they all took their leave of Rosader and departed. Assoone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his sword, and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixte the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely rejoyce the servantes, but made all the Gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly concord Saladyne hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter oportunity, he shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endeavors where leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary, Love presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discover, stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate . she began to cal to minde the comlinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excellling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a *chaos* of confused thoughts, she began to debate with herselfe in this maner :

## ROSALYNDS PASSION.

Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeares, and whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, and thou the unhappy daughter of a King detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynd, what cares wait upon a crown. what griefs are incident to dignity? what sorrows haunt royal pallaces: The greatest seas have the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind. smal Currents are ever calme, lowe valleys not scortcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty, it is with hir heele, rather disdain-ing their want with a frown, then envying their welth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou beene born low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet beeing great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates unwilling to have me any waies happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalynd. becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on love? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assoone hitting a ragge, as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a Captive, as the brest of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalynd by experience, for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and overgrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, Love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as wel for his inward life, as for his out-

ward lymaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the reporte of his vertue. But consider Rosalynde his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art poore and without patrymony, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a yonger brother, and voyd of such possessions as eyther might maintaine thy dignities or revenge thy fathes injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks: that womens ears are sooner content with a pound of *give me*. then a dram of *heare me*: that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that love is a fire, and wealth is the fewel: that Venus coffer should be ever ful: Then Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautiful, because hee is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love.

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush Rosalynd, be not over rash: leape not before thou looke: either love such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els love not [at] all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties: can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such servile conceites, as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou lovest, eyther Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertained passions,

taking up her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

## ROSALYNDS MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee  
Doth sucke his sweete .  
Now with his wings he playes with me,  
Now with his feete.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender brest :  
My kisses are his dayly feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The livelong night  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,  
He musicke playes if so I sing,  
He lends me every lovely thing  
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting  
Whist wanton still ye !

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence .  
And binde you when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
He shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
He make you fast it for your sinne,  
He count your power not worth a pinne.  
Alas what hereby shall I winne,  
If he gansay me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He wil repay me with annoy,  
Because a God.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bowe my bosome be ;  
Lurke in my eyes I like of thee  
O Cupid so thou pittie me,  
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynd ended her Madrigale, before  
Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and

many of the Peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court: for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarries not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the Peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords plead for Rosalynde, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grieve in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to entreat her father thus.

ALINDAS ORATION TO HER FATHER IN DEFENCE  
OF ROSALYNDE.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my

boldnesse , for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing together with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvell not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes, for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge love, and race out suspition, her obedience to your Majestie, I refeire to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all grifes with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nourtue, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge ; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher ; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who tryumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended strata-geme) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses, which proved, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use Justice my lord, it is the glory of a King, and let her live in your wonted favour ; for if you banish her, myselfe as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit

triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her with such taunts, as made the lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proude girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of toong, or my favours incouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The olde Lion avoides the toyles, where the yoong one leapes into the nette. the care of age is provident and foresees much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemie in his bosome. Thou fond girle, measureth all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe huswife and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske. And you (mayd) this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in defence of Rosalynd, wishing her Father (if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoynt her partner of her exile, which if he refused, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he sent down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done. The tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his onely child

than any ways to put in question the state of his kingdome ; so suspitious and fearfull is the conscience of an usurper Wel although his lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them must away from the Court without eyther more company or delay. In hee went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladyes alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her.

#### ALINDAS COMFORT TO PERPLEXED ROSALYND

Why how now Rosalynd, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroycal seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tel others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the onely medicine for want, that pretious implaister of content. being such a good Phisition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say,

*Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.*

Why then, if the Patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that Crowns have crosses when mirth is in Cottages ; that the fairer the Rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers, the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish ; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. If then fortune aymeth at the fairest, be patient Rosa-



lynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father, nature is higher prised then wealth, and the love of ones parents ought to bee moie pretious then all dignities : Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure ? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda a friend, who wil be a faithfull copartner of al thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What Rosalynd,

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Cheerly woman : as wee have been bedfellowes in royaltie, we wil be fellow mates in povertie : I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd : so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes And if ever fortune smile and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries)

*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company : saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune ? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a Page : thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me)

in what company so ever I come I will not be discovered : I wil buy me a suite, and have my Rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your Page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their Jewels, which they trussed up in a Casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede : they traveled along the Vineyardes, and by many by-waies : at last got to the Forrest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black Oxe began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie ; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groave of Cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely as if they had been in Paris with all the Kings delicates : Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses , which assoone as he espied, he cryed out, be of good cheare Mistresse : I spie the figures of men ; for heere in these trees bee ingraven certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up joyful to hear these newes, and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a Pine tree this passion.

## MONTANUS PASSION

Hadst thou been borne whei as perpetuall cold  
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silve: old  
 Had I complainde unto a maible stone,  
 Or to the fouds bewraide my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my grieve  
 But even the pride of Countiees at thy birth,  
 Whilste heavens did smile did new aray the earth

With flowers chiefe,  
 Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,  
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,  
 Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares .  
 Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,  
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my grieve  
 But not my tears, but tiuth with thee prevailes,  
 And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes .

Yet small releife,  
 For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard .  
 And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his Mistresse. You may see (quoth Gnimede) what mad cattel you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of Adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometimes of wax that is fit for every forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdaine: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shephardes passions, who found his Mistres as forward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird that defiles his<sup>1</sup> own nest? Beware

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<sup>1</sup> [ *The* in text ]

(Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doo,  
 perchance you wil make him leape so farre from love,  
 that he wil anger every vaine in your heart Thus  
 (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speak now as  
 I am Ahenas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter,  
 for put mee but into a peticoat, and I wil stand in  
 defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous,  
 constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth  
 Aliena) and no more words, for yonder be Characters  
 graven uppon the barke of the tall Beech tree. Let  
 us see (quoth Ganimede): and with this they read a  
 fancy written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,  
 The seas be robbed of their waves  
 The day want sunne, and sunne want bight,  
 The night want shade, the dead men<sup>1</sup> graves  
 The April, flowers and leaf and tree,  
 Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills  
 By humble plaines be overpride.  
 And Poets scorne the Muses quils,  
 And fish forsake the water glide.  
 And Iris loose hei coloured weed,  
 Before I faile thee at thy need.<sup>2</sup>

First duefull hate shall turne to peace,  
 And love relent in deep disdain  
 And death his fatall stroake shall cease,  
 And envy pite every paine,  
 And pleasure mourn, and sorow smile,  
 Before I talke of any guile

First time shall stay his staylesse race,  
 And winter blesse his browes with come:  
 And snow bemoysten Julies face,  
 And winter spring, and summer mourn,  
 Before my pen by helpe of fame,  
 Cease to recite thy sacred name. MONTANUS

<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1592, *mens*]

<sup>2</sup> [In the edit of 1592, a stanza follows which, by an odd sort  
 of misprint, the compositor inserted, making it up from parts of  
 stanzas 2 and 3. In the edit. of 1598 the mistake is rectified,  
 —*Collier*]

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the Syrens, and after prooving as tiotlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Philis, but who at last grew more false? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your pages apparrell and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mee to flattery, and that needs not: but come (seeing we have found here by this Fount the tract of Shepheardes by their Madrigalles and Roundelaies) let us forwarde; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even: and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes) they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yoong swaine) under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Lymons and Cytrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that Arbour, so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might

there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgious) was there a Fount so Christalline and cleere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour satte these two shepheardes (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their Pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat: drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye: we (to heare what these were) stole privily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

#### A PLEASANT EGLOG BETWEEN MONTANUS AND CORIDON.

*Cor.* Say shepheards boy, what makes thee greet<sup>1</sup> so sore?  
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
Yoong are thy yeares, thy cheeks with Roses dight:  
Then sing for joy (sweet swan) and sigh no more.

This milk-white Poppy, and this climbing Pine  
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
Till Phœbus daime all Westward to decline

*Mon.* Ah (Coridon) unmeet is melody  
To him whom proud contempt hath overboin,  
Slain are my joyes by Phœbus bitter scorn,  
Far hence my weale and nere my jeopardy.

Loves burning brand is couched in my brest,  
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart:  
And though his fury doo inforce my smart,  
Ay blyth am I to honour his behest

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<sup>1</sup> *i e*, cry so sore. This pastoral has several other archaisms, as *lorell*, *herry*, *for-thi*, and is obviously written in imitation of Spenser.—*Collier*.

Preparde to woes since so my Phœbe wils,  
 My lookes dismaide since Phœbe will disdain ,  
 I banish blisse and welcome home my pain,  
 So stream my teares as showers from Alpine hills.

In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,  
 I fetter reason in the snares of lust,  
 I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,  
 I live by that, which makes me living dye.

Devoid of rest, companion of distresse,  
 Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought,  
 How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought ?  
 Since I am reft of solace and delight

*Cor.* Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry love ?  
 A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,  
 A painted shrine full-fild with rotten treasure,  
 A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gaine, in seeming shadowed stil with want,  
 A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,  
 A flower that fades with everie frostie colde,  
 An orient Rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minutes joy to gaine a world of grieve,  
 A subtil net to snare the idle minde,  
 A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,  
 A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe

For thy Montanus follow mine arreede,  
 (Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth)  
 Leave foolish love, for beautie wit abuseth,  
 And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

*Mon.* So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,  
 And bird the snare, because it doth intap,  
 And fooles true love, because of sorry hap,  
 And saylers curse the ship that overturnes

But would the childe foibeare to play with flame,  
 And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin,  
 And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,  
 And maisters guide their ships in better flame.

The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes,  
 And birds rejoyce, to see the fowler faile,  
 And fooles prevent, before their plagues prevaile,  
 And saylers blesse the barke that saves from harmes.

Ah Coudon, though many be thy yeares,  
 And crooked elde hath some experience left,  
 Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,  
 In view of love, whose power in me appears.

The ploughman litle wots to turn the pen,  
 Or bookeman skils to guide the ploughmans cart,  
 Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of Art,  
 Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (unmeet for beauties guide,  
 Uncapable of loves impression)  
 Discourse of that, whose choyce possession  
 May never to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,  
 And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)  
 Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desne,  
 On sweet desire moie deere to me than gold

Thinke I of love, O how my lines aspire !  
 How hast the Muses to imbrace my biowes,  
 And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,  
 And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire !

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,  
 Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne  
 Amazed I read the stile when I have done,  
 And Herry Love that sent that heavenly rage

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,  
 Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,  
 The pride of earth, or what in heaven appears,  
 Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaines,  
 I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,  
 To praise her parts I charme both time and fate,  
 To bless the Nymph that yeelds me love sicke paines.

My Sheepe are turned to thoughts, whom forward will  
 Guydes in the restles Laborynth of love,  
 Feare lends them pasture whereso ere they move,  
 And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed,  
 My paper, where my many woes are written :  
 Thus silly swaine (with love and fancie bitten)  
 I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.



Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,  
My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweet to me .  
Who wayteth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,  
And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then Coridon although I blith me not,  
Blame me not man since sorrow is my sweet  
So willeth Love, and Phoebe thinkes it meet,  
And kind Montanus liketh well his lot

*Cor.* Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,  
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,  
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
And folly poysoneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse bearded, prepar'd to shame,  
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles .  
Alas that Love by fond and froward guiles,  
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,  
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes .  
Leave off in time to like these vanities,  
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,  
As many frie as fleet on Oceans face,  
As many heards as on the earth do trace,  
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields,

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,  
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,  
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,  
So many griefs in love, so many pains

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers ;  
Mishkes, misdeedes, fond joies, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,  
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deep despaires.

Truce, warre, and wo do wait at beauties gate.  
Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge,  
And lust . fierce Love is but a partiall Judge,  
Who yeelds for service shame, for friendship hate.

*Mon.* All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more, for I will never change  
Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range :  
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

*Ter* In amore hæc insunt vitia · induciæ, imiticiæ, bellum, pax rursus incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias

The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganymede from behind the thicket, at whose sodayne sight the shepheards aïose, and Aliena saluted them thus : Shepheards all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and Lovers good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Love, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts · wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my Page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speake so courteously returned her mildly and reverently this answer :

Faire Mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep : ful of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follyes Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for Love admits neither of counsaile, nor reason But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie : pray for you I may, but releve you I cannot : marry if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganymede by hir. Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her

perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour, as to know the cause of your misfortunes · and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie · Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads Know therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice gentle shepheard · my distresse is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell · for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life · for I have heard the swaines saye, that they diunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my Landslord intends to sell both the Farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money. and for a shepheards life (oh Mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace Here mistresse shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice : the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches

know broken slumbers as wee exceed not in<sup>1</sup> dyet, so we have inough to satisfie : and Mistresse, I have so much Latin, *Satis est quod sufficit*.

By my trueth shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therfore send for thy Landslord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both. onely for pleasure sake, I and my Page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in love. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards love? I (quoth Montanus) and overlove, els shouldst not thou see me so pensive. Love I tell thee, is as pretious in a shepheards eye, as in the lookes of a King, and we cuntry swains intertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest fiend to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefest fealty that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheardes than higher degrees. Then aske not if suche silly swains can love? What

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *ill*.]

is the cause then, quoth Ganimede, that Love being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because quoth Montanus, the party beloved is froward: and having curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdaine in her tongues ende. What hath she then, quoth Aliena, in heart? Desire (I hope Madame) quoth he: or else my hope lost, despaire in Love were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne beeing ready to set, and they not having folded their sheepe, Condon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and hee lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet that hee made when he hath beene deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus:

## MONTANUS SONNET

Phoebe sate,  
 Sweet she sate,  
     Sweet sate Phoebe when I saw her,  
 White her brow,  
 Coy her eye:  
     Brow and eye how much you please me  
 Words I spent,  
 Sighes I sent,  
     Sighs and words could never draw hir  
 Oh my love,  
 Thou art lost,  
     Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe sat  
 By a fount,  
     Sitting by a fount I spide her  
 Sweet her touch,  
 Rare hir voyce:  
     Touch and voice what may distain you  
 As she sung,  
 I did sigh,  
     And by sighs whilst that I tride her,  
 Oh mine eyes  
 You did loose  
     Hir first sight and whose want did pain you.

Phœbes flockes,  
White as wooll,  
Yet were Phœbes locks more whiter.  
Phœbes eyes  
Dovelike mild,  
Dovelike eyes, both mild and ciuell.  
Montan swears,  
In your lampes  
He will die for to delight her.  
Phœbe yeeld,  
Or I die.  
Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds, and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loves, hee resolving Aliena that Phœbe was the fairest Shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the Nymphs. But quoth he, as of all stones the Diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the Lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres, the Rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles. so of al our country lasses Phœbe is the brightest, and the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against Love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena<sup>1</sup> and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Tonismond. The

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<sup>1</sup> *Alinda* in text.

next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile, but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Condon swapt a bargaine with his Landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke her selfe putting on the attyre of the shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame. (for envy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fog) it chaunced on a morning very early he cald up certaim of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprized his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremity, wherin he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladyne answered him onely with a looke of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepee perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means of releefe could be had: wherupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meat: insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel in despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister, felt a remorse

in his conscience of his sonnes mishap, and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his servants, that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at revenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee would have quit Saladyne with the methode of his own mischiefe. But Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons Sir quoth hee, bee content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited al your kinred and allyes to a solempne breakefast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come complain to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe over your playntes, *succo pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for mee. When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaine the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses.

These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the gwestes bidden by Saladyne, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to



be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were covered. and Saladyne bringing his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaintes of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Uliesses, that were his words never so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner. beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungied, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had provided for his friendes. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, least upon a sodaine his brother should raise some crew of his tennants, and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrary course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shire and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the Gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him five and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till hee made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, hee

went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the injuries of fortune with patience expecting the coming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt upon the battlements of the house, he descryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troope of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to bee so credulous : now Adam, quoth he, what shall I do? It rests for me, either to yeeld up the house to my brother and seek a reconciliation, or els issue out, and biaeke through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men growes odious : if I issue out amongst them, fortune may favour mee, and I may escape with life, but suppose the worst. if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequall a revenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then Maister forward and feare not, out amongst them, they bee but faint hearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if hee die not at your foote, say hee is a dastard.

These words cheered up so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe ; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader unlookt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made Hue and Crie after them. But

Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor. but fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contiauly. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

#### ADAM SPENCERS SPEECH

Oh how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand storms, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharp prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delightes, are crossed with deepest discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of envy, or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest, to decypher thy inconstancy. Thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist ever

be restlesse thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray: thou profferest an Eele, and performest a Scorpion, and wher thy greatest favours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why Adam doest thou exclaime against Fortune? she laughes at the plaintes of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old Adam, and thy hairs waxe white: the Palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death! Wert thou blessed by fortune thy yeares could not bee many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah, it is not that which grieveth mee, nor do I care what mishaps fortune can wage against mee: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doo I say, that fortune and the fates are most injurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrrour of her excellence; and now, through the decree of the unjust starres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune! Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my greife were the

lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe. but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine owne life? Ah, despaire is a merciless sinne

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer began to weep. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my Launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his prae, I were satisfied, but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Maister (quoth hee) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate, seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and over-worne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and maister with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne, for my mind gives me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his Rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It

chaunced<sup>1</sup> that day, that Gerismond the lawfull King of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes lived in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of Lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus :—

Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may : know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the Forrest for want of food : perish wee must unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life : let the proudest squire that sits at thy table, rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword ; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but [be] the Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme,

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1598 has *hapned*.]

before I made him partner of my fortunes . therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go ; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Whiche when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship , and Rosader having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer Well to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to heare what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse (an<sup>1</sup> it were not any way prejudicall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes : how hee was the yongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men, hee fled : and this old man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my fathers, and one (that for his love) never fayled me in all my misfortunes.

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Toismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subject hee

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy *as* ]

lived, and how honourably he dyed, promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister, and upon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the King, cravde pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doo him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere. yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the King, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simpathe of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to bee partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the unnatural King banished them both, and now they are wandered none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drave the King into a great melancholy, that presently hee arose from all the company, and went into his privie chamber, so secrete as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tydings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leave them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore dispatching a Herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended



his highnesse, but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the Herehault unto the Court. Where assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the Jayler had a straight charge over him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grief and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

#### SALADYNES COMPLAINT.

Unhappie Saladyne, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the laborinth of these calamities. Are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with favour, and revenge with justice? Oh Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule. and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are ever most loving, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, should live in friendship without jarre. Oh Saladyne, so it should bee; but thou hast with the deere fedde against the wind, with the crabbe strove against the streame, and sought to pervert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cries for revenge, his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance upon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writtes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kynde and naturall brother, and the heavens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a mind toucht with guilt. Every wrong I

offred him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, every bad looke, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies Saladyne thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but hee knew not whither. Nay villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou has proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute Chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the couit and countrey of France, and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed. Who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former folies to travaile abroad in every coast till he found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I beginne.

Rosader beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, travailing the groves and wilde Forrests, partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indeavour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himselfe like the eagle a true borne bird, since that the one is knowne by be-

holding the Sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, hee engraved with his knife on the bark of a Mir tre, this pretie estimate of his Mistres perfection.

### SONNETTO.

Of all chast brides the Phœnix doth excell,  
Of all strong beastes the Lyon beares the bell,  
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smel,  
Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,  
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,  
Of all soft sweets, I like my mistris brest,  
Of all chast thoughts my mistis thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the Eagle pleaseth Jove,  
Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the Dove,  
Of trees Minerva doth the Olive love,  
Of all sweet Nymphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,  
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast  
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,  
If Rosalynde prove cruell and unkind

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heat of the Sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions: they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes, they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynd: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodaily brake

off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes forrester? hast thou wounded some Deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns. tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse, and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena), his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more losse: perhaps in traversing these thickets, he hath seene some beautiful Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly ingraven some sonnet, come, and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus:

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such Epethites? Or is she some shepherdesse that hants these playnes, whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in covert under the figure of Rosalynd, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? or say mee forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome wee shepherds have heard talke, shee Forrester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlawe in the Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, It is she, O gentle Swayne, it is she, that Saint it is to whom I serve, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doe bende all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the Phenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of

all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Foirester) if shee be so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles? or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind, full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the Graces shrowd their vertues: thou wouldest not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a Diamond, bright, but not hard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, and a Princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sun, that I am quite blind: I have with Apollo enamoured myselfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainful, but farre more chast than Daphne: I have with Ixion laide my love on Juno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah shepheard, I have reacht at a starre, my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honors are to high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why Forrester, quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe: be blyth and frolike man. Love sowseth so low as she soareth high: Cupid shootes at a ragge assoone as at a roabe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled favour on polt-footed<sup>1</sup> Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *fo'e-footed*.]

they curious esteeme, where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester: faint heart never woone faire Ladye. But where lives Rosalynde now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lives I know not where, and this is my sorrow, banished by Toresmond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope telles mee shee would grace me with some favour: and that would suffice me as a recompence of all my former miseries.

Much have I heard of thy mistres excellence, and I know Forrester thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast survaid all her parts with a curious eye: then doo that favour, to tell me what her perfections be. That I wil quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my Mistress excellence. And with that he pulde a paper foorth his bosome, wherein he read this.

#### ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare  
Where all imperiall glorie shines,  
Of selfe same colour is her haire,  
Whether unfolded, or in twines  
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,  
Refining heaven by every wincke  
The gods do feare when as they glow,  
And I doo tremble when I thinke  
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde  
That bewtifies Auroraes face,  
Or lyke the silver crimson shrowde,  
That Phoebus smiling lookes doth grace  
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,  
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,  
Within which bounds she balme incloses,  
Apt to intice a Deitie  
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,  
 Where Love himselfe imprisoned lies,  
 To watch for glaunces every houre,  
 From her devine and sacred eyes  
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd

Her pappes are centers of delight,  
 Her pappes are oibes of heavenly flame,  
 Where Nature molds the dew of light,  
 To feed perfection with the same,  
 Heigh ho, would she were mine

With Orient pearle, with Rubie red,  
 With Marble white, with Saphire blew,  
 Her body every way is fed,  
 Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view  
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires  
 The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,  
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :  
 Heigh ho, would she were mine

Then muse not Nymphes though I bemone  
 The absence of faire Rosalynde,  
 Since for her faire there is faier none,  
 Nor for her vertues so devine  
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine !  
 Perit, quia deperibat.

Beleeve me (quoth Ganymede) eyther the Forrester  
 is an exquisite Painter, or Rosalynde farre above  
 wonder ; so it makes me blush, to heare how women  
 should be so excellent, and pages so unperfect

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus.  
 Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complaine thee,  
 wert thou the substance : but resembling the shadow,  
 content thyselfe, for it is excellence inough to be like  
 the excellence of nature. He hath aunswered you,  
 Ganymede, quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to  
 wait on beautiful Ladies, and not to be beautiful them-  
 selves. Oh mistres, quoth Ganymede, hold you your  
 peace, for you are partiall : Who knowes not, but that

all women have desire to tye soveraintie to their petticoates, and ascribe beauty to themselves, wher if boies might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tel me Forrester, (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine, under the King of Outlawes, said he, the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, than great men in danger. But hast thou not, said she, (having so melancholy oppertunities as this Forrest affoordeth thee) written more Sonets in commendations of thy Mistris? I have gentle swaine quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawn of day, if your flockes feed in these pastures, I will bring them you, wherein you shall read my passions, whiles I feele them, judge my patience when you read it: til when I bid farewell. So giving both Ganymede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittle prattle. So Ganymede (said Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloved. men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: believe mee, it grieves me not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pittillesse.

Ah, Aliena (quoth she), be not peremptory in your judgments. I heare Rosalynde praisd as I am Ganymede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answer the Forrester. if he mourne for love, there are medicines for love. Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkind. And so Madame you see it is time to fold our flocks, or else Coridon will frown, and say you will never prove good huswife. With that they put their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons Cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde: but she



poore soule, that had Love her loadstarre, and her thoughtes set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate pennance poore Rosader was enjoyned to by Love and Fortune : that at last shee fell into this humour with her selfe.

ROSALYNDE PASSIONATE ALONE.

Ah Rosalynd, how the Fates have set down in theyr Sinode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done hir worst, then Love comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thyne eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour. for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent? she is a syren, stop thine eares at her melodie, she is a Basiliske, shutte thine eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the Countrey content, where are heavenly thoughtes and meane desires: in those Lawnes where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her Nymphes chaste, and enemie to Love, for there is no greater honour to a mayd, than to account of fancie, as a mortal foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonny wench, was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets fain, but for her chastity her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is ever greene.† Follow thou her steps Rosalynd, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least loving in hast, thou repent thee at leisure.

Ah but yet Rosalynd, it is Rosader that courts thee : one, who as he is beutifull, so he is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious favours ; and therefore Rosalynde stoope to Love, least beeing eyther too coy or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who saide, it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charls Waine was risen in the North, wheruppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalynde: who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any contente. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede : who restlesse all night, had tossed in her passions : saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasaunt with her Ganimede, and therfore replied thus : What wanton ? the Sunne is but new up, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath not taught me it is not fitte to lead the sheepe abroad : least the deaw being unwholesome, they get the rot : but now see I the old proverbe true, he is in hast whom the devill drives, and where love prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart ? What, hast thou wrapt love in thy looks, and sette all thy thoughts on fire by affection ? I tell thee, it is a flame as harde to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must have her course, womens eies have faculty attractive like the

jeat, and retentive like the diamond : they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the Pantheas beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring paunch Come on (quoth Ganymede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie stil a bed, because either you think the morning cold, or els I being gone, you would steal a nappe . this shift carries no paulme, and therefore up and away. And for Love, let me alone, ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces , and therefore looke you to your selfe : be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend : nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccavi*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so earlie this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start up , and assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mynd, then ever they were in the court of Torismond They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganymede, wipe your eyes sweeting . for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep prayers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on Ganymede, I pray thee lets have a litle sport with him. Content (quoth Ganymede) and with that to waken him out of his deep *memento*, he began thus

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne? in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynd. Take heede Forrester, step not too farre, the Foord may be deep, and you slip over the shooes : I tell thee, flyes have their spleen, the antes choller, the least haire shadows, and the smallest loves great desires.

Tis good (Forrester) to love, but not to overlove · least in loving her that likes not thee, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse Laborinth. Rosader seeing the faire shepheardesse and her prettie Swayne, in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute on this maner.

Gentle shepherds, all haile, and as heathfull be your flocks, as you happie in content. Love is restlesse, and my bedde is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere (although every where passionate) yet I brooke love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies when I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalynd, whose heavenly hue exceeds the Rose and the Lilly in their highest excellence · the brightnesse of Phoebus shine, puts mee in minde to thinke of the sparkeling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire. the sweet harmony of the birds, put me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voyce, which lyke the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of every object to the excellencie of her qualities

She is much beholding unto (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I have oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should ever prove as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item Forrester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardesse favours you, who is mistresse of so manye flockes. Leave of man the supposition of Rosalynds love, when as reaching<sup>1</sup> at her, you rove beyond the Moone, and cast your lookes upon my mistresse, who no doubt is as faire

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *watching*.]

though not so royall, one bird in the hand is worth two in the wood : better possesse the love of Aliena, then catch furiously at the shadowe of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy (quoth Rosader<sup>1</sup>) so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy mistresse as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Jove courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties · and so hath Love lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of any other. Venus is too blame Forrester [quoth Ganymede] if having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer than her self.

But leaving this prattle, now ile put you in mynd of your promise, about those Sonnets which you sayd were at home in your lodge.

I have them about mee (quoth Rosader) let us sit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall fury Love will infuse into a man : with that they sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them this Sonnet :

#### ROSADERS SONNET.

In sorowes cell I layd me downe to sleepe,  
 But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,  
 They made them watch. and bend themselves to weepe,  
 But weeping teares their want could not suffice .  
 Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,  
 They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.  
 Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,  
 Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with love,  
 Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings .  
 But I behold what paines I must approve  
 Care drinkes it drie ; but when on her I thinke,  
 Love makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *Ganymede*.]

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce unto my teares,  
 By them the windes increast and fiercely blow .  
 Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,  
 And by their force with greater power doth glow :  
 Amids these paines, all Phoenix like I thrive,  
 Since Love that yeelds me death, my life revive  
 Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester (quoth Aliena), when thou madest this Sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy mistresse favours, nor too glesome, as hoping in thy fortunes I can smile (quoth Ganymede) at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigales, roundes and roundelaies, that these pensive patients powre out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest bayt to the fairest fish : so these Ovidians (holding *Amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazard) write that they bee wrapt in an endlesse Laborinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely have their humours in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures ; and then flye they away (like ramage kytes) to their own content, leaving the tame fool their mistresse full of fancie, yet without even a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie) they ende their amors with a few fained sighes ; and theyr excuse is, their mistresse is cruell, and they smoother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with wryting amoretts, then to bee deeply enamoured (as you say) of your Rosalynde. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then

that you may with Ixion embrace Juno in a cloude, and have nothing but a marble mistresse to release your martyrdome; but if you be true and trustie, eye-payned and heart sick, then accursed be Rosalynd if she proove cruel: for Forrester (I flatter not) thou art worthie of as faire as shee. Aliena spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganymede flew to the fist without any call; but Rosader who tooke him flat for a shepherds Swayne, made him this answere:

Trust mee Swayne (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in no such humor; for mine eye and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancy by sight, the other entreteining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heavens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods have endued her; then wouldst thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting unto her. If she had been Æneas Dido, had Venus and Juno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence despite of them, would have detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had been as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she, neither had the Philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres been graced with Ariadne but Demophoon and Theseus had been trustie to their Paragons. I wil tel thee Swayne, if with a deep insight thou couldst pierce into the secrets of my loves, and see what deep impressions of her *Idea* affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease, a cankar that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, sodaine

joyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be founde in love, then is not hee to bee accounted patient that smothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold al thy words for Axiomes: but is Love such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it; for as the weedes grow longer untoucht then the prettie floures, and the flint lyes safe in the quarry, when the Emerauld is suffering the Lapidaries toole: so meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when kings are environed with a laborinth of her cares. The whiter the Lawne, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the Chrysolite the sooner stained; and such as have their hearts ful of honour, have their loves ful of the greates sorrowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) hee fixeth his dart, hee never leaveth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to folly or fancy; for as the Moone never goes without the starre Lunisequa, so a lover never goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancy of my making. No doo gentle Forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read over this Sonetto:

#### ROSADERS SECOND SONETTO.

Tuene I my lookes unto the Skies,  
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eies  
 If so I gaze upon the ground,  
 Love then [in] every floure is found.  
 Search I the shade to flee my paine,  
 He meets me in the shade againe.  
 Wend I to walke in secret grove,  
 Even there I meet with sacred Love.  
 If so I bayne me in the spring,  
 Even on the brinke I heare him sing.  
 If so I meditate alone,  
 He will be partner of my mone.



If so I mourn, he weeps with me,  
 And where I am, there will he be  
 When as I talke of Rosalynd,  
 The God from coynesse waxeth kind,  
 And seems in self same flames to fly,  
 Because he loves as wel as I  
 Sweet Rosalynd for pittie rue,  
 For why, then Love I am more true  
 He if he speed will quickly flie,  
 But in thy love I live and die

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Marry quoth Ganymede, for the pen well, for the passion ill, for as I praise the one, I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a cloude, and love either without reward or regard. Tis neither frowardnesse, quoth Rosader, but my hard fortunes, whose destenies have crost me with her absence; for did shee feele my loves, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the wil than the wealth, having loyaltie the object wherat they ayme their fancies. But leaving off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last Sonnetto, and then you have heard all my Poetry, and with that he sight out this.

#### ROSADERS THIRD SONNET.

Of vertuous Love myself may boast alone,  
 Since no suspect my service may attaint.  
 For perfect faire she is the only one,  
 Whom I esteem for my beloved Saint.  
 Thus for my faith I only beare the bell,  
 And for her faire she only doth excell

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,  
 And Tasso cease to publish his affect,  
 Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,  
 And hers the faue, which all men do respect.  
 My lines hir faue, hir faire my faith assures,  
 Thus I by Love, and Love by me indures

Thus quoth Rosader, here is an ende of my Poems, but for all this no release of my passions; so that I

resemble him, that in the deapth of his distresse hath none but the Eccho to answere him. Ganimede pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner, for the Sunne and our stomackes are Shepheards dials. Therefore, Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantst in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner; where they had such cates as Countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet, than all their Courtly juncquets.

As soone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forrester quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt be as thou art Rosader, see in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her, and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and plaie us melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Aliena, shee to shew her willingness, diw forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the lovyng Forrester began thus:

THE WOOING EGLOGUE BETWIXT ROSALYNDE AND  
ROSADER.

*Ros.* I pray thee nymph by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighs that Lovers know,  
Or what our thoughts or faltring tongue affords,  
I crave for mine in ripping up my woe.

Sweet Rosalynd my love (would God my love)  
 My life (would God my life) aye pitie me  
 Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,  
 And but with beautie pitie wil not be  
 Looke on mine eyes made red with rufull teares,  
 From whence the raine of true remoise descendeth,  
 All pale in lookes, and I though yoong in yeares,  
 And nought but love or death my dayes befriendeth.  
 Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy biowes,  
 Which Love appointed for his mercy seat  
 The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
 The yon yeels with hammer, and to heat  
 Oh, Rosalynd then be thou pittifull,  
 For Rosalynd is only beautiful

*Rosal* Loves wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,  
 With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of gold  
 But when the fruit of their affects appears,  
 The simple heart by subtil sleights is sold.  
 Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,  
 Thus feeds the hart upon his endles harmes,  
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,  
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charmes.  
 The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,  
 The deaw of deep dissembled doublenesse,  
 These may attempt, but are of power no more  
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.  
 Oh Rosader then be thou wittifull,  
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pittifull.

*Ros.* I pray thee Rosalynd by those sweet eyes,  
 That stain the Sun in shine, the morn in cleare,  
 By those sweet cheeks where Love incamped lyes  
 To kisse the Roses of the springing yeare.  
 I tempt thee Rosalynd by ruthfull plaints,  
 Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,  
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,  
 Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile.  
 So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food  
 Thy harmless flockes, so may the Summer yeeld  
 The pride of all her riches and her good,  
 To fat thy sheepe (the Cittizens of field.)  
 Oh leave to arme thy lovely browes with scorne  
 The birds their beake, the Lyon hath his taile,  
 And Loves nought but sighs and bitter mourne,  
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile  
 Oh Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull,  
 For Rosalynde is onely beautiful.

- Rosal.* The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame.  
*Ros.* And Rosalynde my love than<sup>1</sup> any wooll more softer ;  
 And shall not sighes hei tender heart inflame !  
*Rosal.* Were Lovers true, maydes would beleeeve them ofter  
*Ros.* Truth and regard, and honour, guid my love.  
*Rosal.* Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.  
*Ros.* Oh pittie me sweet Nymph, and do but prove  
*Rosal.* I would resist, but yet I know not why.  
*Ros.* Oh, Rosalynde be kinde, for times will change,  
 Thy lookes ay nill be faire as now they be,  
 Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange  
 Ah yeeld in time sweet Nymph, and pittie me  
*Rosal.* Oh Rosalynde thou must be pittifull :  
 For Rosader is yong and beautifull  
*Ros.* Oh gaine more great than kingdomes or a crowne !  
*Rosal.* Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.  
*Ros.* First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe,  
 And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me.  
 Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,  
 And retchless horior hatch within my brest .  
 Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,  
 Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest :  
 Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprove,  
 Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.  
*Rosal.* Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love,  
 Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind  
*Ros.* Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,  
 Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect  
 Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,  
 And frolicke in the comfort of affect ;  
 And say that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,  
 Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue  
 in such a familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of  
 some good fortunes to light upon their affections,  
 began to be thus pleasant : How now Forrester,

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *that.*]

have I not fitted your turne? have I not playde the woman handsomely, and shewed myselfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in desires, and beene as full of suspition, as men of flattery? and yet to salve all, jumpe I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalinde content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merue reply.

Truth gentle Swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde, but as Ixion had Juno, who thinking to possesse a goddess, only imbraced a clowd : in these imaginary fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes ; but they grew so leane with pecking at shadows, that they were glad with Æsops Cocke to scrape for a barley cornell : So fareth it with me, who to feed my selfe with the hope of my Mistres favors, sooth my selfe in thy sute, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content ; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest, from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader), and laught. Content (quoth Ganimede), and chaunged as red as a rose : and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest : Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde.

But all was well, hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therfore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie fortunes leysure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose I digresse : and therefore to Aliena : who saide, the wedding was

not worth a pinne, unless there were some cheare, nor that bargaine well made that was not stiken up with a cuppe of wine : and therefore she wld Ganymede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a Mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde, which Rosader did, and so they passed awaye the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceyved time would tarry no man, and that the Sun waxed very low, readie to set : which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh Carrowse . which done they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing every woodman more fortunate in his loves, than he in his fancies : seeing thou hast wooon Rosalynde, when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids us adiew in a clowd, our sheepe they poore wantons wander towards their foldes, as taught by Nature their due times of rest, which tels us Foirester, we must depart. Marry though there were a mariage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tomorrow morning if you meete us heere, Ile promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content (quoth Rosader), tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love, that in the day am so fond to doate on love ; and so till to morrowe you to your Folds, and I will to my Lodge : and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganymede went and folded their flocks, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hyed homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganymede thus : I have heard them say, that when the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a Period, that the

Starres are sticklers in Venus Court, and that Desire hangs at the heele of Destenie : if it be so, then by all probable conjectures, this match will be a marriage : for if Augurisme be authentically, or the Devines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections . so that ere it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding

Tush (quoth Ganymede) all is not malte that is cast on the kill, there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one, love feeles no footing in the aire, and fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue : the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse of his market ; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe : and so I pray you (gentle Mistresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours , for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet : your eye that ever looked at love, will now lende a glaunce on your Lambes, and then they will prove more buxsome, and you more blyth, for the eyes of the Maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spyed olde Coridon where he came plodding to meet them : who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home. Where we will leave them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie : but the Forrest being full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and

hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry Lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lyons hate to play on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to have some foode, the Lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a Deere that but lightly hunt fled through the thicket) came pacing down by the grove with a Boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay a sleepe. and a Lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne. which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his Brother to traverse those secrete Desarts without any companie in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the Lyon. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himselfe

## ROSADERS MEDITATION.

Now Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salve thee with roses, and



having crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her favois. Thou that didst count thyselfe the most distressed of all men, maiest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men: if fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemye, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lyon, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme just in revenging his rigour, and thy injuries. Seest thou not how the Starres are in a favourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die, and thou bee free of his blood he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent handes. Now Rosader shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux, and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his revenews by inheritance, now mayest thou triumph in Love, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly. for womens eyes are made of Chriseoll, that is ever unperfect unless tempred with gold: and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this Lyon (Rosader) ende the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that casting his Boare speare on his necke, away he began to trudge.

But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his Boare speare against his brest, he felle into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe? Should the

honour of the Father shine in the actions of the Sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle: Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salveth the most daungerous sores? Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee live an exile in the Forest, shall thy Nature bee so cruell, or thy Nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so savage, as to suffer so dismall a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wilde beastes? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lyon to rowse himselfe: whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lyon very sore at the first stroke. The beaste feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader; and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost falne; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Burdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in a short combat slew the Lyon: who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as hee was of a ripe conceit) began to conjecture, that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not know-

ing his Brother, being in that disguise . at last he burst into these tearmes.

Sir, whatsoever thou be (as full of honour thou must needes be, by the view of thy present valour) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own losse . which tyes me to be thine in all humble sevice. Thankes thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have . for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to commaund me, use mee as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknowne to his Brother, woondered to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answer. I am sir (whatsoever thou art) a Forrester and Ranger of these walkes : who following my Deeie to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting Fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleepe, and the Lyon watching thy awake, that at thy arising hee might pray uppon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to bee favorable in imagination, and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood : which I have performed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exteriour liniments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her fiownes . but whatsoever or howsoever, lette mee crave that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus .

## SALADINES DISCOURSE TO ROSADER UNKNOWNNE.

Although the discouse of my fortunes, be the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound. yet that I may not proove ingratefull to so courteous a Gentleman, I wil rather sitte down and sigh out my estate, then give any offence by smothering my grieve with silence. Knowe therefore (sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two Brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concorde, as might have pierst like the Syrens melodie into any humane eare. But I (with Uliesses) became deafe against his Philosophical harmony, and made more value of profit than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I sette my middle brother to the Universitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I fed on his revenewes; and for the yoongest (which was my Fathers joye) yoong Rosader—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sate him downe and wept.

Nay forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the unfittest salve that any man can apply for to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceive, not out of a Gentlemans looke to discover his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Ah, sir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and blood from my heart, was

like my father in exteriour personage and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeres he aymed all his acts at honor, and coveted rather to die, than to brooke any injury unworthy a Gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blinde, and covetousnesse masked with the vayle of selfe-love, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it, being a twig; but Nature will have her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glistening, and vertue will shine though it be never so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and used him as one of my servile hundes, until age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch, that he could not brooke it, but coveted to have what his father left him, and to live of himselfe. To be short sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me, not with abilitie but valour, until at last by my friends and ayde of such as followed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and hee poore Gentleman lives no man knowes where in some distressed discontent. The Gods not able to suffer such impietie unrevenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrel against me, in hope to have my lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for ever. Thus, thus sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as having a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I profered Rosader, and a touch<sup>1</sup> in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by injustice. Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies, I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues, as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities.

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1598, *couch*]

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of Nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches. Then know Saladyne (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery. Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the Forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader : which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much adoo there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries ; the one submisse, the other curteous ; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving ; that at length Nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the Country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds Lodge, and presented his brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and sawe in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might affoord : which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gersmond fell to question Torismonds life. Saladyne briefly discourst unto him his injustice and tyrannies : with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last Gerismond began

with a deep sigh, to inquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalind? None sir quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious Fortune (quoth the king) that to double the fathers miserie, wrongst the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his Cell, and left Saladyne and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne study; but when he heard the whole matter, although hee grieved for the exile of his maister, yet he joyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a verteous Gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he sayd thus: I marry, thus it should be, this was the concord that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwixt you. Now fulfil you those precepts hee breathed out at his death, and in observing them, looke to live fortunate, and die honorable Well sayd Adam Spencer quoth Rosader, but hast any victuals in store for us? A piece of a red Deer (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader. and so they sat down and fel to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester. Some while they thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new Love had withdrawne

his fancie, or happely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that hee had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but specially Ganimede: who havynge Love in heart prooved restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede: while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his Forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her colour changde, and shee said to Aliena, See Mistresse where our jolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena), your nose bewrayes what porredge you love, the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the Sun shadowed with a vayle, Oyle hidden in water, nor Love kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. Why how now Gentle Forrester, what winde hath kept you from hence? that being so newly married, you have no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent yourself so many dayes? are these the passions you painted out so in your Sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men, is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd. You are deceived Mistres quoth Rosader; twas a copy of unkindness that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Bride. but if I have given any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly sue for pardon: which you must grant of course, in that



the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth (faire Mistresse, and my good Rosalynd) my eldest brother by the injury of Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the Forrest. And heere Rosader discourst unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconcilment made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow then the concept: yet that her estate might bee hyd stil, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune, that sawe how these parties valued not her Deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to have about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rascals that lived by prowling in the Forrest, who for feare of the Provost Marshall had Caves in the groaves and thickets, to shrowde themselves from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire shephardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to give her to the King for a present; hoping, because the King was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons. and therefore came to take her and her Page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her Page, which made them cry out to Rosader: who having the valour of his father stamped in his hart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way bee toucht with the least blemish of dishonour: and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well upon their carkasses, that he was no coward. But as *Nē Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and

Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carryed away by these Rascalles, had not Fortune (that ment to turne her frowne into a favour) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to find out his brothers walk, encountred this crue · and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a Forrest bill he had on his neck, and the first he stroke had never after more need of the Phisition ; redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaves were amazed at his valour. Rosader espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he behaved himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed amongst them, and layd on such loades, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressing up the woundes of the Forrester : but shee cast her eye upon this curteous Champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in her selfe to commende his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbrydeled villaines. At last gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thankes

Gentle sir, whatsoever you bee that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, and [seem] to have as many hidden vertues, as you have manifest resolutions. Wee poore Shepheardes have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasures ; but our recompence is thankes, and our rewards to our friends without faining. For rannsme therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercy, as a poore shepheardesse and her

Page may give with promise (in what wee may) never to proove ingratefull. For this Gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, hee is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, weele pay with smiles, and feed him with love-lookes, and though he be never the fatter at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him that he shall hold himselfe satisfied

Saladyne, hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her linnaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst the heart so deep, as it could never after be raced out. At last after hee had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answere.

Faire Shepheardesse, if Fortune graced me with such good hap, as to doo you any favour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tyed unto by honor: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty than curtesie, thankes is more than belongs to the requitall of such a favorn. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganymede lookt earnestly upon him, and sayd, Truly Rosader, this Gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No marvell (quoth he, gentle Swayne) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother quoth Aliena? (and with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I hold myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that

honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse. Content sweet mistresse quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then I will home for my woundes bleed sore, and I will have them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort Rosader that rysing (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimede assoone as they were out of sight, led his flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a Beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passyng discontent) severing herself from her Ganimede, sitting under a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new Love, and to meditate with hir selfe on this maner.

#### ALIENAES MEDITATION.

Aye me, now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes Lawrels are harbours for Venus Doves, that there trace as well through the Lawnes, wantons as chast ones, that Calisto be she never so charie, wil cast one amorous eye at courting Jove; that Diana her selfe will chaunge her shape, but shee will honour Love in a shaddow; that maydens eyes bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See Alinda, how Fortune and Love have interleagued themselves to be thy foes: and to make thee theyr subject, or els an abject, have inveigled thy sight with a most beautiful

object. Alate thou didst hold Venus for a giglot, not a goddess, and now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie Cupide was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had ayme enough to pierce thee to the hart. While I lived in the Court, I held Love in contempt, and in high seats I had small desires. I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was majestie, and my thoughtes honour. and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made lowe by Destinie? I have heard them say, that Love lookes not at low cottages, that Venus jettes in Roabes not ragges, that Cupide flyes so high, that hee scornes to touch povertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but olde wives tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles, for experience tels thee, that Peasauntes have theyr passions, as well as Princes, that Swaynes as they have theyr labours, so they have theyr amoures, and Love lurkes assoone about a Sheepcoate, as a Pallaice.

Ah Alinda, this day in avoyding a prejudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischief, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captive to Saladyne: and what then? Women must love, or they must cease to live; and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subject to fancy. But perhaps Saladines eye is levelde upon a more seemlier Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, say Love hath wronged thee, that hath not wroong him, and if he be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather dye than discover any desire. for there is nothing more pretious in a woman, than to conceale Love, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. oh Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent. valiant, and that fettered thine eye: wise, else hadst thou not been

wonne; and all for these vertues, banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he wil hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong sien for the old stocke Well, howsoever, I must love . and whomsoever I will; and whatsoever betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladyne . suppose he of me as he please.

And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rise up, and went to Ganimede . who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader, but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being over growne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasaunt perswasions Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with old Condon, who had provided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong shepheard, that was in love with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her hands . but still pained in restlesse passions remained a hopelesse and perplexed Lover. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phoebe, is she so faire, that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beauty? or so froward, that no love nor loyalty will content her, or so coy, that she requires a long time to be wooed, or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop<sup>1</sup> she must have a large harvest for a little corne?

I cannot distinguish (quoth Condon) of these nice qualities; but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons,

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this is the oldest instance of the use of the word *fop* in our language, although Shakespeare has it in "King Lear." It means a foolish fellow The sentence in the text ought obviously to run thus, "or so foolish that she forgets, like a fop, that she must have a large harvest for a little corne."—*Collier.*

and note their passions ; and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if al maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe , for there would be great store of wooing and litle wedding, many words and little worship, much folly and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon so solempnly brought forth, Aliena smiled . and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them having fleas in their eares to keep them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she boie to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they past away the time, till falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, love left them to their quiet slumbers . which were not long. For as soon as Phœbus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the Skie, summoning Plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore ? then in fayth I perceive that there is no Diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no Cedar so strong but the wind will shake, nor any mind so chast but Love will change. Well Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match ? Trust me he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthy Knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile, what then ? I hope my Mistresse respectes the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those Dames that are like Danae, that like Jove in no shape but in a shower of gold : I wish them husbands with much wealth and witte, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) stayne the honour of a shepheards life to

set the end of passions upon pelfe Loves eyes looks not so lowe as golde, there is no fees to be payd in Cupides Courtes. and in elder time (as Coridon hath told me) the Shepheards Love-gifts were apples and chestnuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus

And the time is growen to that in which Horace in his Satyres wrote on :

omnis enim res  
Virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris  
Divitus parent quas qui constinverit ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam et iex  
Et quicquid volet—

But Aliena lette it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith and there an ende. Aliena hearing Ganymede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought shee kist the child for the nurses sake, and woed for him that she might please Rosader, made this reply: Why Ganymede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene Love in my lookes? or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some newe entertayned fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maiest prove as ill a Phisiognomer, as the Lapidarie, that aymes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not known by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not ever the most pretious: and the Apothecaries choose not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes Calenders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree; for when their eyes are fullest of favors, then are they oft most emptie of desire; and when they seeme to



frowne at disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then Ganymede, tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Love kept so covert but it will be spyed, what shoulde friends conceale fancies? Knowe my Ganymede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowess of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farie, as there is object pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladyne; and if Love have done me justice, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate. I tell thee Ganymede, that there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad quoth Ganymede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus have the Destenies favoured us with some pleasing aspect, that have made us as private in our loves, as familiar in our fortunes

With this Ganymede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena: where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an Olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected: Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganymede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh Mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phoebe the faire shepheardesse whom Montauus loves; so now if it please you and Ganymede to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine, he courting her with her Countrey ditties, and she coy as if she held love in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two Lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe sate, (the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the fiolickst swaine in the whole forrest) she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses from under which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous Nymph sate the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have beene compassionate, at last fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, he sang this mournfull Dittie :

## MONTANUS SONNET.

A Turtle sate upon a leavellesse tree,  
 Mourning her absent pheare,  
 With sad and sorry cheare .  
 About her wondring stood  
 The Citizens of Wood,  
 And whilest her plumes she rents,  
 And for her love laments,  
 The stately trees complaine them,  
 The birds with sorrow paine them .  
 Each one that doth her view,  
 Her paine and sorrowes rue ,  
 But were the sorrowes knowne,  
 That me hath overthrowne,  
 Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

The love sicke Polypheme that could not see,  
 Who on the barraine shore,  
 His fortunes doth deplore,  
 And melteth all in mone  
 For Galatea gone ,  
 And with his piteous cries,  
 Afflicts both earth and skies,

And to his woe betooke,  
 Doth breake both pipe and hooke  
 For whom complains the Moine  
 For whom the Sea Nymphs moune  
 Alas, his paine is nought,  
 For were my woe but thought,  
 Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if shee did looke on me?  
 Beyond compare my paine,  
 Yet glad am I,  
 If gentle Phoebe daine  
 To see her Montan die

After this, Montanus felt his passions so extreame,  
 that he fell into this exclamation against the injustice  
 of Love—

Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,<sup>1</sup>  
 Modere un peu ta violence  
 Que te sert si grande dispense?  
 C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer  
 Esparguez en une estincelle,  
 Puis fay ton effort d'esmouvoir,  
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,  
 En quel feu je brousle pour elle  
 Execute Amour ce dessein,  
 Et rabaisse un peu son audace,  
 Son cuer ne doit estre de glace,  
 Bien que elle ait de Nieve le sein

Montanus ended his Sonet with such a volley of  
 sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might have  
 moved any but Phoebe to have granted him favor  
 But she measuring all his passions with a coy dis-  
 daine, and triumphing in the poore shepherds path-  
 eticall humors, smiling at his martyrdome as though  
 love had beene no maladie, scornfully warbled out  
 this Sonet.

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<sup>1</sup> Lodge appears to have been rather vain of his French com-  
 positions, and this is not the only instance in which he has in-  
 troduced them, either in his own works or as laudatory of those  
 of others To put French verses into the mouth of Montanus is  
 a gross piece of indecorum as respects the preservation of cha-  
 racter. — *Collier*.

## PHŒBES SONET, A REPLIE TO MONTANUS PASSION.

Downe a downe,  
 Thus Phyllis sung  
 By fancie once distressed  
 Who so by foolish love are stung,  
 Are worthily oppressed  
 And so sing I With a downe, downe, &c.

When Love was first begot,  
 And by the movers will  
 Did fall to humane lot  
 His solace to fulfill,  
 Devoid of all deceit,  
 A chaste and holy fire  
 Did quicken mans conceipt,  
 And womens brest inspire  
 The Gods that saw the good  
 That mortalls did approve,  
 With kind and holy mood,  
 Began to talke of Love.

Downe a downe,  
 Thus Phyllis sung  
 By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,  
 A wonder strange to heare :  
 Whilist Love in deed and word  
 Most saythfull did appeare,  
 False semblance came in place,  
 By jealousie attended,  
 And with a double face  
 Both love and fancie blended.  
 Which make the Gods forsake,  
 And men from fancie flie,  
 And maidens scorne a make,  
 Forsooth and so will I

Downe a downe,  
 Thus Phyllis sung  
 By fancie once distressed  
 Who so by foolish love are stung  
 Are worthily oppressed.  
 And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus hearing the cruell resolution of Phœbe,  
 was so overgrowne with passions, that from amorous

Ditties he fel flat into these tearmes : Ah Phœbe quoth he, wherof art thou made, that thou regardest not thy maladie? Am I so hatefull an object, that thine eyes condemne mee for an abject?<sup>1</sup> or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so low as to lend me a gracious looke? My passions are many, my loves more, my thoughts loyaltye, and my fancie faith: al<sup>l</sup> devoted in humble devoire to the service of Phœbe, and shall I reape no reward for such fealties? The Swaines dayly labours is quit with the evenings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the Oxe sweates out at the plough, he fatneth at the cribbe: but infortunate Montanus, hath no salve for his sorrowes, nor any hope of recompence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If Phœbe, time maye plead the prooffe of my truth, twise seaven winters have I loved faire Phœbe: if constancie be a cause to further my sute, Montanus thoughts have bene sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellence, as far from change as shee from love: if outward passions may discover inward affections, the furiours in my face may discover the sorrowes of my heart, and the mappe of my looks the griefs of my mind. Thou seest (Phœbe) the teares of despayre have made my cheeks full of wrinckles, and my scalding sighes have made the ayre Eccho her pittie conceived in my plaintes: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I have pourtrayed in everie tree the beauty of my Mistres, and the despaire of my loves. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plants? only Phœbe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthles Swaine, and

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *object*. The word substituted, as Mr Collier suggests, seems the true one, "as we have had before the same species of antithesis"]

she the most excellent of all faeries Beautifull Phœbe, oh might I say pittifull, then happy were I though I tasted but one minute of that good hap Measure Montanus, not by his fortunes, but by his loves, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lende but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares. If not, ah if Phœbe cannot love, let a storme of frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are above my deserts : onely at my death this favour cannot be denied me, that al shal say Montanus died for love of hard hearted Phœbe At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.

Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse · are thy passions so extreame, that thou canst not conceale them with patience? or art thou so folly-sicke, that thou must needes be fancie-sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serves but Phœbe? Wel sir, if your market can be made nowhere els, home againe, for your Mart is at the fayrest Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus I speak not this in pride, but in disdaine · not that I scorne thee, but that I hate love : for I count it as great honor to triumph over fancie as over fortune. Rest thee content therfoie Montanus, cease from thy loves, and bridle thy lookes, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame ; for in loving mee thou shalt but live by losse, and what thou utterest in words are all written in the wind. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all : and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phoebe, but starting from behind the bush said . And if Damzell you fled from mee, I would transfoime you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phoebe at this sodaine reply was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede, blushing therefore she would have bene gone but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus, What shepherdesse, so faire, and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coy-nesse maids : for either may be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed faire Nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking of all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied . Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seene, high disdain turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull be not so coy : as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading , as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a clowdy Sunne . Such (my faire shepherdesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in winter, that might have been loved in the prime . A wringled mayd is like a parched Rose, that is cast up in Coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in Love to had I wist . and therefore be rulde by mee. Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus ; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection, as Montanus inveigled with hers : for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leapt

from Elizium in the shape of a swaine. When she blusht at her owne folly to looke so long on a stranger, she mildly made answeire to Ganymede thus. I cannot deny sir but I have heard of Love, though I never felt Love, and have read of such a goddesse as Venus, though I never sawe any but her picture; and, perhaps,—and with that she waxed red and bashfull, and with all silent: which Ganymede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the mayd, and desired her to go forward. And perhaps sir (quoth she) mine eye hath been more prodigal to day than ever before. and with that she stayd againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle. but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face covered with a vermillion die, she sat downe and sighed. Whereupon, Aliena and Ganymede seeing the shepheardesse in such a straunge plight, left Phœbe with her Montanus, wishing hir friendly that she would be more pliant to Love, least in penance Venus joyned her to some sharpe repentance. Phœbe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of her plaint, giving Ganymede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous Girle-boy perceived Phœbe was pincht by the heele.

But leaving Phœbe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend upon her. to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena; insomuch that he framed a sweet conceipted Sonnet to content his humour, which hee put in his bosome. being requested by his brother to go to Aliena and Ganymede, to signify unto them that his woundes were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his Forrest bill on his neck, hee trudgeth in all haste towards the plaines, where Alienaes flockes did feede:



comming just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe. Fortune so conducted this jolly Foriester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted in this manner :

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, unless your beautie bee tempred with curtesie, and the liniments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of mynd : as many good fortunes to you and your Page, as yourselves can desire, or imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grief of his green wounds), stil myndful of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kynd salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence hee received the prejudice. The report of your welfare, will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent me with a strickt charge to visite you. And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kynd a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow, as he brookes them with griefe : and his wounds breeds in us as many passions, as in him extremities. so that what disquiet he feelles in bodie, we partake in heart. Wishing (if wee might) that your mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wils yeelds him litle ease, our orizons are never idle to the Gods for his recovery. I pray youth (quoth Ganymede with teares in his eyes) when the Surgion searcht him, held hee his woundes dangerous ? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but not mortall : and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines. wherupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganymede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and bids him be of good cheare. I knowe not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever she is, her name is never out of his mouth. but amidst the deepest of

his passions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love, and shee some paragon that holdes his heart perplexed : whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with joye, then with smiles ; as if in one person Love had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherin I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the Polypein colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, beeing as it should seeme, a combat myxt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the Sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste

By my fayth (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deep read in love, or growes your insight into affection by experience ? Howsoever, you are a great philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover our secret aphorismes. But sir our countrey amours are not lyke your Courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing, for pore shepheards never plaine them till Love paine them, where the courtiers eyes is full of passions, when his heart is most free from affection : they court to discover their eloquence, wee wooe to ease our sorrowes : every faire face with them must have a new fancy sealed with a fore-finger kisse, and a farre-fetcht sigh . wee heere love one, and live to that one, so long as life can maintaine love, using few ceremonies because we know fewe subtilties, and litle eloquence for that we lightly accompt of flattery . onely faith and troth thats shepheards wooing, and sir how lyke you of this ? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my self to such love. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardesse, being the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux ? such desires were a disgrace to your honors. And with that surveying exquisitely every

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<sup>1</sup> [*Discour* in text ]

part of him, as uttering all these woordes in a deepe passion, she espied the paper in his bosom ; whereupon growing jealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, she sodeinly snacht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were anye secret ? She was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht : which she perceiuing sayd : Nay then sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some Lovè matter : I will see your Mistresse name, her praises, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it : which was written to this effect :

### SALADYNES SONNET.

If it be true that heavens eternall couse  
With restlesse sway and ceaseless turning glides,  
If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse  
Tune and returns with many fluent tides,  
If earth in winter summers pvide estrange,  
And Nature seemeth onely faue in change.

If it be true that our immortall spight,  
Derivde from heavenly pure, in wandring still  
In noveltie and strangenesse doth delight,  
And by discoverent power discerneth ill,  
And if the body for to worke his best  
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious Skies)  
I change both place and soyle, but not my hart ?  
Yet salve not in this change my maladies ?  
Whence growes it that each object workes my smart ?  
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,  
And change in love against my nature is

Et florida pungunt

Alena having read over his Sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant upon it. I see, Saladyne (quoth she) that as the Sun is no Sun without his brightness, nor the Diamond accounted for precious unlesse it be hard : so men are not men unlesse they be in love ; and their honors are measured by their amours not their labors, counting it more commendable for a

Gentleman to be ful of fancy, than full of vertue. I had thought

Otia si tollas peniere Cupidinis arcus,  
Contemptæque jacent, & sine luce faces .

But I see Ovids axiome is not authentically, for even labour hath her loves, and extremitie is no Pumice stone to race out fancy. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friendes and country by Torismond, (sorrows enough to suppress affections) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Love wil be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than Fortune. But I pray you sir (if without offence I may crave it) are they some newe thoughtes, or some olde desires? Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasant) thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand sate downe by her; and Ganimede to give them leave to their Loves, found her selfe busie about the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.

Faire Mistresse, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and use little eloquence in levelling out my loves: I appeale for pardon to your own principles, that say, shepheards use few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtilties: to flame my selfe therefore to your country fashion with much faith and little flattery, know bewtiful Shepheardesse, that whylest I lived in the Court I knew not loves comber, but I helde affection as a toy, not as a malady, using fancy as the Hipeiborei doo their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for fuell at night. I lyked all because I loved none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye; but as charly as the Bee, that assoone as shee hath suckt honny from the Rose, flies stiaight to the next Marigold. Living thus at mine owne list I wondred at such as were in love, and when I read their passions,

I tooke them onely for poemes that flowed from the quicknesse of the wyt, not the sorrowes of the heart But now (faire Nymph) since I became a Forrester, Love hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saie as there is nothing so pretious as beuty, so there is nothing more piercing than fancy. For since first I arrived in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance loves Aliena. I could paynt out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in many words lyes mistrust, and that truth is ever naked: let this suffice for a country wooing, Saladyne loves Aliena, and none but Aliena.

Although these wordes were most heavenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse: yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine Love howsoever she desired Love, she made this reply

Ah Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtile than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted bayt: as men are wily so women are wary, especially if they have that wyt by others harmes to beware. Do we not know Saladyne, mens toongs are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundreth eyes? and their words are prejudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters. If such Syrens sing, we poore women had need stoppe our eares, least in hearing wee prove so foolish hardy as to believe them, and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting litle. Saladyne, *Piscator ictus sapit*, hee that hath been once poisoned, and afterwards fears not to bowse of every potion, is worthy to suffer double pennance. Give mee leave then to mistrust, though I doo not condemne. Saladyne is now in love with Aliena, hee a Gentleman of great parentage, she a Shephardesse of meane parents; hee honor-

able, and shee poore: Can love consist of contrarieties? Wyll the Fawlcen pearch with the Kistrelle,<sup>1</sup> the Lyon harbor with the Woolfe? Wil Venus joyne roabes and rags together? Or can there be a sympathie betweene a King and a begger? Then, Saladyne how can I believe thee that love should unite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest Alienaes bewtie, men in their fancy resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe, playing lyke the inhabitants of the Iland Tenerifa, who when they have gathered the sweet spices, use the trees for fuell. so men when they have glutted themselves with the faire of women faces, holde them for necessary evils. and wearied with that which they seemed so much to love, cast away fancy as children doo their Rattles and loathing that which so deeply before they liked, especially such as take love in a minute, and have their eyes attractive lyke jeate, apt to entertaine any object, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladyne hearing how Aliena harpt still upon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancy, he broke off her sharpe invective thus

I grant Aliena (quoth hee) many men have done amisse, in proving soone ripe and soone rotten, but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others have faulted in, shall not prejudice my favours. I wil not use sophistry to confirme my love, for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more than my fayth: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I love Aliena, and wooe Aliena, not to crop the blossomes and reject the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable ende of marriage.

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *Kiste esse*]

At the word marriage Aliena stood in a maze what to answer · fearing that if shee were too coy to drive him away with her disdaine, and if she were too curteous to discover the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she sayd Saladyne ever since I saw thee, I favoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I love thee so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence; but if I knew thee as verteous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to give thee an answer, assure thy selfe this, I will either marry with Saladyne, or still live a virgine: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had had his Mistresse long inough at shrift, sayd: what, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I wold Rosader were wel here to make up a messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone: and therefore least being solitary hee should encrease his sorrowes, I wil hast me to him. May it please you then to command mee any service to him, I am readie to bee a dutiful messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) and tell him, though we cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations; but say to him that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her heart, as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content · say thus (good Saladyne) and so farwel. He having his message, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena: and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, shee perplexed and yet joyfull, past away the day pleas-

antly, still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new Love till evening drew on, and then they folding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leave them and return to Phoebe.

Phoebe fiered with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restlesse passions, as now shee began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a stoime, so there was no thought so chaste, but Time armed with Love could make amorous; for shee that held Diana for the Goddess of her devotion, was now faine to flie to the Aulter of Venus, as suppliant now with praers, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shee lay in her bed, she called to mynd the several bewties of yoong Ganymede first his locks, which being amber hued, passeth the wreath that Phoebus puts on to make his front glorious. his browe of yvorie, was like the seate where Love and Majestie sits inthronde to enchaîne Fancy; his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heaven, darting forth frowns with disdaine, and smiles, with favour, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were she wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoane: in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the Rose florished upon naturall Alabaster, the blushe of the Morne and Lunaes silver showe were so lively pourtrayed, that the Troyan that filles out wine to Jupiter was not halfe so bewtifull: his face was full of pleasance, and al the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phoebe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her mynde, made the poore Shepherdesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, shee rather wished to die, than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is litle



worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forst to pine in her malady, without any salve for her sorrows. Reveale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie, and to conceale it, why it doubled her grieve · for as fire supprest growes to the greater flame, and the Current stopt to the more violent streame · so Love smothered, wrings the hart with the deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her foode began to faile, and the disquiet of her mind began to worke a distemperature of her body, that, to be short Phoebe fell extreme sicke, and so sicke as there was almost left no recovery of health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medecine to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine ; for although her body was feeble through long fasting, yet did shee *mags agrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceyved and sorrowed at, but salve it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but hee like a mad man came to visit Phoebe. Where sitting by her bed side, he began his Exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she perceiving the extremitie of his sorrows, began now as a Lover to pittie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secret plaints . but she answered him (as the rest) with silence, having still the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and conjecturing how she might reveale her loves. To utter it in wordes she found her selfe too bashfull, to discourse by any friend shee would not trust any in her amours, to remain thus perplexed still and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon for her last refuge she resolved to write unto Ganimede : and therefore desired Montanus to absent

himselfe a while, but not to depart for she would see if she could steale a nappe. Hee was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching to her standish, shee tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

PHOEBE TO GANIMEDE, WISHETH WHAT SHE WANTS  
HER SELFE.

Faire Shepheard (and therefore is Phoebe infortunate, because thou art so faire) although hitherto mine eyes were adamants to resist love, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to intertaine Love, more devoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, and drawn to the other by beauty which being rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe, as shee restes at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loves by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees; but thinke my thoughtes as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favors. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest mee hard harted because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by fate: if thou saist I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the first looke, think I was driven to it by desteny, whose influence as it is mighty, so is it not to be resisted. If my fortunes were anything but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune: but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seeks to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorn by putting in another. If then Ganimede, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driven out with phisicke nor reason: pittie mee, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweet self, whose grieve hath no

ease but through thy grant, and think I am a Virgin,  
 who is deeply wrongd, when I am forst to woo, and  
 conjecture love to be strong, that is more forceable  
 than nature Thus distressed unlesse by thee eased,  
 I expect either to lyve fortunate by thy favour, or die  
 miserable by thy denyall. Living in hope Farewell.

She that must be thine,  
 or not be at all,

PHŒBE

To this letter she annexed this Sonnet :

### SONNETTO.

My boate doth passe the straights  
 Of seas incenst with fire,  
 Filde with forgetfulnesse  
 Amidst the winters night,  
 A blind and carelesse boy  
 (Brought up by fond desire)  
 Doth guide me in the sea  
 Of sorow and despiht.

For every oare, he sets  
 A ranke of foolish thoughts,  
 And cuts (instead of wave)  
 A hope without distiesse  
 The winds of my deepe sighes  
 (That thunder still for noughts)  
 Have split my sayles with feare,  
 With care and heavinesse

A mightie storme of teares,  
 A blacke and hideous cloude,  
 A thousand fierce disdaines  
 Doe slacke the haleyards oft  
 Till ignorance doe pull,  
 And errorr hale the shrowds,  
 No starre for safetie shines,  
 No Phœbe from aloft.

Time hath subdued art, and joy is slave to woe  
 Alas (Loves guid) be kind, what, shall I perish so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could  
 find no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she

called in Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceive what passion pinched her: yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistresse in all service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing Messenger of his own Martyrdome. And so (taking the Letter) went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliena fedde hir flocks, and there he found Ganimede, sitting under a Pomegranade tree sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge delivered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what news should come from an unknowne Shepheardesse, but taking the letters, unript the seales, and read over the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When she had read and over-read them, Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter; and with that called Aliena, to whom shee shewed the writings. Who having perused them, concepted them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how Love had yokt her, who before would not stoop to the lure. Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying. Knew Phœbe what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how unfit thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured, But leaving that, I pray thee let us sport with this Swaine. At that word Ganimede, turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee tell me Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my Mistresse favours, art thou in love with Phœbe? Oh, my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phœbe so farre in love with me, my flocks would be more fatte, and their Maister more quiet; for through the sorrows of my discontent growes the leannesse of my sheepe. Alas poor Swaine quoth Ganimede, are thy passions

so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason wil blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou strivest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, while Montanus forget himselfe, for those characteis which true love hath stamped, neither the envie of time nor fortune can wipe away. Why but Montanus quoth Ganimede, enter with a deep insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies, for (poore man) thy progresse in love is a regresse to losse, swimming again the streame with the Crab, and flying with *Apis Indica* against wind and weather. Thou seekest with *Phœbus* to win *Daphne*, and shee flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the Hobbie, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the Wolves of Syria against the Moone, and roavest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to love, when love is pittillesse, and thy maladie remedillesse. For prooffe Montanus, read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions in his heart, at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighes

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire toward Ganimede, and her disdaine towards him, giving Ganimede the letter, the Shepheard stood as though he had neyther won nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiving, wakened him out of his dreame thus. Now Montanus, doest thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee as *Bellephoron*, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion

wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are many as faire as Phœbe, but most of all moie courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee Shepheard, favour is Loves fuell then since thou canst not get that, lette the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrowe for a while, then repent thee for ever

I tell thee Ganymede (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the Scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles lance bee cured but with the same truncheon. so Apollo was faine to cry out, that love was onely eased with love, and fancy healed by no medicine but favour. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Cyrces had charms for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtill reasons to refell all griefs but love Perswasions are bootles, reason lends no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whome fancie hath made resolute; and therefore though Phœbe loves Ganymede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Then quoth Ganymede, may I rightly tearme thee a despairing lover, that livest without joy, and lovest without hope. but what shal I do Montanus, to pleasure thee? shall I despise Phœbe, as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefs, and double my sorrows for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death Alas, Ganymede, though I perish in my thoughts, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient: then lette not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke under the burden of so deepe distresse. Being love sicke, she is proved hart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganymede. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and shee is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then sith she loves thee so deare, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a

paragon : she hath beauty to please thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her ; for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make love frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganymede ought to love Phœbe, when his onely life was the love of Phœbe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion ? seeing if Ganymede marry Phœbe thy market is cleane mard. Ah mistres (q. he) so hath love taught me to honour Phœbe, that I would prejudice my life to please her, and die in despaire rather than shee should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her favour. If she marry though it bee my martyrdom : yet if she be pleased I wil brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganymede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganymede to see the resolution of his loves ; so that they pitied his passions, and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subtiltie get Montanus the favour of Phœbe. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganymede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancie the shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her mind he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus quoth he, seeing Phœbe is so forlorne, least I might be counted unkind in not saluting<sup>1</sup> so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phœbe, and there heare her selfe in word utter that which shee hath discoursed with her pen, and then as Love wils mee, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany

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<sup>1</sup> [Mr Collier says that the edit. of 1598 has *salving*]

Alena. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phœbe. When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran afore, and went in and told Phœbe that Ganymede was at the doore. This word Ganymede sounding in the eares of Phœbe, drave hir into such an extasie for joy, that rising up in her bed, she was halfe revived, and her wan colour began to waxe red · and with that came Ganymede in, who saluted Phœbe with such a courteous looke, that it was half a salve to her sorrows : sitting him down by hir bed side, he questioned about hir disease, and where the paine chiefly helde hir ? Phœbe looking as lovely as Venus in her night gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when she bewrayed her loves to Phœbus : taking Ganymede by the hande began thus Faire Shepheard, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame, my immodesty were the moie, and my vertues the les, for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their harts full of feare, and theyr tongs ful of silence. But love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, then he perverts all, and wrests the wealth of nature to his owne wil : an instance in my selfe fayre Ganymede, for such a fire hath he kindeled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seek a salve at thy hands for my harms : blame me not if I be over bold for it is thy beauty, and if I bee too forward it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond. For let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phœbe loves<sup>1</sup> Ganymede : at this shee held downe her head and wept, and Ganymede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not

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<sup>1</sup> [*Love in text.*]



thy plants, Phœbe, for I do pity thy plants, nor seek not to discover thy loves in teares · for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions . sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick Phœbe, for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall · but thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate : so I telle thee Phœbe, either some starre, or else some destenie, fittes my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on<sup>1</sup> Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdom, yet I can grant no marriage, for though I held thee fair, yet mine eie is not fettred, love grows not like the hearb Spattanna to his perfection in one night, but creepes with the snail, and yet at last attaines to the top. *Festina lenter*, especially in love : for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies. If Phœbe I should like thee as the Hiperborei do theyr dates, which banket with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I wil have time to turn my thoghts, and my Loves shall growe up as the water Cresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phœbe thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent til time and love makes me resolute. Therefore Phœbe seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembraunce of Ganymede, strive thou to hate mee as I seeke to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayest have one more wealthy, but not more loyall These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighes,

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<sup>1</sup> [*In* in text ]

and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then have no salve of Ganymede but suspense, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time? justly have the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who beeing cruel to Montanus, found Ganymede as unkind to my selfe : so in forcing him perish for love, I shall die my selfe with overmuch love I am glad quoth Ganymede, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth q Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganymede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganymede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him, conditionally, that if my love can bee suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganymede will onely wed himselfe to Phoebe. I graunt it faire Shepheardesse quoth he, and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on. I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. and with that Ganymede gave Phoebe a fruitlesse kisse, and such wordes of comfort, that before Ganymede departed, shee arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheare, as could bee founde in such a country cottage, Ganymede in the midst of their banket rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus favour, which highly pleased the Shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganymede tooke his leave of Phoebe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganymede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she cald to remembrance his wounds, fild her eies full of teares, and her heart full of sor-

rowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the Folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade ; which sight was a salve to her grieffe, and such a cordiall unto her heart, that she tript alongst<sup>1</sup> the Lawnes full of joy

At last Coridon who was with them spied Ganimede; and with that the Clown rose, and running to meet him cried, Oh sirha, a match, a match, our Mistres shalbe married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolicke it before Ganimede, who comming to ~~the~~ *the true* saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so wel recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must bee solempnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where Love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves, where both the parties are willing. Truth quoth Ganimede, but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah good Ganimede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynd renue not my sorrowes ; for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare man quoth Ganimede, I have a friend that is deeply experienst in Necromancy and Magicke, what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage : I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring Nation harbour her, and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownd, thinking that Ganimede had jested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse unto them what had past between him and Phœbe : which as they laught, so they wondered at, all confessyng, that there is none

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<sup>1</sup> [*Amongst*—edit. 1589]

so chast but Love will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sun began to set, they tooke their leaves and departed, Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemne cheare and handsome roabes as fitted their country estate, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede (who then ment to discover herself before her father) had made her a gowne of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly Nymph harboured in Country attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindfull to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his folowers to the feast. who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the mean while, Phœbe being a bidden guest, made her self as gorgious as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suted himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be against that day. for then was Ganimed to give Phœbe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a brewing, Phœbe past not one day without visiting her Ganimede, so far was she wrapt in the beauties of this lovely swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of many passions, Phœbe wishing for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came

No sooner did Phœbus Hench-man appeare in the skie, to give warning that his maisters hoises should be trapt in his glorious coach,<sup>1</sup> but Coridon in his holiday sute marvellous seemely, in a russet jacket

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<sup>2</sup> [*Couch* in text]

welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, having a paire of blue chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrests with foure yeolow laces, closed afore very richly with a dosen of pewter buttons ; his hose was of gray karsie, with a large sloppe bard overthwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, sticht of either side with red threed, his stock was of the owne sewed close to his breech, and for to bewtifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dosen of new thredden points of medley colour : his bonnet was greene wheron stood a coppel brooch with the picture of *Saint Denis* ; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shyrt band of fine lockeram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Condon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of *Floraes* choyce bowers, than any country cottage.

Thither repaired *Phoebe* with all the maides of the *Forrest*, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee ; but howsoever shee helpt to prancke out *Aliena*, yet her eye was still on *Ganimede*, who was so neat in a sute of gray, that he seemed *Endymion* when he won *Luna* with his lookes, or *Paris* when he playd the swain to get the bewtie of the *Nymph Oenone*. *Ganimede* like a prettie Page waited on his mistresse *Aliena*, and overlookt that all was in a readines against the bridegroom shuld come. Who attired in a *Forresters* sute came accompanied with *Gerismond* and his brother *Rosader* early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by *Aliena* and the rest of the country swains, *Gerismond* very highly commending the fortunate choise of *Saladyne*, in that he had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward bewties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. *Ganimede* comming in and seeing her father began to blush, Nature

woorking affects by her secret effectes : scarce could she abstain from teares to see her father in so low fortunes : he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallace . attended on by twelve noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of revelling woodmen for his traine The consideration of his fall, made Ganymede full of sorrowes yet that she might triumph over Fortune with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth and verie reverently welcommed the king, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisit person, and excellent qualities

As thus the King with his Foresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Condon came in with a faire mazer full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maydes, amongst whome Phœbe was the formost. Aliena pledged the King, and drunke to Rosader so the carrowse went rounde from him to Phœbe, &c. As they were thus drinking and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus appparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken : on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two Sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grieve, as his heart was of sorrowes, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. Assoone as the Shepheards sawe him, they did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden ; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since the wanton wag of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the King, and gessyng it to be Gerismond, did

him all the reverence his countie curtesie could afford. Insomuch that the king wondering at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him made this reply I am sir quoth he loves swaine, as full of inward discontents as I seeme fraught with outward follies Mine eyes like bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the Hive of my heart farre more gaul than hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the Fly to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nigh the Sun, I perish with the Sun: my thoughts are above my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes yet neither greater than my loves. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the mean, I die for being so mean, my night sleeps are waking slumbers, as full of sorrowes as they be far from rest, and my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star and stombling at a straw, leaving reason to follow after repentance yet every passion is a pleasure though it pinch, because love hides its wormeseed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadows prejudize with the maske of pleasure The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salve my harm, like the patient which stung with the Tarantula loaths musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody Thus (Sir) restlesse I holde myselfe remediles, as loving without either reward or regard, and yet loving, because there is none worthy to be loved, but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I have discourst in my plaintes, Sir if you please see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as at his attire insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

## MONTANUS FIRST SONNET.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,  
 Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse,  
 But where the melancholy fleeting floods  
 (Dark as the night) my night of woes expresse  
 Disarme of reason, spoilde of natures goods,  
 Without rediesse to salve my heavinesse  
     I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes),  
     With endles grief my heedless judgement chaimes.  
 My silent tongue assailde by secret feare,  
     My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their joy,  
 My fatall peace devoured in fained cheare,  
     My heart insoist to harbour in annoy,  
 My reason tobdle of power by yeelding eare,  
     My fond opinions slave to every toy  
     Oh Love thou guide in my uncertaine way,  
     Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay  
                                     Et flouda pungunt

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the device of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shaddow, and so covertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent; affirming, that as the least shrubs have their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes: so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of Love as a King. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second, and read it: the effects were these.

## MONTANUS SECOND SONNET

When the Dog  
     Full of rage,  
         With his irefull eyes  
         Frownes amidst the skies  
 The Shepheard to asswage  
     The fury of the heat,  
     Himselfe doth safely seat  
 By a fount  
     Full of faire,  
         Where a gentle breath  
         (Mounting from beneath)  
 Tempeeth the air



There his flocks  
 Drinke their fill,  
     And with ease repose,  
     Whilest sweet sleepe doth close  
 Eyes from toylsome ill.  
 But I burne  
 Without rest,  
     No defensive power  
     Shields from Phœbes lower  
 Sorrow is my best  
 Gentle Love,  
 Lowre no more .  
     If thou wilt invade  
     In the seciet shade,  
 Labour not so sore.  
 I my selfe  
 And my flocks  
     They their love to please,  
     I my selfe to ease,  
 Both leave the shadie oakes  
     Content to burne in fire,  
     Sith Love doth so desire

Et flouda pungunt

Gerismond seeing the pithy vaine of those Sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was? Whereupon Rosader discourst unto him the love of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie and her deep crueltie: and how in revenge the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of yoong Ganimede. Upon this discourse, the king was desirous to see Phœbe? who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader,<sup>1</sup> shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermilion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while upon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus love with so little regard, seeing his desertes were many, and his passions extreame. Phœbe to make reply to the

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<sup>1</sup> [*Rosador* in text.]

Kings demaund, answered thus : Love (sir) is charie<sup>1</sup> in his lawes, and whatsoever hee sets downe for justice (bee it never so unjust) the sentence cannot be reverst womens fancies lende favours not ever by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires ; for fancy is tied to the wings of Fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as Ulisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of objects, as desirous to feede their looks with a faire face, as the Bee to suck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of give me pei-swades a woman more than a pound of hear me Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter. I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she will proove his hearts gold. Montanus is yoong, a great clause in fancies court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Love yeelds ; and yet knowing all these perfections I praise them, and wonder at them, loving the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the Destenies have set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus to ad-venge, hath given me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as il a penance , for I am in love with a shepheards swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain as I was perverse in desire, and that is (quoth she) Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede who, knowing the case,

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<sup>1</sup> Old copies, *charitie*. M<sub>1</sub> Colhei's suggestion.

came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse The King noting well the phisnomy of Ganymede, began by his favours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because Rosader (quoth hee) the favour of Ganymede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word, Rosader sight so deeply as though his heart would have burst And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon mee sir (quoth Rosader) because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganymede, and shee could scarce keep countenance Yet shee salved all with secrecie, and Gerismond to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganymede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebus love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine. Ganymede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phoebe, I should offer poore Montarus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse, to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus To that q. Phoebe I stand, for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit of no persuasion of reason. For justice q. he, I appeale to Gerismond and to his censure w.l I stand, q. Phoebe And in your victory q. Montanus stands the hazard of my fortunes; for if Ganymede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves Monarch, if Phoebe winne, then am I in effect most

miserable. We wil see this controversie q. Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee) and you shall see one in store.

In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quant, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: upon the head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gave her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented her selfe at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that countiy disguised

Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke, uttering the passions of his joy in watry plants, driven into such an extasie of content, that hee could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. So much, sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make up the mariage. Why then (quoth Gensmond) Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves. Yea quoth Phœbe, and so great a perswasive, that if

it please you Madame and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hansenled his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stande in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now my Saladyne, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare up thy hart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King, for know Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortal enemye Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynde: is this that faue Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsoke her fathers court to live with thee exile in the country? The same q Rosalynde. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly Forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble servant, as full of faith, as she of amiable favour. While every one was amazed with these Comickall eventes, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at Church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone

as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors: homely cheare they had, such as their country could afford. but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song

## CORIDONS SONG.

A blyth and bonny country Lasse,  
heigh ho the bonny Lasse ·  
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,  
and weeping said, will none come woo mee?  
A smicker boy, a lyther Swaine,  
heigh ho a smicker Swaine,  
That in his love was wanton faine,  
with smiling looks straight came unto her.  
When as the wanton wench espide,  
heigh ho when she espide,  
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,  
she simpred smooth like bonny bell ·  
The Swaine that saw her squint eyed kind,  
heigh ho squint eyed kind,  
His armes about her body twind,  
and faine lasse, how fare ye, well?  
The country kit said well forsooth,  
heigh ho well forsooth,  
But that I have a longing tooth,  
a longing tooth that makes me crie,  
Alas said he, what garres thy grieve?  
heigh ho what ganes thy grieve?  
A wound quoth she without reliefe,  
I fear a maid that I shall die.  
If that be all the shepheard said,  
heigh ho the shepheard said,  
Ile make thee wive it gentle mayd,  
and so recure thy maladie.

Heieon they kist with many a oath,  
 heigh ho with many a oath,  
 And foie God Pan did plight then troath,  
 and to the Church they hied them fast

And God send every pietie peate,  
 heigh ho the piety peate .  
 That feases to die of this conceate,  
 so kind a friend to helpe at last.

Cordon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was aived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is sir (q. Rosader) our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris, but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all cutesie, and Rosader gave him no lesse frendly entertainment . brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where they all sate at dinner Fernandine, as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as wel brought up as well lettered, saluted them all But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate . and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (right mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course: and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors, and fal to arms, change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in armes to recover thy right ; and Torismond troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates

is ready to bid them battaile. The aimies are ready to joyne. therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to incourage thy subjects : and you Saladyne and Rosader mount you, and shew your selves as hardy soldiers as you have been harty lovers . so shal you for the benefit of your Country, discover the *Idea* of your Fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum given him by Fernandine Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay (q. Gerismond) go with me, I have horse and armor for us all, and then being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leave the Brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her Father : hee not returning a word because his hast<sup>1</sup> was great, hied him home to his lodge, wher he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were joyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S Denis, laying on such load upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When the Peers perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager, and Saladine and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peers were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himselfe slain in battaile. The Peers then gathered themselves together, and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the cittizens. Assoone as all was quiet and he had received againe the crowne, he sent for

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<sup>1</sup> [*Hate* in text]



Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionat for the death of her father yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Wel, assoone as they were come to Paris, Geismond made a royal feaste for the Peers and Lords of the Land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers Land, and gave him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandine principall secretarie to him selfe; and that Fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Heere Gentlemen may you see in Euphues Golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice, that division in nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action, that yonger brethren though inferiour in yeares, yet may bee superiour to honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any fruits by this Legacie, speake wel of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favor, you incorage me to be more forward and assoone as I have overlookt my labors, expect the Sailers Kalender.

TH. LODGE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

VOL. II.

As in the case of "Henry VIII" (to which, in fact, "Richard III" might be added), we are without any distinct evidence as to the sources to which the poet went for the general outline and rough material of this production, but the probability is that the earlier and so far unrecovered drama on the same mythological subject by Decker and Chettle furnished him with a sort of groundwork. Chaucer's poem was, of course, before him for the story of Troilus, but the play is, in fact, tripartite, and embraces three legends, "Troilus and Cressida," "Hector and Troilus," "Ajax and Agamemnon," and for the last it is supposed that Shakespeare, unless he found it ready-done to his hand in the foundation-play, may have resorted to Chapman's then new version of Homer.

A play called "Troilus and Cressida" is cited by Henslowe under date of 1599, and it was, we suspect, the same piece which occurs in the Stationers' Registers under February 7, 1602-3, though not hitherto discovered in print. The still more ancient composition formed out of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" by Nicholas Grimoald of Merton College, Oxford, seems to exist only on Bishop Bale's authority, nor is it clear whether it was a play or a Latin version of the original.<sup>1</sup>

The subject was very popular at an early date, and had been made so by Chaucer, whose poem was, it is presumable, in Tyndale's thoughts, when he speaks in his "Obedience of a Christian Man," 1528, of the great celebrity of the story in his time, unless indeed it had been digested into a popular tale or chap-book, which we have so far failed to recover.<sup>2</sup> In either case, the subject had been well aired, and was one ripe for skilful romantic treatment, when Shakespeare took it in hand.

Randolph probably refers to the performance of Shakespeare's play where, in the "Muses' Looking-Glass," written before 1634, he makes Tragedy say—

"Who will rely on fortune's giddy smile,  
That hath seen Priam acted on the stage" <sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Bale the biographer, and Bishop of Ossory, says that he [Grimoald] turned Chaucer's 'Troilus' into a play, but whether this play was in Latin or English, we are still to seek, and the word *Comedia*, which Bale uses on this occasion, is without precision or distinction"—Hazlitt's "Warton," iv 49.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Hazlitt's Dodsley, xi 447, note

<sup>3</sup> "Randolph's Works," edit. Hazlitt, p. 188

MACBETH.

## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.

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BUCHANAN, in his "History of Scotland," speaking of the incidents of Macbeth's reign, observes, "Some of our writers do here record many fables, which are like Milesian tales, and *fitter for the stage* than for a history, and therefore I omit them." (Book VII., edit. Edin., 1821, vol. i. p. 352.) These expressions are remarkable; but we do not suppose that Shakespeare saw and took advantage of the recommendation of the Scottish historian, but finding the story, as it is related in his usual historical authority, Holinshed, well adapted to his purpose, he applied it to that purpose. We have, therefore, inserted the whole that Holinshed records, and, on comparison, the reader will find not a few instances in which the obligations of Shakespeare are to be distinctly and even verbally traced. It seems clear, that our great dramatist derived his notion and knowledge of "the weird sisters" from this source, and the passage in which the old chronicler first introduces them is curiously explanatory of some parts of "Macbeth" relating to them. "But afterwards (he says) the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say), the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromatical science, because every thing came to passe as they had spoken." In the first folio of Shakespeare's Plays (1623) the word "weird" is spelt *weyward*, which has occasioned some doubt as to its etymology, but Holinshed uses the right orthography, and, by the explanation he affords, supports those who contend that "weird" is derived from the Saxon "wyrd"—*fatum*—"the weird sisters—the goddesses of destinie."



## *The History of Makbeth.*

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AFTER Malcolme succéded his nephue Duncane the sonne of his daughter Beatrice for Malcolme had two daughters, the one which was this Beatrice, being giuen in mariage vnto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and thane of the Iles and west parts of Scotland, bare of that mariage the foresaid Duncane; the other Doada, was married vnto Sinell the thane of Glamis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not béene somewhat cruell of nature, might haue béene thought most woorthie the gouernement of a realme. On the other part, Duncane was so soft and gentle of nature, that the people wished the inclinations and maners of these two cousins to haue béene so tempered and interchangeablie bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much of clemencie, and the other of crueltie, the meane virtue betwixt these two extremities might haue reigned by indifferent partition in them both, so should Duncane haue proued a woorthie king, and Makbeth an excellent capteine. The beginning of Duncans reigne was verie quiet and peaceable, without anie notable trouble; but after it was perceiued how negligent he was in punishing

offenders, manie misruled persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common-wealth, by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

Banquho the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of linage hath now for a long time inioied the crowne of Scotland, euen till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpelie such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much a doo to get awaie with life, after he had recieved sundrie grievous wounds amongst them. Yet escaping their hands, after hee was somewhat recouered of his hurts, and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offenders were sent for by a sergeant at armes, to appeare to make answer vnto such matters as should be laid to their charge: but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked déed, after they had misused the messenger with sundrie kinds of reproches, they finallie slue him also.

Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanor against the kings regall authoritie, they should be inuaded with all the power the king could make, Makdowald one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacie with his neerest friends and kinsmen, tooke vpon him to be chiefe capteine of all such rebels as would stand against the king, in maintenance of the grievous offenses latelie committed against him. Manie slanderous words also, and railing tants this Makdowald vttered against his prince, calling him a faint-hearted milkesop, more meet to gouerne a sort of idle moonks in some cloister, than to haue the rule of such valiant and hardie men of warre as the Scots

were. He vsed also such subtil perswasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had gotten together a mightie power of men : for out of the westerne Iles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselues to assist him in that rebellious quarell, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses, offering gladlie to serue vnder him, whither it should please him to lead them

Makdowald thus hauing a mightie puissance about him, incountered with such of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhaber, and discomfiting them, by mere force tooke their capteine Malcolme, and after the end of the battell smote off his head. This ouerthrow being notified to the king, did put him in woonderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlike affaires. Calling therefore his nobles to a councell, he asked of them their best aduise for the subduing of Makdowald and other the rebels. Here, in sundrie heads (as euer it happeneth) were sundrie opinions, which they vttered according to euerie man his skill. At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slacknesse in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished and quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them should be found to make resistance within the countrie.

And euen so it came to passe: for being sent forth with a new power, at his entring into Lochquhaber, the fame of his comming put the enemies in such feare, that a great number of them stale secretlie awaie from their capteine Makdowald, who neuerthelesse inforced thereto, gave battell vnto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him: but being ouercome, and fleeing for refuge into a



castell (within the which his wife and children were inclosed) at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold anie longer against his enemies, nor yet vpon suriender be suffered to depart with life sauéd, hée first slue his wife and children, and lastlie himselfe, least if he had yeelded simplie, he should haue béene executed in most cruell wise for an example to others. Makbeth entring into the castell by the gates, as then set open, found the carcasse of Makdowald lieng dead there amongst the residue of the slaine bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no peece of his cruell nature with that pitifull sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and set vpon a poles end, and so sent it as a present to the king, who as then laie at Bertha. The headlesse trunk he commanded to bee hoongvp vponan high paire of gallowses.

Them of the westerne Iles sung for pardon, in that they had aided Makdowald in his tratorous enterprise, he fined at great sums of monie. and those whome he tooke in Lochquhaber, being come thither to beare armor against the king, he put to execution. Hervpon the Ilandmen conceiued a deadlie grudge towards him, calling him a couenant-breaker, a bloudie tyrant, and a cruell murtherer of them whome the kings mercie had pardoned. With which reprochfull words Makbeth being kindled in wrathfull ire against them, had passed ouer with an armie into the Iles, to haue taken reuenge vpon them for their liberall talke, had he not béene otherwise persuaded by some of his friends, and partlie pacified by gifts presented vnto him on the behalfe of the Ilandmen, séeking to auoid his displeasure. Thus was iustice and law restored againe to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediatlíe wherevpon woord came that Sueno king of Norway was arriued in Fife with a puissant armie, to subdue the whole realme of Scotland.

But here to the intent it maie be the better perceiued, what this Sueno was, I will somewhat touch from whence he descended. That Sueno, who (as ye haue heard) conquered the realme of England, being also king of Denmark and Norwaie, had three sonnes, Harold, Sueno, and Canute; the first he made king of England, the second king of Norwaie, and the third king of Denmarke. Harold inioied not the same dominion of England past three yéeres after his fathers deceasse, but was slaine by Etheldred or Egeldred, whom his father Sueno had chased into Normandie. But the same Etheldred kept not long the kingdome in peace, for Canute king of Denmarke, to reuenge his brothers death, landed in England with a mightie host, and sleaing Etheldred, recovered the kingdome to the vse of the Danes: but yet one Edmund sonne to the foresaid Etheldred, surnamed Ironside, maintained the warre against Canute for a season, till at length by both their consents they agreed to fight a combat singularie man to man, so to trie the matter betwixt them, who should reigne as king ouer the Englishmen.

In this fight when they had continued a long space, and shewed right notable proofes of their manhood: "Edmund (saith Canute) sith it has pleased almightie God, that thou shouldest thus trie the force of my hand without hurt or wound, I thinke it bee likewise his pleasure, that thou shouldest inioy part of the realme: go to therefore, I receiue thee as partener with me in the kingdome, so that (if thou be contented) let vs diuide the kingdome betwixt vs without anie more contention." Edmund gladlie accepted this condition of agreement, supposing it better to haue halfe the kingdome, than to stand to the doubtfull triall of loosing the whole: for he had received a wound at Canutes hand, though Canute vnderstood not so much: againe, he foresaw that occasion hereafter

might be offered, whereby he might without all trouble come to enioy the whole. Herevpon either of them lept beside their weried horsses in that fierce and earnest fight, and imbracing each other became good fiends, in diuiding the realme according to the aboue mentioned motion of Canute. That part of England that lieth ouer against France was assigned vnto Canute: and the other, that is, the north parts vnto Edmund. In the meane time Emma the wife of Etheldred, with hir two sonnes (which she had by the same Etheldred) Alured and Edward, fled ouer into Normandie, doubting least this concord betwixt Canute and Edmund should turne smallie to his aduancement.

But now touching the arruall of Sueno the Norwegian king in Fife (as before is expressed) ye shall vnderstand, that the pretense of his comming was to reuenge the slaughter of his vncle Camus, and other of the Danish nation slaine at Barre, Crowdane, and Gemmer. The crueltie of this Sueno was such, that he neither spared man, woman, nor child, of what age, condition, or degré soeuer they were. Whereof when K. Duncane was certified, he set all slouthfull and lingering delaies apart, and began to assemble an armie in most speedie wise, like a verie valiant capteine. for oftentimes it happeneth, that a dull coward and slouthfull person, constrained by necessitie, becommeth verie hardie and actue. Therefore when his whole power was come together, he diuided the same into thrée battels. The first was led by Makbeth, the second by Banquho, and the king himselfe gouerned in the maine battel or middle ward, wherein were appointed to attend and wait vpon his person the most part of all the residue of the Scottish nobilitie.

The armie of Scottishmen being thus ordered, came vnto Culros, where incountering with the enimies,

after a sore and cruell foughten battell, Sueno remained victorious, and Malcolme with his Scots discomfited. Hówbeit the Danes were so broken by this battell, that they were not able to make long chase on their enimies, but kept themselues all night in order of battell, for doubt least the Scots assembling together againe, might haue set vpon them at some aduantage. On the morrow, when the fields were discovered, and that it was perceived how no enimies were to be found abroad, they gathered the spoile, which they diuided amongst them, according to the law of armes. Then it was ordeined by commandement of Sueno, that no souldier should hurt either man, woman, nor child, except such as were found with weapon in hand readie to make resistance, for he hoped now to conquer the realme without further bloudshed

But when knowledge was giuen how Duncan was fled to the castell of Bertha, and that Makbeth was gathering a new power to withstand the incursions of the Danes, Sueno raised his tents, and comming to the said castell, laid a strong siege round about it. Duncane séeing himselfe thus enuironed by his enimies, sent a secret message by counsell of Banquo to Makbeth, commanding him to abide at Inchcut-hill, till he heard from him some other newes. In the meane time Duncane fell in fained communication with Sueno, as though he would haue yéelded vp the castell into his hands, vnder certeine conditions, and this did he to drue time, and to put his enimies out of all suspicion of anie enterprise ment against them, till all things were brought to passe that might serue for the purpose. At length, when they were fallen at a point for rendring vp the hold, Duncane offered to sende foorth of the castell into the campe great provision of vittels to refresh the armie, which offer was gladlie accepted of the Danes, for that they had béene in great penurie of sustenance manie daies before.

The Scots héerevpon tooke the iuice of mekilwoort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and bread, sending it thus spiced and confectioned, in great abundance vnto their enimies. They reioicing that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and drinking, after such greedie wise, that it séemed they stroue who might deuouue and swallow vp most, till the operation of the berries spread in such sort through all the parts of their bodies, that they were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in manner it was vnpossible to awake them. Then forthwith Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, commanding him with all diligence to come and set vpon the enimies, being in easie point to be ouercome. Makbeth making no delai, came with his people to the place, where his enimies were lodged, and first killing the watch, afterwards entered the campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance, that it was a woonderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heaue of sléepe, that the most part of them were slaine and neuer stirred : other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies forth, were so amazed and dizzie headed vpon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense : so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie.

The most part of the mariners, when they heard what plentie of meate and drinke the Scots had sent unto the campe, came from the sea thither to be partakers thereof, and so were slaine amongst their fellows : by meanes whereof when Sueno perceiued how through lacke of mariners he should not be able to conueie awaie his nauie, he furnished one ship throughlie with such as were left, and in the same sailed backe into Norwaie, cursing the time that he

set forward on this infortunate iournie. The other ships which he left behind him, within three daies after his departure from thence, were tossed so together by violence of an east wind, that beating and rushing one against another, they sunke there, and lie in the same place euen vnto these daies, to the great danger of other such ships as come on that coast. for being couered with the flood when the tide commeth, at the ebbing againe of the same, some part of them appéere aboue water.

The place where the Danish vessels were thus lost, is yet called Drownelow sands. This ouerthrow receiued in manner afore said by Sueno, was verie displeasing to him and his people, as should appéere, in that it was a custome manie yeeres after, that no knights were made in Norwaie, except they were first sworne to reuenge the slaughter of their countriemen and friends thus slaine in Scotland. The Scots hauing woone so notable a victorie, after they had gathered and diuided the spoile of the field, caused solemne processions to be made in all places of the realme, and thanks to be given to almightie God, that had sent them so faire a day ouer their enemies. But whilst the people were thus at their processions, woord was brought that a new fléet of Danes was arriued at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute king of England, in reuenge of his brother Suenos overthrow. To resist these enemies, which were alreadie landed, and busie in spoiling the countrie; Makbeth and Banquho were sent with the kings authoritie, who hauing with them a conuenient power, incountred the enemies, slue part of them, and chased the other to their ships. They that escaped and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine at this last bickering, might be buried in saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof, manie old sepultures are yet in

the said Inch, there to be seene grauen with the armes of the Danes, as the maner of burieng noble men still is, and héretofore hath béene vsed

A peace was also concluded at the same time betwixt the Danes and Scotishmen, ratified (as some have written) in this wise. That from thencefoorth the Danes should neuer come into Scotland to make anie warres against the Scots by anie maner of meanes And these were the warres that Duncane had with forren enimies, in the seuenth yéere of his reigne Shortlie after happened a strange and uncouth woonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realme of Scotland, as ye shall after heare. It fortunéd as Makbeth and Banquho iournied towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie together without other companie, saue onelie themselues, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them thrée women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentuelie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, "All haile Makbeth, thane of Glamis" (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell) The second of them said, "Haile Makbeth thane of Cawder" But the third said; "All haile Makbeth that héereafter shalt be king of Scotland "

Then Banquho, "What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little fauourable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?" "Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits vnto thée, than vnto him, for he shall reigne in déed, but with an vnluckie end: neither shall he leaue anie issue behind him to succéed in his place, where contrarielie thou in déed shalt not reigne at all, but of thée those shall be borne

which shall gouerne the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent" Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Mackbeth in iest, king of Scotland, and Mackbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, because euerie thing came to pass as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, luings, and offices were given of the kings liberalitie to Mackbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquho iested with him and said: "Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." Wherevpon Mackbeth reuoluing the thing in his mind, began euen then to deuise how he might attaine to the kingdome: but yet he thought with himselfe that he must tarie a time, which should aduance him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment. But shortlie after it chanced that king Duncane, hauing two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcome prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatlie after his deceasse. Mackbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succéed were not of able



age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarell so to doo (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he might in time to come, pretend vnto the crowne.

The woodes of the thrée weird sisters also (of whom before ye haue heard) greatlie encouraged him here-vnto, but speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a quéene. At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerns, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne. Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priue to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common consent) he receiued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was first conueied vnto Elgine, and there buried in kinglie wise; but afterwards it was remoued and conueied vnto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst his predecessors, in the year after the birth of our Saviour, 1046.

Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sons of king Duncane, for feare of their liues (which they might well know that Mackbeth would séeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmation in the estate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained, till time that saint Edward the sonne of Etheldred recovered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the which Edward receiued Malcolme by way of most friendlie entertainment: but Donald passed

ouer into Ireland, where he was tenderlie cherished by the king of that land. Mackbeth, after the departure thus of Duncanes sonnes, vsed great liberalitie towards the nobles of the realme, thereby to win their fauour, and when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intencion to mainteine iustice, and to punish all enormities and abuses, which had chanced through the feeble and slouthfull administration of Duncane. And to bring his purpose the better to passe without anie trouble or great businesse, he deuised a subtile wile to bring all offenders and misdooers unto iustice, soliciting sundrie of his liege people with high rewards, to challenge and appeale such as most oppressed the commons, to come at a day and place appointed, to fight singular combats within bairriers, in triall of their accusations. When these théeues, barrettors, and other oppressors of the innocent people were come to dairen battell in this wise (as is said) they were streight waies apprehended by armed men, and trussed vp in halters on gibbets, according as they had iustlie deserued. The residue of misdooers that were left, were punished and tamed in such sort, that manie yeares after all theft and reiffings were little heard of, the people inioieng the blissefull benefit of good peace and tranquillitie Mackbeth shewing himselfe thus a most diligent punisher of all iniuries and wrongs attempted by anie disordered peisons within his realme, was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people, and hereto he also applied his whole indeuor, to cause yoong men to exercise themselves in vertuous maners, and men of the church to attend their diuine seruice according to their vocations.

He caused to be slaine sundrie thanes, as of Cathnes, Sutherland, Stranaueine, and Ros, because through them and their seditious attempts, much trouble dailie rose in the realme. He appeased the troublesome state

of Galloway, and slue one Makgill a tyrant, who had manie yeares before passed nothing of the regall authoritie or power. To be brieft, such were the woorthie doings and princelie acts of this Mackbeth in the administration of the realme, that if he had attained thereunto by rightfull means, and continued in vprightnesse of justice as he began, till the end of his reigne, he might well have béene numbred amongst the most noble princes that anie where had reigned. He made manie holesome laws and statutes for the publike weale of his subjects. . . . .

But this was but a counterfet zeale of equitie shewed by him, partlie against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people. Shortlie after, he began to shew what he was, in stead of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chanceth euer in tyrants, and such as attaine to anie estate by vnrighteous means) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cup, as he had ministred to his predecessor. The woords also of the thrée weird sisters, would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in déed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers, whom he hired to execute that déed, appointing them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not haue his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge vpon anie suspicion that might arise.

It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet by the helpe of almightie God reseruing him to

better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwards hauing some inkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chance medlie (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth would haue it to appeare) but euen upon a prepenssed deuise: wherevpon to auoid further perill he fled into Wales ¶ But here I thinke it shall not much make against my purpose, if (according to th' order which I find obserued in the Scottish historie) I shall in few words rehearse the originall line of those kings, which have descended from the foresaid Banquho, that they which have inioied the kingdome by so long continuance of descent, from one to another, and that euen unto these our daies, may be knowen from whence they had their first beginning.

Fleance therefore (as before is said) fled into Wales, where shortlie after by his courteous and amiable behaviour, he grew into such fauour and estimation with the prince of that countrie, that he might vnneath haue wished anie greater; at length also he came into such familiar acquaintance with the said princes daughter, that she of courtesie in the end suffered him to get hir with child, which being once vnderstood, hir father the prince conceued such hatefull displeasure towards Fleance, that he finallie slue him, and held his daughter in most vile estate of serutude, for that she had consented to be on this wise defloured by a stranger. At the last yet, she was deliuered of a sonne named Walter, who within few yeares prooued a man of greater courage and yaliance, than anie other had commonlie béene found, although he had no better bringing vp than (by his grandfathers appointment) among the baser sort of people. Howbeit he shewed euer euen from his infancie, that there reigned in him a certeine stoutnesse of stomach, readie to attempt high enterpises.

It chanced that falling out with one of his companions, after manie tawnting words which passed betwixt them, the other to his reproch objected that he was a bastard, and begotten in vnlawfull bed, wherewith being sore kindled, in his raging furie he ran vpon him and slue him out of hand. Then was he glad to flee out of Wales, and comming into Scotland to seeke some friendship there, he happened into the companie of such Englishmen, as were come thither with quene Margaret, and behaued himselfe so soberlie in all his demeanours, that within a while he was highlie esteemed amongst them. Not long after by such means attaining to the degée of high reputation, he was sent with a great power of men into the westerne Iles, into Galloway, and other parts of the realme, to deliver the same from the tyrannie and iniurious oppression there exercised by diuers misgoverned persons; which enterprise according to his commission he atchiued, with such prudent policie and manhood, that immediatlie upon his returne to the court, he was made lord steward of Scotland, with assignement to receiue the kings rents and duties out of the parts of the realme.

This Walter Steward had a sonne named Alane Steward, who went after with Godfreie of Bullogne duke of Loraine, and Robert duke of Normandie sonne to king William the bastard that conquered England, into the holie land, at what time they with other westerne princes made the great iournie thither, in the year 1099. Alane had issue Alexander Steward, that founded the abbeye of Paslere of saint Benedicts order. Walter Steward, whose valancie was well notified at the battell of Largs, as hereafter shall be shewed, was the sonne of the said Alexander. The same Walter had issue two sons, the one named Alexander fought right valiantlie in defense of his father at the foresaid battell, and the other named

Robert Steward got the lands of Terbowtoun, and married the heire of Crukeistoun, from whom descended the earles of Levenox and Dernlie. Moreover, the above mentioned Alexander Steward that founded Paselie, had diuerse mo sonnes, as Iohn and Iames, with sundrie other. Howbeit they tooke new surnames by the name of those lands, vnto the which they succéded. The afore recited John Steward, after the death of his brother James, married the heire of Bonkill a virgine of great beautie, and had by hir Walter Steward that inherited the lands of Bonkill, Ranfrew, Rothessaie, Bute, and Stewartoun, after that his father the forenamed Iohn was slaine at Falkirke.

He married Margerie Bruce daughter to king Robert Bruce, by whome he had issue king Robert the second of that name. This Robert the second tooke to wife one Isabell Mure, a damsell of right excellent beautie, she was daughter to Sir Adham Mure knight, and brought forth issue, thrée sonnes and thrée daughters. The eldest sonne hight Iohn Steward otherwise named Robert, who succéded immediatlie after his fathers deceasse in gouernance of the crowne. The second called Robert was made earle of Fife and Menteith, also he was created duke of Albanie, and ruled the realme of Scotland vnder the name of gouernour, for the space of fiftéene yeares. The third sonne named Alexander was earle of Buchquhane and lord of Baudzenot. The eldest daughter was married to James that was the sonne and heire of William earle of Dowglas. The second daughter was married to Iohn Dunbar, brother to George of Dunbar earle of March, and was made to the aduancement of his further fame earle of Murrey. He begot on hir one onelie daughter, that was married to the Dowglas, and so Dowglas came to the earledome of Murrey. The third daughter was married vnto Iohn Lioun, that was after made lord of Glammis.

Moreover, the foresaid Robert that was the first of the Stewards which ware the crowne in Scotland, married Ewfame daughter to the earle of Rosse, and got on hir two sonnes, Walter earle of Atholl, and Dauid earle of Stratherne. This Walter sollicitid Robert duke of Albanie, to slea Dauid Steward duke of Rothsaie. And after that Iames the first was returned home foorth of England, hee did what he could to mooue him to slea all the linage of the said duke, still being in hope after the dispatch of his kinsmen to come to the crowne himselfe, which hope mooued him to procure his nephue Robert Steward, and Robert Graham his daughters son, to slea king Iames the first also, for the which crime the same Walter was after convicted and destroyed with all his sonnes. His brother David earle of Buchquhane died without issue, and so the lands of both these brethren returned againe to the crowne, without anie memorie of their bloud. Of Robert Steward duke of Albanie, came duke Murdo, who married the ealle of Lennox daughter, and got on hir threé sonnes, Walter, Alexander, and Iames.

Duke Murdo himselfe with his two first sonnes were slaine at Striveling by king Iames the first, and the third brother Iames in reuenge thereof burnt Dumbertane, and was after chased into Ireland, where he decessed without issue. Robert the third of that name married Annabill Drommond, daughter to sir Iohn Drommond of Strobhall knight, and got on hir David and James. The first died in Falkland, and the other attained the crowne, and was called Iames the first and married the ladie Iane daughter to Iohn Beauford earle of Summerset in England. He had by hir two sonnes borne at one birth, Alexander and James. The first died yoong, the second attained the crowne, named James the second. Iames the first had also six daughters, of the which the eldest

was giuen in mariage to the Dolphine of France, the second to the duke of Britaine, the third to the lord of Feir, the fourth to the lord of Dalkeith, the fift to the earle of Huntley, and the sixt had no succession. Iames the second married Margaret daughter to the duke of Gelderland, and begot on hir thrée sonnes, and two daughters.

The first succéded him in the kingdome, and was called Iames the third : the second named Alexander was duke of Albanie, and married first the earle of Orkenies daughter, and got on hir Alexander, that was afterward bishop of Murrey, and then parting with hir went into France, where he married the countesse of Bullogne, and begot on hir John Steward duke of Albanie, that was gouernor of Scotland manie yéeres in the minoritie of Iames the fift. The third sonne, Iohn Steward, was earle of Mar, whose chance was to be slaine in the Cannogat in a bathfat. The first daughter of Iames the second was married to the lord Boid, who begot on hir a sonne that was slaine by the lord Mongumrie, and a daughter that was married to the earle of Cassels. After the death of the Lord Boid, the husband of this first daughter of Iames the second, she was eftsoones married to the lord Ham-milton, and by that means was the house of the Ham-miltons honored with the kings bloud. The other sister was married to the lord Creichton, of whom came small succession woorthe to be mentioned. Iames the third married Margaret daughter to the king of Denmarke. Of the which mariage was born Iames the fourth, Alexander that was bishop of saint Andrews and Duke of Albanie, and Iohn Steward earle of Mar, but these two died without issue.

Iames the fourth married Margaret daughter to king Henrie the seventh of England, and begot on hir Iames the fift, who married first the ladie Magdalen daughter to Francis the French king, had no issue by



hir, for that she died in the yéere next after hir coming into Scotland, and then shortly after the said Iames the fift married the ladie Marie de Lorrein, duchesse of Lonule, a widow, and by hir had he issue Marie quéene of Scotland, that tooke to husband Henrie Steward lord Dernhe, by whom she had issue Charles Iames, now king of Scotland But to returne unto Makbeth, in continuing the historie, and to begin where I left, ye shall vnderstand that after the contriued slaughter of Banquho, nothing prospered with the foresaid Makbeth for in maner euerie man began to doubt his owne life, and durst vnneth appeare in the kings presence, and euen as there were manie that stood in feare of him, so likewise stood he in feare of manie, in such sort that he began to make those awaie by one surmized caullation or other, whome he thought most able to worke him anie displeasure.

At length he found such swéetnesse by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thirst after bloud in this behalfe might in no wise be satisfied for ye must consider he wan double profit (as hée thought) hereby for first they were rid out of the way whome he feared, and then againe his coffers were enriched by their goods which were forfeited to his use, whereby he might better mainteine a gard of armed men about him to defend his person from iniurie of them whome he had in anie suspicion. Further, to the end he might the more cruelhe oppresse his subjects with all tyrantlike wrongs, he builded a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunsinane, situate in Gowrie, ten miles from Perth, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft, a man might behold well neere all the countries of Angus, Fife, Stermond, and Ernedale, as it were lieng vnderneath him. This castell then being founded on the top of that high hill, put the realme to great charges before it was finished,

for all the stuffe necessarie to the building could not be brought vp without much toile and businesse. But Makbeth being once determined to haue the worke go forward, caused the thanes of each shire within the realme to come and helpe towards that building, each man his course about

At the last, when the turne fell vnto Makduffe thane of Fife to build his part, he sent workemen with all néedfull prouision, and commanded them to shew such diligence in euerie behalfe, that no occasion might bee giuen for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himselfe as other had doone, which he refused to doo, for doubt least the king bearing him (as he partlie vnderstood) no great good will, would laie violent hands vpon him, as he had doon vpon diuerse other. Shortlie after, Makbeth comming to behold how the worke went forward, and bicause he found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and said ; I perceiue this man will neuer obeie my commandements, till he be ridden with a snaffle : but I shall prouide well inough for him. Neither could he afterwards abide to looke upon the said Makduffe, either for that he thought his puissance ouer great : either else for that he had learned of certaine wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence (for that the prophesie had happened so right, which the thrée faries or weird sisters had declared vnto him) how that he ought to take héed of Makduffe, who in time to come would seeke to destroie him.

And surelie herevpon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certeine witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he neuer should be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor uanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. By this prophesie Makbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would, without anie fear to be punished for the same, for by

the one prophesie he beléueed it was vnpossible for anie man to vanquish him, and by the other vnpossible to slea him. This vaine hope caused him to doo manie outrageous things, to the gréeuous oppression of his subjects. At length Makduffe, to auoid perill of life, purposed with himselfe to passe into England, to procure Malcolme Cammore to claime the crowne of Scotland. But this was not so secretlie deuised by Makduffe, but that Makbeth had knowledge guen him thereof for kings (as is said) haue sharpe sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like vnto Midas. For Makbeth had in euerie noble mans house, one slie fellow or other in fée with him, to reveale all that was said or doone within the same, by which slight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realme.

Immediatlie then, being aduertised whereabout Makduffe went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and foorthwith besieged the castell where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without anie resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none euill. But neuerthesse Makbeth most cruellie caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castell, to be slaine. Also he confiscated the goods of Makduffe, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realme; but Macduffe was alreadie escaped out of danger, and gotten into England vnto Malcolme Cammore, to trie what purchase hee might make by meanes of his support, to reuenge the slaughter so cruellie executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his comming vnto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotland was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, hauing committed manie horrible slaughters and murders, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortallie of all his liege

people, desiring nothing more than to be deliuered of that intollerable and heauie yoke of thraldome, which they susteined at such a caitaifes hands.

Malcolme hearing Makduffes woords, which he vttered in verie lamentable sort, for méere compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fetched a deepe sigh, which Makduffe perceiuing, began to fall most earnestlie in hand with him, to enterprise the deliuering of the Scottish people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too manie plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be. which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onlie the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to haue some occasion ministred, whereby they might be reuenged of those notable iniuries, which they dailie susteined by the outrageous crueltie of Makbeths misgouernance Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in maner as Makduffe had declared; yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment vnfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to haue some further triall, and therevpon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth :

“I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I haue neuer so great affection to relieue the same, yet by reason of certeine incuiable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing méet thereto First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should séeke to defloure young maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable vnto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is.” Héerevnto Makduffe answered: “This suerlie is a verie euill fault, for

manie noble princes and kings haue lost both liues and kingdomes for the same ; neuerthesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conueie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof”

Then said Malcolme, “I am also the most auaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should séeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might inioy their lands, goods, and possessions, and therefore to show you what mischief may insue on you through mine vnsatiable couetousnes, I will rehearse vnto you a fable. There was a fox hauing a sore place on him ouerset with a swarme of flies, that continually sucked out hir blood : and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would haue the flies driven beside hir, she answered no for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie egerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my blood farre more to my greivance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, least if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine vnquenchable auarice may prooue such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieue you, should séeme easie in respect of the vnmeasurable outrage, which might insue through my comming amongst you.”

Makduffe to this made answer, “how it was a far worse fault than the other : for auarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings haue béene slaine and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and

take vpon thée the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy gréedie desire." Then said Malcolme againe, "I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie reioise in nothing so much as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and iustice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng vtteillie ouerthroweth the same, you see how vnable I am to gouerne anie prouince or region: and therefore sith you haue remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue."

Then said Makduffe: "This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leaue thee, and therefore saie, Oh ye vnhappie miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, ech one aboue other! Ye haue one curssed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth ouer you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behauiour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to inioy it: for it is by his owne confession he is not onelie auaritious, and giuen to vnsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had vnto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for euer, without comfort or consolation:" and with those woords the brackish teares trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

At last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sléeve, and said. "Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I haue none of these uices

before remembred, but haue rested with thée in this manner, onelie to prooue thy mind: for diuerse times héeretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I haue shewed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same" Incontinentlie héerevpon they imbraced ech other, and promising to be faithfull the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best prouide for all their businesse, to bring the same to good effect. Soone after, Makduffe repairing to the borders of Scotland, addressed his letters with secret dispatch vnto the nobles of the realme, declaring how Malcolme was confederat with him, to come hastily into Scotland to claime the crowne, and therefore he required them, sith he was right inheritor thereto, to assist him with their powers to recouer the same out of the hands of the wrongfull vsurper.

In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such fauor at king Edwards hands, that old Siward earle of Northumberland was appointed with ten thousand men with him to go into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise, for recouerie of his right. After these newes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two seuerall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Héerevpon insued oftentimes sundrie bickerings, and diuerse light skirmishings: for those that were of Malcolmes side, would not ieopard to ioine with their enimies in a pight field, till his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceiued his enimies power to increase, by such aid as came to them forth of England with his aduersarie Malcolme, he recoiled backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they

ment to pursue him; howbeit some of his friends aduised him, that it should be best for him, either to make some agréement with Malcolme, or else to fée with all spéed into the Iles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, and reteine strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him. but he had such confidence in his prophesies, that he be-léeued he should neuer be vanquished, till Birnane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slaine with anie man, that should be or was borne of anie woman.

Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell vnto Birnane wood: and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded euerie man to get a bough of some trée or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march foorth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enimies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, he first maruelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembered himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnane wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Neuerthesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enimies had scarselie cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceuing their numbers, betooke him streict to flight, whome Makduffe pursued with great hatred, euen till he came vnto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceuing that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horsse, saieing. "Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine



by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receiue thy reward which thou hast deserued for thy paines," and therewithall he lifted vp his swoord thinking to haue slaine him.

But Makduffe quicklie auoiding from his horsse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked swoord in his hand) saieng. "It is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie haue an end, for I am euen he that thy wizzards haue told thée of, who was neuer born of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe:" therewithall he stept vnto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders he set it vpon a pole, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned 17 yéeres ouer the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplished manie woorthie acts, verie profitable to the commonwealth (as ye haue heard) but afterward by illusion of the diuell, he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yéere of the incarnation, 1057, and in the 16 yéere of king Edwards reigne ouer the Englishmen.

# CYMBELINE.





1. *Abstract of Boccaccio's Tale of  
"Bernabo da Genovo," &c.*



THAT portion of the plot of "Cymbeline" which relates to the wager on the chastity of Imogen has been the subject of two old romances and of one middle-age play in the French language.

It is supposed that the two old French romances belong to about the same period, the thirteenth century, and both have been recently published by Silvestre, of Paris, the editorship having been confided to one of the most learned men of our time in this department of early French poetry—M. Francisque Michel. The first of these of which we shall speak bears the title of "Roman de La Violette, ou de Gerard de Nevers, &c. par Gibert de Montreuil," and it was printed in 1834. We adopt the following analysis of it from "Le Journal de Savans," to which it was contributed by the learned M. Renouard, and it will shew at once the connection between it and the "Cymbeline" of our great dramatist.

"On Easter day, the King of France assembles his full court at Pont-de-l'Arche. The festival is enlivened

by the presence of knights and ladies, by the dance and by song

"La Chatelaine de Dijon asks the young and handsome Gerard de Nevers to sing: he says in his song—

'J'ai amie la plus belle  
Qui soit, dame ne damoiselle,  
La plus sage et la plus cortoise,' &c.

"This boast excited the jealousy of some knights. Liziart offered to pledge his land against that of Nevers that he would seduce the lady. The wager was accepted, and the king approved of it.

"Liziart arrives at Nevers, is admitted into the presence of the beautiful Oriant, who receives him at her table: he declares his love, but she refuses him. Believing that he has lost his wager, he withdraws, sad and pensive, when he is accosted by old Gondrée, Oriant's duenna, and, after some explanation, Gondrée offers her services. The Count charges her to furnish him with means to persuade the judges that he has succeeded.

"A little secret hole in the room where Oriant took a bath enables Gondrée to recognise a peculiar mark on her body.

'La demoiselle s'esgarde au baing  
Maintenant a coisi je saing  
Et vit sur sa destre mamele  
Un violete novele  
Ynde parut sous la char blanche.'

"Gondrée calls Liziart, who, looking in his turn,

'I voit  
De sui sa destre mamelete  
Le semblant d'une violete'

"Satisfied with his discovery, Liziart returns to the king, and declares before all the court that he is ready to produce the proof of his success. Oriant is summoned to judgment. Geoffroi, the nephew of Gerard,

receives from him the charge of fetching the lady. She shortly arrives, and, in presence of the king and his court, Liziart adduces as proof his knowledge of the violet on Oriant's body. The wager is decided: Gerard quits the court, and carries his lady with him. They arrive in a forest. At the same instant that he has resolved to despatch her with his sword, a frightful serpent appears. The lady perceives it, and bids Gerard save himself, but he attacks it and kills it. After that he departs, abandoning her whom he believes guilty. she remains behind in despair, and faints. The Duke of Metz passes with his knights: struck with the beauty of the unfortunate lady, he obliges her to come to his palace with him, and even forms the design of marrying her.

"Gerard, on his part, wishes to go to Nevers, to see how Liziart governs the country. On his road he lodges with a minstrel, whose dress and instrument he assumes. He arrives in this disguise, and is admitted into the presence of Liziart: he sings a passage from the poem of Guillaume de Courtney. He happens afterwards to hear the conversation of Liziart and Gondrée, and, by their discourse, he is convinced of the innocence of Oriant, and determines to go in search of her.

"The subsequent details of the romance are numerous and various. It is sufficient to say that, in the end, Gerard finds his love again, delivering her from the consequences of an accusation that hung over her. He conducts her to the king, who is convinced of her innocence. The romance finishes by a combat between Gerard and Liziart, who is vanquished, but does not die without rendering justice to her whom he had so basely outraged."

Such is the outline of the fable of the romance of "*La Violette*," and we need only follow it by a detail of some of the leading incidents of the "*Roman de*

Compte de Poitiers," to prove the intimate relation of one to the other. The "Roman de la Violette" was printed in 1834, in a style superior to that in which "Le Compte de Poitiers" had appeared in 1831. We are again indebted to Renouard and the "Journal de Savans."

"The following is the analysis of the first part of the romance of the 'Count de Poitiers.'

"In the beginning there are quotations from several works, which shew that it must have been composed after them :

' Vous avés maintes fois oï  
Chanter du lignage Aïmeï,  
De Karloman le poissant,  
Et d'Ollivier, et de Rolland,  
Et de Guillaume fiere-biache  
Et de Rainouart a le mache '

"Pepin held his court at Paris, and had at his table several knights and counts, among whom—

' Li plus envoisiés  
Cou fu li biaux Quens de Poitiers  
Li beïs avoit a nom Geraïs, '

who, asserting that his wife was the most beautiful among ladies, said,—

' Qui tot le monde cerqueroit  
Païenie et crestienté,  
Ne trouveroit on sa biauté  
Qu' il nest rose, tant soit novele,  
Que ses biautes ne soit plus bele '

"To this eulogium of his lady's charms he added that of her fidelity :—

' Ne lairait ele autrui joïr  
Des membres dont j'ai mon plaisir '

"Piqued with these boasts, the Duke of Normandy offers to wager Normandy against Poitou that he will

obtain the lady's favour. The challenge is accepted. the Duke repairs to Poitiers, presents himself to the countess, and asks hospitality, which she grants him

"During dinner the duke indulges in the intimacy that his rank claims:—

'Le pié li marche maintes fois.'

After dinner he makes his declaration, which the lady rejects, and she retires, leaving the duke as ashamed as incensed:—

'Ploiant s'apoe à la fenestie . .  
Il crient sa terre avoir perdu'

The countess relates the duke's insolent proposals to her nurse: the nurse goes in search of him, and, treacherous to her mistress, offers to help him to gain his wager, for which the duke promises her a great reward.

"Next, this perfidious woman steals her mistress' ring from her finger, without her knowledge, and in disentangling her hair with a comb, takes away some hairs, and contrives to cut off a little

'Del bon samit qu'ele ot vestu'

"The treacherous nurse gives the duke these tokens, that he may use them against the countess.

"The duke presents himself before King Pepin, and he says to the count:—

'Ensagnes ai qui font à croire  
Ves chi X de cheveux sois,  
Qui plus reluisent que fins or,  
Vés qui l'anel qui li donastes  
A icel jor que l'espousastes;  
Et ceste ensagne de cendal  
Fu pris au bon samit roial  
Que votre feme avoit vestu.  
J'ai gaagné et vous perdu.'

"Pepin commands the countess to come to Paris,



and the count gives his nephew Geoffroi the charge of fetching her. She arrives, and denies having yielded, but Pepin pronounces in favour of the duke.

"The Count de Poitiers leaves the court with his wife. The third day they enter a thick forest, and dismounting from his horse, the husband bitterly reproaches the unfortunate lady, who tries to undeceive him. At the instant the enraged count drawing his sword, has seized her by the hair, a lion appears, and rushes suddenly upon them. the count defends himself.

'Mais li lions se resvertue  
Contre le comte s'est dreciés.'

"At last the count stabs and overcomes the animal. Having conquered the lion, he departs, abandoning his wife, who from grief and terror falls into a swoon.

'Sor i perron de marbre bis  
Que sanglent en a tot le vis'

"Harpin, a relation of the duke's, passing by the forest, finds the lion dead, and the lady in despair, and he compels her to go with him.

"The Count de Poitiers, after many adventures, is attacked by a great serpent and kills it,—an uninteresting and ill-chosen episode, and merely a repetition of his victory over the lion.

"On his road the count meets with a peasant, and wishes to change his own scarlet vesture for the peasant's rags, but he is refused. A pilgrim is more accommodating, and gives him his dress, and stains his face, so that he may not be discovered.

'Plus noirs est d'airement boulli.'

"The count arrives at Poitiers disguised as a pilgrim, and going to the duke, who was at table, and not

being badly received, he does not then avenge himself, but yielding to a feeling of generosity that he thinks he owes to the hospitality of his enemy, he says to himself,

‘ Dans Dus s’ui mais vous occhoie  
Trop mal traison feroie ’

“ He seats himself at a great charcoal fire, and is witness of a conversation between the duke and the nurse who had betrayed the countess, and he is convinced of his wife’s innocence. He resolves to go in search of her, and determines to prove the falsehood of the accusation, and to punish the duke

“ He returns to the pilgrim whose dress he had borrowed, and receives his own again. He goes to his relation Harpin. He is soon informed that Harpin is going to marry a lady that he forces to the altar. The priest arrives : the lady, whom he asks—

‘ Dame volé le à signor prendre ? ’

answers firmly,

‘ Chertes ans me l’arroie pendre  
Ja voir n’aurai mari ne dru  
Quant j’ai mon bon seignor perdu. ’

“ Witnessing this refusal, the count determines to deliver the victim. He rushes upon Harpin, and recognises his wife he had abandoned. He relates his adventure to his followers, and, collecting his relations and friends together, they all repair to the court of Pepin. Here the count denounces the treachery of the nurse, and the duke’s crime : he challenges him, the combat takes place, and the victory is declared against the traitor, who at the moment of his death owns all that has passed.—

‘ Que la contesse et loiaus dame  
Là fus pendus et trainés,  
Et la vielle ot trencié le nés  
Et les oreilles ambedeus, ’ &c.

Normandy is adjudged to the count :—

‘ Or est la contesse joians  
Car ele est dames des Normans ,  
Pepin l’en a douné le don,  
Voiant maint prince et maint baron ’

“Such (adds M. Renouard) is the analysis of the first part of the romance of ‘The Count de Poitiers.’”

The French play of the middle age, containing the same incidents, is included in a very fine collection of early dramas, edited by MM. Monmerqué and Michel, and published in 1839 under the following title “Théâtre Français au Moyen-age, publié d’après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi” This noble and excellent volume comprises 700 pages, in double columns, the ancient French occupying one column, and the modern translation the other, and the play in question, under the general title of “Un Miracle de Nostre-Dame,” commences on p. 431. It is little more than the romance, with some variations, put into a dramatic form, in which not only the characters engaged in the story, but the Creator, the Virgin, the archangels Gabriel and Michael, and St John are concerned as interlocutors. We subjoin a summary of the incidents, which we extract from “Farther Particulars of Shakespeare and his Works,” 8vo, 1839, which, as only fifty copies of it were printed, may not have fallen in the way of some of our readers.

“Lotaire, the emperor, makes war on Alfons, king of Spain; the latter flies to his brother, the king of Grenada, for assistance. During his absence Lotaire and his nephew, Ostes, lay siege to Burgos, and there capture Denise, the daughter of Alfons. Lotaire procures Ostes to be married to Denise, and makes them king and queen of Spain. Lotaire and Ostes for a time quit Spain for Rome, leaving Denise behind in Burgos. At Rome Ostes meets Count Berengier,

and the latter wagers his possessions with the former, who gages his kingdom of Spain, on the chastity of Denise during her husband's absence. Berengier proceeds to Burgos to make the attempt, and concert with Eglantine, the female attendant of Denise, in order to accomplish his purpose. She gives her mistress a sleeping draught, and then steals what Denise most valued (*un os d'un des doigts du pied de son mari*, which he had given her just before his departure for Rome), and informs Berengier of some secret mark she carried on her person. Berengier returns to Rome, shews the *os* in triumph, and discloses the secret mark he pretends to have seen. Ostes determines to kill Denise, but she is pre-informed of his intention, and, by the advice of the Virgin, flies from Burgos to her father and uncle at Grenada, in male attire. She is taken into the service of the latter, and, unknown to be a woman, is made his standard-bearer. Ostes, unable to find her and wreak his vengeance upon her, turns renegade, blasphemes his Creator, and serves the Saracens. In the mean while the king of Grenada and Alfons collect their forces, and are about to march against Lotaire, when Denise (who now calls herself Denis) entreats that she may proceed to Rome to have an interview with Lotaire, promising to do her best to render bloodshed unnecessary. She goes to Rome, and, proclaiming Berengier a traitor to Denise, challenges him to single combat. Ostes by this time has repented his denial of Christianity, and, warned from heaven, proceeds to Rome to do penance for his sin. He arrives when the combat between Denise and Berengier is about to take place. Ostes, too, challenges the traitor, and is adjudged to enter the lists against him in preference to Denise. Berengier is overcome, confesses his crime, Denise discloses her sex, and the war is at an end. Alfons is not restored

to his kingdom, which continues in the hands of Ostes and Denise, but Lotaire gives him the kingdom of Mirabel, and the comté of Vaux-Plaissiez, while the king of Grenada bestows upon him land which will yield him 3000 livres per annum."

From the tract which has furnished us with the preceding sketch we extract the following, where some striking similarities between "Cymbeline" and the French drama are illustrated.

"There are two points of resemblance between the French *Miracle* and Shakespeare which may deserve remark. Berengier tells Ostes, when proposing the wager,

'Et vous dy bien que je me vant  
Que je ne sçay femme vivant,  
Mais que ij foiz à li parlasse,  
Que le tierce avoir n'en cuidasse  
Tout mon delit.'

That is to say, 'I tell you truly that I boast that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire.' Iachimo (Cymbeline, Act I. sc. 5) says, 'With no more advantage than the opportunity of a *second conference*, and I will bring you from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.' This is found neither in Boccaccio nor in 'Westward for Smelts.'

"Again, in the French miracle-play, Berengier, endeavouring to work upon the jealousy of Denise, tells her,

'De Romme vien, où j'ay laissé  
Vostre seigneur, qui ne vous prise  
Pas la queue d'une senise :  
D'une garce c'est acointié  
Qu'il a en si grand amistié,  
Qu'il ne scet de elle departir.'

i.e., 'I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who

does not value you the stalk of a cherry: he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard, that he knows not how to part from her.' The passage where Iachimo represents the manner in which Posthumus in Rome spends his revenues upon depraved women will readily occur to all, and no corresponding inducement is to be met with in the Italian novelist, nor in the English imitator."

So much for the French authorities for that portion of the plot of *Cymbeline* which relates to the wager on the chastity of Imogen. We will now advert to the Italian story; and as it is not necessary to reprint the whole of it with our present purpose, we have borrowed from Skottowe's "*Life of Shakespeare*" the ensuing accurate abridgement of the novel, as it is found in *Gior. II. Nov. 9* of Boccaccio

"Several Italian merchants met accidentally in Paris at supper, and conversed freely of their absent wives. 'I know not,' one jestingly remarked, 'how my wife conducts herself in my absence; but of this I am certain, that whenever I meet with an attractive beauty, I make the best I can of the opportunity.' 'And so do I,' quoth another; 'for whether I believe my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases.' A third said the same, and all readily coincided in the licentious opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who maintained that he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such indisputable chastity, that he was convinced if he were absent for ten years she would preserve her fidelity. A young merchant of Piacenza, Ambrogio, was extremely facetious on the subject, and concluded some libertine remarks by offering to effect the seduction of this modern Lucretia, provided opportunity were afforded him. Bernabo answered his confident boast by the proposition of a wager, which was instantly accepted.

"According to agreement, Bernabo remained at Paris, while Ambrogiulo set out for Genoa, where his enquiries soon convinced him that Ginevra, the wife of Bernabo, had not been too highly praised, and that his wager would be lost without he could effect by stratagem what he had certainly no probability of obtaining by direct solicitation. Chance threw in his way a poor woman often employed in the house of Ginevra, whom he secured in his interest by a bribe. Pretending unavoidable absence for a few days, the woman entreated Ginevra to take charge of a large chest till she returned. The lady consented, and the chest, with Ambrogiulo secreted in it, was placed in Ginevra's bedchamber. When the lady retired to rest, the villain crept from his concealment, and, by the light of a taper, took particular notice of the pictures and furniture, and the form and situation of the apartment. Advancing to the bed, he eagerly sought for some mark about the lady's person, and at last espied a mole and a tuft of golden hair upon her left breast. Then taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he returned to his concealment, whence he was not released till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest conveyed home.

"Ambrogiulo hastily summoned the merchants in Paris, who were present when the wager was laid. As a proof of his success he produced the stolen trinkets; called them gifts from the lady, and described the furniture of the bed-room. Bernabo acknowledged the correctness of the account, and confessed that the purse and ring belonged to his wife; but added, that as Ambrogiulo might have obtained his account of the room, and procured the jewels also, from some of Ginevra's servants, his claim to the money was not established. The proofs I have given, said Ambrogiulo, ought to suffice; but as you call on me for more, I will silence your scepti-

cism at once Ginevra has a mole on her left breast. Bernabo's countenance testified the truth of this assertion, and he shortly acknowledged it by words he then paid the sum he had wagered, and instantly set out for Italy. Arriving near his residence, he despatched a messenger for Ginevra, and gave secret orders that she should be put to death upon the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and declared his master's harsh instructions. The lady vehemently protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of her conductor, and promised to conceal herself in some distant and obscure abode. Her life was spared, and the servant returned to his master with some of Ginevra's clothes, reporting that he had killed her, and left her body to the ferocity of beasts of prey.

"Ginevra disguised herself in the garments of a man, and entered into the service of a Catalonian gentleman, who carried her to Alexandria. Here she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the Sultan, who solicited her from her master. She soon became a favourite, and, under the name of Sicurano, was appointed captain of the guard. For the security of both Christian and Turkish merchants, who resorted to the fair of Acre, the Sultan annually sent an officer with a band of soldiers. Sicurano was employed on this service, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she cast her eye upon a purse and girdle, which she recognised as her own. Without declaring her discovery, she enquired to whom they belonged, and whether they were for sale. Ambrogiulo, who had arrived with a stock of merchandise, now stepped forward, and replied, that the trinkets were his, and begged Sicurano, since he admired them, to accept of them. Sicurano asked him why he smiled; when Ambrogiulo related, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa, whose



love he had enjoyed ; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand against one thousand florins, that the virtue of his wife was incorruptible.

"The jealousy and revenge of Bernabo. were now explained to Ginevra, and the base artificer of her ruin now stood before her. She feigned pleasure at Ambrogulo's story, cultivated his acquaintance, and took him with her to Alexandria. Her next care was to have Bernabo, now reduced to great distress, brought privately to Alexandria. Then, watching a favourable opportunity, she prevailed on the Sultan to compel Ambrogulo to relate publicly every circumstance of his villany. Bernabo confessed that he had caused his wife to be murdered on the supposition of her guilt with Ambrogulo. You perceive, said Sicurano to the Sultan, how little reason the unhappy lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver, and pardon the deceived, the traduced lady shall appear in your presence. The Sultan assented. Sicurano fell at his feet, and, discarding her assumed demeanour, declared herself to be Ginevra : the display of the mole on her breast banished every doubt. Ambrogulo was then put to a cruel death, and his immense wealth was given to Ginevra. The Sultan pardoned Bernabo, and making Ginevra a princely donation of jewels and money, provided a ship, and suffered her and her husband to depart for Genoa."

It remains to say a few words respecting the English version of the same story, where the scene is laid in this country during the troublesome reign of Henry VI. It is contained in a publication called "*Westward for Smelts*," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in January, 1619-20, and published with the date of 1620 on the title-page. Malone tells us ("*Shakspeare*," by Boswell, xiii. 229)

that this work was first published 1603, but no copy of that date exists, and the entry in the Stationers' Registers seems to establish that it was then a new publication. We feel confident that there was no earlier impression, and that Malone had been misinformed when he spoke of the existence of a copy dated 1603. Had such an impression been issued, Shakespeare might possibly have availed himself of it, if, as Malone thought, *Cymbeline* was produced in 1609. We print it, not because our great dramatist ever saw it, since it did not come out until four years after his death, but on account of its connexion with "*Cymbeline*," with the two French Romances, with the French Miracle-play, and with the novel of Boccaccio. All the incidents are vulgarized in the English version of them, and it is pretty clear that the compiler could not have been aware that they had been previously employed on the stage.



## 2. *The Account of Cymbeline (or Kymbeline) King of Britain.*

—o—

(From HOLINSHED, ed. 1808, I. 479-80)<sup>1</sup>

“**K**YMBELINE or Cimbeline the sonne of Theomantius was of the Britains made king after the deceasse of his father, in the yeare of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33 This man (as some write) was brought vp at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, vnder whome he served in the warres, and was in such fauour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. . . . Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbelines reigne, some wnters doo varie, but the best approoued affirme, that he reigned 35 years and then died, & was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Aruiragus.

But here is to be noted, that although our histories doo affirme, that as well this Kymbeline, as also his

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<sup>1</sup> A portion of this meagre narrative does not touch Cymbeline's personal or historical career, and was not worth giving on any account.

father Theomantius liued in quiet with the Romans, and continuallie to them paid the tributes which the Britains had couenanted with Iulius Cesar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Iulius Cesars death, when Augustus had taken vpon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute: whereat as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was content to winke; howbeit, through earnest calling vpon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the vttermost of the British Kingdome, at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Iulius Cesar, which was about the thirteenth yeare of the said Theomantius, Augustus made prouision to passe with an armie ouer into Britaine, & was come forward vpon his iournie into Gallia Celtica. or as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France.

But here receiuing aduertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the countrie nowe called Hungarie, and the Dalmatians whome nowe we call Slauons had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebells neere home, rather than to seeke new countries, and leaue such in hazard, whereof he had present possession, and so turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the warres of Britaine, whereby the land remained without feare of anie inuasion to be made by the Romans, till the yeare after the building of the city of Rome 725, and about the 19 yeere of King Theomantius reigne, that Augustus with an armie departed once againe from Rome to passe ouer into Britaine, there to make warre. But after his coming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certeine ambassadours to treat with him of peace, he staid there to settle the state of things among the Galles, for that they were not in verie good order. And having finished there, he went into Spaine,

and so his iournie into Britaine was put off till the next yeere, that is, the 726 after the building of Rome, which fell before the birth of our Saviour 25, about which time Augustus eftsoons meant the third time to haue made a voiage into Britaine, because they could not agree vpon couenants. But as the Pannonians and Dalmatians had aforetime staied him, when (as before is said) he meant to haue gone against the Britans : so euen now the Salassians (a people inhabiting about Italie and Switserland) the Cantabrians and Asturians by such rebellious starts as they raised, withdrew him from his purposed iournie. But whether this controuersie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I haue not to auouch : for that by our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought vp in Rome, & knighted in the court of Augustus, euer shewed himselfe a friend to the Romans, & chiefly was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be depriued of the benefit to be trained and brought vp among the Romans, whereby they might learne both to behaue themselues like cuill men, and to attaine to the knowledge of feats of warre."



### 3. *The Tale told by the Fishwife of Standon-the-Green.*

(From "*Westward for Smelts*")

—o—

IN the troublesome raigne of King Henry the sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull: so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare, and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of minde: so that this creature it seemed, that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman her husband thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he beleeved, in choosing her, he tooke hold of that blessing which heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant, for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you. Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and accompanied with one man, he rode to London being toward night, he tooke up his inne,

briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyall to man. To whom answered one, saying. This is truth, Sir: so is the Divell so long as he doth no harme, which is neauer<sup>1</sup>: his goodnes and womens loyaltie will come both in one yeere, but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

This gentleman loving his wife dearly (and knowing her to be free from this uncivill gentlemans generall taxation of women) in her behalfe, saide. Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill (for some ones sake that hath proved false to you) to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth, you know my meaning, Sir. construe my words as you please. excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivill. I answere in the behalfe of one, who is as free from disloyaltie, as the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, Sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, then like souldiers which end their wordes with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answere for is chaste, but yet against her will: for many women are honest 'cause they have not the meanes, and opportunitie to bee dis-honest (so is a thiefe true in prison, 'cause he hath nothing to steale :) had I but opportunitie, and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of womens slights, your want of experience makes

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<sup>1</sup> [*Meaner* in old copy]

you too credulous, therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience then before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence · but his anger beeing a little over, hee said, Sir, I doe verilie beleeeve, that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill manner'd minde, then of any experience you have had of womens loosenes: and since you thinke your selfe so cunning in that (divellish art) of corrupting womens chastitie, I will lay downe heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a moneths space you bring me anie token of this gentlewomans disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the same, conditionally you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides, I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same: so the mony was delivered into the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses: so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wives chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager, but it fell out otherwise for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to perswade the gentleman that he was a cuckold and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltham a whole day, before he came to the sight of her. at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went and kissed her (a thing no modest



woman can deny :) after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray pardon me if I have beene too bold. I was intreated by your husband which is at London (I riding this way) to come and see you : by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kinde intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious busnesse that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestly bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes, withall telling him that her husband might command her patience as long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where shee gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husbands friend. In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to bee a thing not fitting a modest woman) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time to talke of love-matters : therefore hee saw hee must accomplish his desire some other way, which he did in this maner : He having layne two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustfull desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier then he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to think with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined ; for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same : therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might winne him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, hee went in, placing himselfe under the bed : Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden ; who having been

at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore on a litle table there by : at length hee perceived her to put off a littel crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart, this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same : At length the gentlewoman having untyred her selfe, went to bed : her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept : at length he might heare her draw her breath long : then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where, finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted, all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistris nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day, that he might carry this jewell to her husband as signe of his wives disloyaltie ; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe : happy had shee beene had his bed proved his grave. In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that hee had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rid he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed ; who when she rose, attiring her selfe hastily ('cause one tarried to speake with her) missed not her crucifix : so passed she the time away, as shee was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her ; onely shee seemed a litle discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London ; and com-

ming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman, who then was in bed, but he quickly rose and came downe to him, who seeing him return'd so suddenly, he thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager, but this chanced otherwise. for having saluted him, he said in this manner: Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of womans subtilties, and that no woman was longer good then she had cause, or time to doe ill? this you beleaved not, and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In briefe, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling. to confirme that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix) know you this? if this be not sufficient prooffe, I wil fetch you more.

At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart, and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembring himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which hee commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and beeing weary of this world (seeing where he had put onely his trust, he was deceived) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so (by laying violent hand on himselfe) to leape into the Divels mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of King Henry. To this intent he called his man, to whom he said: George, thou knowest I have ever held

thee deare, making more account of thee, then thy other fellowes, and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest bee ready to render up to doe me good. True Sir, (answered his man) I said no more then, then I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I beleeeve thee, George (replyed he) but there is no such need : I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger, yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth : for the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir (answered George) more for your love, then any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant) pray tell mee what it is? George (said his master) this it is, thou must goe home, praying thy mistris to meete me halfe the way to London ; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her . I meane as I speake ; kill her, I say, this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe, which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward it shall be this : Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by vertue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is, till then govern my whole estate : and for thy mistris absence, and mine own, make what excuse thou please . so be gone. Well, Sir (said George) since it is your will, thou unwilling I am to doe it, yet I will performe it So went he his way toward Waltam, and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with King Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the Earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

George beeing come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistris, who wondred to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George : he an-

swered her, that hee was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner : Mistris, I pray you tel me what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers, hath made her husband to neglect his estate, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him ? Why George (quoth shee) hath thou met with some such creature ? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I should thinke her worthy of death . how thinkest thou ? Faith, mistris (said he) I thinke so too, and am so fully perswaded that her offence deserveth that punishment, that I purpose to bee executioner to such a one my selfe. Mistris, you are this woman : you have so offended my master (you know best how your selfe) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you ; therefore, those words which you meane to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poore gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words : And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands then death ? It cannot be ; I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'll tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation, those should be my worst words ; for deaths fearfull visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare your selfe (said George :) for by heaven I doe not jest. With that shee prayed him stay, saying, And is it so ? then, what should I desire to live,

having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? come, let me die. Yet, George, let mee have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: 'Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wives obedience) ever since I call'd him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny, and doe (at this houre of my death) desire that heaven would powre down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake ought that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. Pray heaven blesse him. I am prepared now, strike prethee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

George seeing this, could not withhold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying: Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me; But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath, then to staine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and spotlesse brest: Yet let mee intreat you (so much) that you would not come in his sight, (lest in his rage he turne your butcher) but live in some disguise till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse, which (I hope) will not be long.

To this she willingly granted (being loth to die causelesse) and thanked him for his kindnes, so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his masters ring for the government of the house, till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure then in the country.

This his fellowes beleaved, and were obedient to his will, amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly, that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got mans apparell for her disguise, so wandred she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous, that no man knew whom hee might trust; onely she maintained her selfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to staive, then so much to debase herselfe to become a begger: with this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where shee lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde. In this time it chanced that King Edward (beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had) came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover, if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better then her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse, and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He being moved, to see one so well featur'd (as she was) to want, entertained her for one of his pages, to whom she shewed her selfe so dutifull, and loving, that (in short time) shee had his love above all her fellowes. Still followed she the fortunes of King Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband. After the battell at Barnet (where King Edward got the best) she going up and downe amongst the slaine men (to

\*know whether her husband, which was on King Henries side, were dead or escaped) happened to see the other, who had been her ghest, lying there for dead : she remembring him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by : where opening of his brest, to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix ; at sight of which her heart was joyfull, (hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace) for she remembring her selfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her. On a time, when hee was a little recovered, shee went to him, giving him the crucifix, which shee had taken from about his necke : to whom hee said, Good gentle youth, keep the same ; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable, and breedeth such horroure in my conscience (when I think how wrongfully I got the same), that so long as I see it, I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation twixt her husband and her selfe ; yet said shee nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before ; only she caused the man, in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her (above all his other pages) most dearely, said : Edmund (for so had she named her selfe), thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy ; cause him to be sent for, and I



will be thy judge myselfe. She being glad of this, (with the kings authority) sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battell of Barnet, she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come (but not one seeing of the other), the king sent for the wounded man into the presence, before whom the page asked him, how he came by the crucifix? He, fearing that his villany would come forth, denyed the words hee had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say, concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page, he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and that if he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

She, seeing this villains impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know, doe you know this?—Yes, answered hee: but would God I ne're had knowne the owner of it!—It was my wives, a woman vertuous, till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity, who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

With that the king said, Sirra, now you are found to be a knave; did you not even now affirme that you bought it? To whom he answered (with fearefull countenance), And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentlemans honour, and his wives, which by my telling of the truth would have beene much indamag'd; for indeed she being a

secret friend of mine, gave me this, as a testimony of her love.

The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villaine confesse, how hee hath abused that good gentleman. The king having given her leave, she said : First, Sir, you confessed before your oast, and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell : then, before his majestie you affirmed you bought it, so denying your former words : now you have denied, that which you so boldly affirmed before, and have said it was this gentlemans wives gift. (With his majesties leave) I say thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false (with that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying), Hadst thou (villaine) ever any strumpets favour at my hands ? Did I (for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee) bestow this on thee ? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speake the truth.

With that he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman . therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and himselfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes, perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondred how hee durst (knowing God to bee just) commit so great villany, but much more admired he, to see his page to turn a gentlewoman ; but ceasing to admire, he said : Sir, (speaking to her husband) you did the part of an unwise man, to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough ; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge. With that mistris Dorrill (thanking his majestie) went to her husband, saying, All my anger to you I lay

downe with this kisse. He wondring all this while to see this strange and unlooked for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved, wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that hee had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner —That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him · and so was to have a yeeres imprisonment So, this gentleman and his wife went (with the kings leave) lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence hee gave the money which he received. So lived they ever after in great content

HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

IN re-publishing once more the old English version of the story of the Danish prince from the collection of Belleforest, the present editor defers to Mr Collier's precedent, his own suspicion being that, even if the prose "History of Hamlet" was originally in print before 1603—of which there appears to be no proof—Shakespeare resorted to the earlier drama on the subject, and made the piece what it is out of the inexhaustible resources of his own marvellous mind.

One of the most curious contemporary notices we possess of this play is that cited by Douce ("Illustr.," 11 265-6) from Scoloker's "Diaphantus," 1604

## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.

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THE only known copy of the following novel is preserved among Capell's books, at Cambridge, and bears date in 1608. it was printed by Richard Braddocke, for Thomas Pavier, a well-known stationer of that time. There can be little doubt that it had originally come from the press considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century, although the multiplicity of readers of productions of the kind, and the carelessness with which such books were regarded after perusal, has led to the destruction, as far as can now be ascertained, of every earlier copy. That which we have used for our re-impression, of a considerably later date, has alone escaped. Should any accident unluckily befall that interesting and valuable relic, the misfortune could never be repaired: and it seems almost a matter of duty, therefore, to reprint such productions, that they may not at any future time be utterly lost.

That a play upon the story of Hamlet had been written some years before 1590, we have every reason to believe Robert Greene (according to Mr Dyce, whom it is generally safe to follow, especially on questions of date) published his "Menaphon" in 1589,<sup>1</sup> prefixing to it an Epistle by Thomas Nash, in

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<sup>1</sup> [In the former edition, it stood 1587; but the volume was not licensed till 1589. See Nash's Epistle printed *in extenso* in Mr Huth's "Prefaces," &c., 1874, p. 82, *et seq*

which he alludes to a tragedy of that name ; and on the 9th June 1594, Henslowe registers in his MS. Diary, preserved at Dulwich College, that "Hamlet" was performed by his company, while acting at Newington Butts, apparently, in conjunction with the association to which Shakespeare belonged : it was then an old play, and produced him only eight shillings as his share of the receipts, though, when new pieces were represented, his proportion at the same period was usually more than three pounds. Malone confidently, though conjecturally, assigned the "Hamlet," spoken of by Nash and mentioned by Henslowe, to Thomas Kyd : it is often alluded to by contemporaries, and there is not a moment's doubt that it was written and acted many years before Shakespeare's tragedy of the same name was produced. It is probable that Kyd's play (supposing it to be his) was founded upon the novel under consideration, which, therefore, must have been originally printed before 1589, and that, to a certain extent, our great Dramatist availed himself both of the old drama and of the still older "History."

The earliest known edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is dated 1603, and it was printed for Nicholas Ling, who was interested in the second quarto of 1604, which was long indeed looked upon as the first edition. From a careful comparison of the two, it seems nearly certain that the copy of 1603 was printed from MS. taken down in short-hand from the players' mouths, as the dialogue was delivered on the stage ; and the additional lines there found were, for some reason, omitted in the more authentic edition published in the succeeding year. We are well satisfied that the "Hamlet" of 1603 was not Shakespeare's first draught of the tragedy, which he enlarged and improved as it appeared in 1604.

It will be found that the Tragedy varies in many im-

portant particulars from the Novel, especially towards the conclusion, that nearly the whole conduct of the story is different; that the catastrophe is totally dissimilar, and that the character of the hero in the prose narrative is utterly degraded below the rank he is entitled to take in the commencement. The murder of Hamlet's father, the marriage of his mother with the murderer, Hamlet's pretended madness, his interview with his mother, and his voyage to England, are nearly the only points in common. We thus are able to see how far Shakespeare followed the "History;" but we shall probably never be able to ascertain to what extent he made use of the antecedent play.

The prose narrative of 1608 is a bald, literal, and in many respects uncouth, translation from the "*Histoires Tragiques*" of Belleforest,<sup>1</sup> who was himself by no means an elegant writer for the time in which he lived: he began publishing his series of translations from Bandello in 1559, and his story of "Amleth" was of course copied from Bandello. Belleforest gives it the following title:—"Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horvvendile, occis par Fengon, son frere, et autre occurrence de son histoire." The English translator, especially in the descriptive portion of his work, has multiplied all the faults of Belleforest, including his lengthened and involved periods, and his frequent confusion of persons. It may be suspected that one or two of the longer speeches, and particularly the Oration of Hamlet, occupying nearly the whole of Chapter V., was by another and a better hand, who had a more complete knowledge of the French, and a happier use of his own language.

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<sup>1</sup> See the fifth edition of Brunet v. Bandello. Belleforest translated the novels from the Italian in conjunction with Boais-tuau, and it was the portion executed by the latter which appeared first in 1559.



We need not have much hesitation in believing that the oldest copy (perhaps printed about the year 1585) was sufficiently corrupt in its readings; but the corruptions increased with the re-impressions, and a few portions of the edition of 1608 seem almost to defy correction. Some passages might be rendered more intelligible, such as "distill a field of tears," instead of "distill a *flood* of tears"—"deface his desire of revenge," instead of "*deferre* his desire of revenge"—"she thought fit for no men but herself," instead of "she thought fit for no *one* but herself"—"desired she to see," instead of "desired *her* to see"—"without *and* any faithfull assurance," instead of "without any faithfull assurance," &c. ; but it was thought best to present the curious relic, as nearly as it could be done, in the shape and state in which it issued from the press quite two centuries and a half ago. For this reason it has not been considered right to make the orthography of the name of the hero uniform: sometimes he is called *Hamblet* (as, no doubt, it stood in the first impression), and at other times *Hamlet*, as we have every reason to suppose it was altered in the old play, and as we find it in Shakespeare.

All the introductory matter to the ensuing pages is by Belleforest, the translator having deemed it necessary to preserve the French "Argument," and to convert some preliminary observations into what he terms a "Preface."

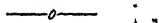
THE  
H Y S T O R I E  
O F   H A M B L E T.

L O N D O N :

Imprinted by *Richard Bradocke*, for *Thomas Pauier*,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to  
the Royall Exchange.

1608.

## THE ARGUMENT.



IT is not at this present, neither yet a small time since, that enuy rainging in the worlde; hath in such sort blinded men, that without respect of consanguinitie, friendship, or fauour whatsoeuer, they forget themselves so much; as that they spared not to defile their hands with the blood of those men, who by all law and right they ought chiefly to defend and cherish. For what other impression was it, that entered into Romulus heart, when under pretence of I know not what lawe, he defiled his hands with the blood of his owne brother, but the abhominable vice of desire to raigne? which if in all the accurrences, prosperities, and circumstances thereof, it were well wayed and considered, I know not any man that had not rather liue at his ease, and priuately without charge, then being feared and honored of all men; to beare all the charge and burden vpon his shoulders; to serue and please the fantasies of the common people; to liue continually in feare, & to see himself exposed to a thousand occasions of danger; and most commonly assailed and spoiled, when hee thinkes verly to hold Fortune as slaue to his fantasies & will: & yet buyes such and so great misery, for the vaine & fraile pleasures of this world, with the losse of his owne soule: making so large a measure of his conscience, that it is

not once mooued at any murther, treason, deceit, nor wickedness whatsoever he committed, so the way may be opened and made plaine vnto him, whereby hee may attaine to that miserable filicitie, to command and gouerne a multitude of men (as I said of Romulus) who by a most abhominable action, prepared himselfe a way to heauen (but not by vertue )

The ambitious and seditious Orator of Rome, supposed the degrees and steps to heaven, & the wayes to vertue, to consist in the treasons, rauishments, & massacres committed by him, that first layd the foundations of that cittie. And not to leaue the hystories of Rome ; what, I pray you incited Ancius Martinus, to massacre Tarquin the Elder, but the desire of raigning, as a king who before had bin the onely man to moue and sollicite the saide Tarquinius, to bereaue the right heires and inheritors thereof? What caused Tarquinius the Proud, traiterously to imbrue his hands in the blood of Seruius Tullius, his father in law, but onely that fumish and unbridled desire, to be commander ouer the cittie of Rome? which practise neuer ceased nor discontinued, in the said principal cittie of the empire, as long as it was gouerned by the greatest & wisest personages, chosen and elected by the people . for therein haue beene seen infinite numbers of seditions, troubles, pledges, ransommings, confiscations and massacres, onely proceeding from this ground and principle . which entereth into mens hearts, & maketh them couet and desirous to be heads and rulers of a whole common wealth. And after the people were deprived of that libertie of Election, and that the Empire became subiect to the pleasure & fantasie of one man, commanding al the rest, I pray you peruse their bookes, and read diligently their Hystories ; and do but looke into the meanes vsed by the most part of their kings and Emperours, to attaine to such power and authoritie :

and you shall see how poysons, massacres, and secref murders, were the meanes to push them forwards, that durst not openly attempt it, or else could not compasse to make open warres. And for that the Hystory (which I pretend to shew vnto you) is chiefly groundred vpon treason, committed by one brother against the other; I will not erre far out of the matter. thereby desiring to shew you, that it is and hath been a thing long since practised and put in vse by men, to spill the blood of their neerest kinsmen and friends, to attaine to the honour of being great and in authoritie, and that there hath bin some, that being impatient of staying till their iust time of succession, haue hastened the death of their owne parents; as Absolon would haue done to the holy king Dauid his father: and as wee read of Domitian, that poysoned his brother Titus, the most curtiuous and liberall Prince that euer swayed the empire of Rome. And God knowes we haue many the like examples in this our time, where the sonne conspired against the father: for that Sultan Zelin, Emperour of Turkes, was so honest a man, that fearing Baiazeth his father, would die of his naturall death, and that thereby he should haue stayd too long for the Empire, bereaued him of his life: and Sultan Soliman his successor, although he attempted not any thing against his father, yet being mooued with a certaine feare to bee deposed from his Emperie, & bearing a hatred to Mustapha his son (incited therunto by Rustain Bassa whom the Iewes enemies to the yong prince, had by gifts procured thereunto) caused him to be strangled with a bowe stringe, without hearing him (that neuer had offended his father) once speake to iustifie his innocencie. But let vs leave the Turkes like barbarians as they are, whose throne is ordinarily established by the effusion of the blood of those that are neerest of kindred and consanguinitie to the Empire, & consider

What Tragedies haue bin plaid to the like effect, in the memorie of our Ancestors, and with what charitie and love the neerest kindreds and friendes among them haue bin intertaind ; one of the other, if you had not the Hystories extant before you, if the memorie were not in a manner fresh, & known almost to euery man, I would make a long discourse thereof : but things being so cleare and euident, the truth so much discouered, & the people almost as it were glutted with such treasons, I will omit them & follow my matter, to shew you ; that if the iniquitie of a brother, caused his brother to loose his life, yet that vengeance was not long delayed : to the end that traitors may know, although the punishment of their trespasses committed, be stayed for awhile, yet that they may assure themselues, that without all doubt, they shal neuer escape the puissant and revenging hand of God : who being slow to anger, yet in the ende doth not faile to shew some signes and euident tokens of his fearefull iudgement, vpon such as forgetting their duties, shed innocent blood, and betray their Rulers, whom they ought chiefly to honour, serue, and reuerence.

## THE PREFACE.



ALTHOUGH in the beginning of this Hystorie, I had determined not to haue troubled ~~with~~ any other matter, than a Hystorie of our owne time, hauing sufficient tragicall matter to satisfie the minds of men: but because I cannot wel discourse thereof, without touching many personages, whom I would not willingly displease, and partly because the Argument that I haue in hand, seemed vnto me a thing worthy to bee offered to our French nobilitie for the great & gallant accurrences therein set downe: I haue somewhat strayed from my course, as touching the Tragedies of this our age. and, starting out of France and ouer Neitherlanders countries, I haue ventured to visit the Hystories of Denmarke, that it may serue for an example of vertue and contentment to our Nation (whom I specially seeke to please), and for whose satisfaction, I haue not left any flower whatsoever vntasted, from whence I haue not drawne the most perfect and delicate hony, thereby to bind them to my diligence herein: not caring for the ingratitude of the time present, that leaueth (and as it were reiecteth) without recompence, such as serue the Common-wealth, and by their trauell and diligence honour their countrey, and illustrate the Realme of France; so that often times the fault proceedeth rather from them, then from the great personages that haue other affaires which withdraw them from things that seeme

of small consequence. Withall, esteeming my selfe more then satisfied in this contentment and freedome which I now enioy, being loued of the Nobilitie, for whom I trauell without grudging, fauoured of men of learning & knowledge, for admiring & reuerencing them according to their worthinesse, and honoured of the common people, of whom although I craue not their iudgement, as not esteeming them of abilitie, to eternize the name of a worthy man, yet I account my selfe sufficiently happy to haue attained to this felicitie, that fewe or no men refuse, or disdaine to reade my workes, many admiring and wondering thereat: as there are some, that prouoked by enuie, blame and condemne it To whom I confesse my selfe much bound and beholding, for by that their meanes, I am the more vigilent, and so by my trauell much more beloued and honored then euer I was: which to mee is the greatest pleasure that I can inioy, and the most abundant treasures in my coffers, wherewith I am more satisfied and contented, then (if without comparison) I enioyed the greatest treasures in all Asia. Now returning to our matter, let vs beginne to declare the Hystorie.





# *The Hystorie of Hamblet*

*Prince of Denmarke.*



## CHAPTER I.

*How Horuendile and Fengon were made Gouvernours of the Prouince of Dutmarse, and how Horuendile married Geruth, the daughter to Roderick, chief K. of Denmark: by whom he had Hamblet: and how after his marriage his brother Fengon slewe him trayterously, and married his brother's wife, and what followed.*

The Danes  
in times past  
barbarous  
and vnciuill.

The cruell-  
tie of the  
Danes.

YOU must vnderstand, that long time before the Kingdome of Denmark receiued the faith of Iesus Christ, and embraced the doctrine of the Christians, that the common people in those dayes were barbarous & vnciuill, and their Princes cruell, without faith or loyaltie: seeking nothing but murther, and deposing (or at the least) offending each other; either in honours, goods, or lives: not caring to ransom such as they tooke prisoners, but rather sacrificing them to the cruell vengeance, naturally imprinted in their hearts; in such sort, that if ther were sometimes a good prince, or king among them, who beeing adorned

with the most perfect gifts of nature, would adict himselfe to vertue, and vse courtesie, although the people held him in admiration (as vertue is admirable to the most wicked) yet the envie of his neighbors was so great, that they never ceased untill that vertuous man, were dispatched out of the world. King Rodericke, as then raigning in Denmarke, after hee had appeased the troubles in the countrey, and driuen the Sweathlanders and Slaueans from thence, he diuided the kingdom into diuers Prouinces, placing Governours therein: who after (as the like happened in France) bare the names of Dukes, Marqueses, & Earls, giuing the government of Jutie (at this present called Ditmarsse) lying vpon the countrey of Cimbrians, in the straight or narrow part of land, that sheweth like a point or cape of ground vpon the sea, which neithward bordereth vpon the countrey of Norway. Two valiant & warlike Lords, Horuendile and Fengon, sonnes to Geruendile, who likewise had beene gouernour of that Prouince. Now the greatest honor that men of noble birth could at that time win and obtaine, was in exercising the art of Piracie vpon the seas; assayling their neighbours, & the countries bordering vpon them: and how much the more they vsed to rob, pill, and spoyle other Prouinces, and Ilands farre adjacent, so much the more their honours and reputation increased and augmented: wherein Horuendile obtained the highest place in his time, beeing the most renowned pirate that in those dayes scoured the seas, & hauens of the North parts. whose great fame, so mooued the heart of Collere, king of Norway, that he was much grieued to heare that Horuendile surmounting him in feates of armes, thereby obscuring the glory by him already obtained vpon the seas: (honor more than couetousnesse of richer, (in those dayes) being the reason that prouoked those barbarian princes, to ouerthrow and vanquish one the other; not caring to be

Rodericke  
king of Den  
marke

Jutie at this  
time, called  
then Dit  
marsse

Horuendile  
a king and a  
Pirate

Collere king  
of Norway

slaine by the handes of a victorious person. This valiant and hardy king, hauing challenged Horuendile to fight with him body to body, the combate was by him accepted, with conditions, that hee which should be vanquished, should loose all the riches he had in his ship, and that the vanquisher should cause the body of the vanquished (that should bee slaine in the combate) to be honourably buried, death being the prise and reward of him that should loose the battaile and to conclude, Collere, king of Norway (although a valiant, hardy, and couragious prince) was in the end vanquished and slaine by Horuendile. who presently caused a Tombe to be erected, and therein (with all honorable obseques fit for a prince) buried the body of king Collere, according to their auncient manner, and superstitions in those dayes, and the conditions of the combate, bereauing the Kings shippes of all their riches, and hauing slaine the kings sister, a very braue and valiant wairiour, and ouerrunne all the coast of Norway, and the Northren Ilands, returned home againe layden with much treasure, sending the most part thereof to his soueraigne, king Rodericke, thereby to procure his good liking, and so to be accounted one of the greatest fauourites about his maiestie.

The King allured by those presents, and esteeming himselfe happy to haue so valiant a subiect, sought by a great fauour and coutesie, to make him become bounden vnto him perpetually, giuing him Geruth his daughter to his wife, of whom he knew Horuendile to bee already much inamored : and the more to honor him, determined himselfe in person to conduct her into Iutie, where the marriage was celebrated according to the ancient manner : and to be briefe, of this marriage proceeded Hamlet, of whom I intend to speake, and for his cause haue chosen to renew this present Hystorie.

Horuendile  
lew Collere

Hamlet  
sonne to  
Horuendile.

Fengon brother to this Prince Horuendile, who [not]<sup>1</sup> onely fretting and despighting in his heart at the great honor and reputation wonne by his brother in warlike affaires, but solicited and prouoked (by a foolish jelousie) to see him honored with royall aliance, and fearing thereby to bee deposed from his part of the gouernment . or rather desiring to be onely Gouvernor thereby to obscure the memorie of the victories and conquests of his brother Horuendile , determined (whatsoever happened) to kill him. Which hee effected in such sort, that no man once so much as suspected him, euey man esteeming that from such and so firme a knot of alliance and consanguinitie, there could proceed no other issue than the full effects of vertue and courtesie . but (as I sayd before) the desire of beaing soueraigne, rule and authoritie, respecteth neither blood nor amitie, nor caring for vertue as being wholly without respect of lawes, or maiestie diuine : for it is not possible that hee which inuadeth the countrey & taketh away the riches of an other man without cause or reason, should know, or feare God . Was not this a craftie and subtile Counsellor ? but he might haue thought that the mother, knowing her husbands case, would not cast her sonne into the danger of death. But Fengon, hauing secretly assembled certain men, & perceiuing himself strong enough to execute his interprise, Horuendile, his brother being at a banquet with his friends, sodainely set vpon him, where he slewe him as traiteiously, as cunningly he purged himselfe of so detestable a murther to his subiects : for that before he had any violent or bloody handes, or once committed parricide vpon his brother, hee had incestuously abused his wife, whose honour hee ought as well to haue sought and procured, as traiteiously he

Fengon,  
conspirat  
against h  
brother

Fengon  
killeth his  
brother

<sup>1</sup> [Not, not in the text ]

pursued and effected his destruction : and it is most certaine, that the man that abandoneth himselfe to any notorious and wicked action, whereby he becommeth a great sinner, hee careth not to commit much more haynous and abhominable offences, & couered his boldnesse and wicked practise with so great subtiltie and policie, and vnder a vaile of meere simplicitie, that beeing fauoured for the honest loue that hee bare to his sister in lawe, for whose sake hee affirmed, he had in that sort murthered his brother, that his sinne found excuse among the common people, & of the Nobilitie was esteemed for iustice : for that Geruth being as couiteous a princesse, as any then liuing in the North parts, and one that had neuer once so much as offended any of her subjects, either commons or Courtyers, this adulterer and infamous murtherer, slaundersed his dead brother, that hee would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him vpon the point ready to doe it, in defence of the Lady had slaine him, bearing off the blows which as then hee strooke at the innocent Princesse, without any other cause of malice whatsoever : wherein hee wanted no false witnesses to approoue his act, which deposed in like sort, as the wicked calumniator himselfe protested, being the same persons that had born him company, & were participants of his treason, so that instead of pursuing him as a paricide & an incestuous person, al the Courtyers admired and flattered him in his good fortune . making more account of false witnesses and detestable wicked reporters, and more honouring the calumniators, then they esteemed of those that seeking to call the matter in question, and admiring the vertues of the murthered Prince, would haue punished the massacrers and bereauers of his life. Which was the cause that Fengon, boldned and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himselfe in

Slanderers  
more ho-  
noured in  
court then  
vertuous  
persons

The incestu-  
ous marriage  
of Fengon  
with his bro-  
thers wife.

marriage with her, whom hee vsed as his Concubine during good Horuendiles life, in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, and charging his conscience with abhominable guilt, and two fold impietie, as incestuous adulterie, and parricide murther: and that the vnfortunate and wicked woman, that had receaued the honour to bee the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest Princes in the North, imbasd her selfe in such vile sort, as to falsifie her faith vnto him, and which is worse, to marrie him, that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawfull husband: which made diuers men thinke, that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to liue in her adultery without controle. But where shall a man finde a more wicked & bold woman, then a great personage, once hauing loosed the bands of honor and honestie: This Princesse who at the first, for her rare vertues and courtesies was honored of al men, and beloued of her husband, as soone as she once gaue eare to the tyrant Fengon, forgot both the ranke she helde among the greatest dames, and the dutie of an honest wife on her behalfe. But I will not stand to gaze and meruaile at women: for that there are many which seeke to blase and set them foorth: in which their writtings, they spare not to blame them all for the faults of some one, or fewe women. But I say, that either Nature ought to haue bereaued man of that opinion to accompany with women, or els to endow them with such spirits, as that they may easily support the crosses they endure, without complaining so often and so strangely, seeing it is their owne beastlinesse that ouerthrowes them. For if it be so, that a woman is so imperfect a creature, as they make her to be: and that they know this beast, to bee so hard to bee tamed as they affirme: why then are they so foolish to preserue them, and so dull and brutish as to trust their deceitfull and wanton imbraceings.

If a man  
deceiued  
a woman,  
is his owne  
beastlinesse

But let us leaue her in this extreamtie of laciuousnesse, and proceed to shewe you, in what sort the yong Prince Hamlet behaued himselfe, to escape the tyranny of his vnclē

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## CHAPTER II

*How Hamblēt counterfeited the mad man, to escape the tyrannie of his vnclē, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his vnclē's procurement) who thereby thought to vndermine the Prince, and by that meanes to finde out whether he counterfeited madnesse or not. and how Hamblēt would by no meanes bee brought to consent vnto her, and what followed.*

GERVT<sup>H</sup> hauing (as I sayd before) so much forgotten herself, the Prince Hamblēt perceiuing him selfe to bee in danger of his life, as beeing abandoned of his owne mother, and forsaken of all men; and assuring himselfe that Fengon would not detract the time, to send him the same way his father Horuendile was gone: to beguile the tyrant in his subtilties (that esteemed him to bee of such a minde, that if he once attained to mans estate, he wold not long delay y<sup>e</sup> time to reuenge the death of his father) counterfeiting the mad man with such craft & subtile practises, that hee made shewe as if hee had vtterly lost his wittes. and vnder that vayle hee couered his pretence, and defended his life from the treasons and practises of the tyrant his vnclē. And all though hee had beene at the schoole of the Romane Prince, who because hee counterfeited himselfe to bee a foole, was called Brutus: yet hee imitated his fashions, and his wisdom. For euery day beeing in the Queenes Palace (who as then was more carefull to please her whoremaster, then ready to reuenge the cruell death of her husband, or to restore her sonne to his inherit-

ance) hee rent and tore his clothes, wallowing and lying in the durt and mire, his face all filthy and blacke, running through the streets like a man distraught, not speaking one worde, but such as seemed to proceede from madnesse, and meere frenzie, all his actions and iestures beeing no other, then the right countenances of a man wholly deprived of all reason and vnderstanding: in such sort, that as then hee seemed fitte for nothing, but to make sport to the Pages and ruffling Courtiers, that attended in the court of his vncke and father in law But the yong Prince noted them well enough, minding one day to bee reuenged in such manner, that the memorie thereof should remaine perpetually to the world.

Beholde, I pray you, a great point of a wise, and braue spirite in a yong Prince, by so great a shewe of imperfection in his person for aduancement, and his owne imbasing and despising, to worke the meanes and to prepare the way for himselfe to bee one of the happiest Kings in his age. In like sort, neuer any man was reputed by any of his actions more wise and prudent then Brutus, dissembling a great alteration in his minde, for that the occasion of such his deuise of foolishnesse, proceeded onely of a good and mature counsell and deliberation; not onely to preserue his goods, and shunne the rage of the proude Tyrant, but also to open a large way to procure the banishment and vtter ruine of wicked Tarquinius, and to infranchise the people (which were before oppressed) from the yoake of a great and miserable seruitude And so not onely Brutus, but this man and worthy prince, to whom wee may also adde King David, that counterfeited the madde man among the petie kings of Palestina, to preserue his life from the subtill practises of those kings I shew this example, vnto such as beeing offended with any great personage, haue not sufficient meanes to preuaile in their

Brutus seemed wise  
for counter  
feiting the  
foole Reart  
Titus Lilius  
and Halicarnassus

Dauid counterfeited the  
mad man,  
before King  
Achis



intents, or reuenge the iniurie by them receiued : but  
 when I speake of reuenging any iniury receiued, vpon  
 a great personage, or superior : it must be vnderstood  
 by such an one as is not our soueraigne, againste  
 whome wee maie by no meanes resiste, nor once prac-  
 tise anie Treason nor conspiracie against his life :  
 and hee that will followe this course, must speake  
 and doe all things whatsoeuer that are pleasing and  
 acceptable to him whom hee meaneth to deceiue,  
 practise his actions, and esteeme him aboue all men,  
 cleane contrarie to his owne intent and meaning ,  
 for that is rightly to playe and counterfeyte the foole,  
 when a man is constrained to dissemble, and kisse  
 his hand, whome in hearte hee could wishe an hun-  
 dred foote depth vnder the earth, so hee mighte neuer  
 see him more : if it were not a thing wholly to bee dis-  
 liked in a christian, who by no meanes ought to haue  
 a bitter gall, or desires infected with reuenge. Ham-  
 let in this sorte counterfeyting the madde man, many  
 times did diuers actions of great and deepe considera-  
 tion, and often made such and so fitte answers, that  
 a wise man would haue iudged from what spirite so  
 fine an inuention might proceede , for that standing  
 by the fire and sharpening sticks like poyuards and  
 prickes, one in smiling manner asked him wherefore  
 he made those little stauies so sharpe at the points, I  
 prepare (saith he) piercing dartes, and sharpe arrowes,  
 to reuenge my fathers death, fooles as I said before,  
 esteemed those his words as nothing ; but men of  
 quicke spirits, and such as hadde a deeper reache  
 began to suspect somewhat, esteeming that vnder that  
 kinde of folly there lay hidden a great and rare  
 subtilty, such as one day might bee preiudiciall to  
 their prince, saying that vnder colour of such rude-  
 nes he shadowed a crafty pollicy, and by his devised  
 simplicitie, he concealed a sharp and pregnant spirit,  
 for which cause they counselled the king to try &  
 know if it were possible, how to discouer y<sup>e</sup> intent

m. 8 21

A subtil  
 swere of  
 ince Ham-

& meaning of y<sup>e</sup> yong prince, & they could find no better, nor more fit inuention to intrap him, then to set some faire, and beawtfull woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could vse, should purposely seek to allure his mind to haue his pleasure of her: for the nature of all young men (specially such as are brought vp wantonlie) is so transported with the desires of the flesh, and entreth so greedily into the pleasures therof, that it is almost impossible to couer the foul affection neither yet to dissemble or hyde the same by art or industry, much lesse to shunne it. What cunning or subtilty so euer they vse to cloak theire pretence, seeing occasion offered, and that in secret, specially in the most inticing sinne that rayneth in man, they cannot chuse (being constrayned by voluptuousnesse), but fall to naturall effect and working. To this end certaine courtiers were appointed to leade Hamblet into a solitary place within the woods, whether they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together, and to imbrace one another, but y<sup>e</sup> subtile practise vsed in these our daies, not to try if men of great account bee extract out of their wits, but rather to depriue them of strength, vertue, and wisdom, by meanes of such deuilish practitioners, and intefernall spirits, their domestical seruants, and ministers of corruption: and surely the poore prince at this assault had bin in great danger, if a gentleman (that in Horuendiles time had bin nourished with him) had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing vp he had receiued with Hamblet, then desirous to please the Tirant, who by all meanes sought to intangle the sonne in the same nets wherein the father had ended his dayes. This gentleman bare the courtiers (appointed as aforesaide of this treason) company, more desiring to giue the prince instructions what he should do, then to intrap him making full account that the least shoue of per-

Nature corrupted in man

Subtillties vsed to couer Hamblets madnes

Corrupters of yong gentlemen in princes courts and great houses

fect sence and wisdom that Hamlet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life · and therefore by certaine signes, he gaue Hamlet intelligence, in what danger hee was like to fall if by any meanes hee seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes, & vicious prouocations of the gentle woman, sent thither by his Uncle · which much abashed the pince, as then wholly beeing in affection to the Lady, but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loued and fauoured him, and would haue been exceeding sorrowfull for his misfortune, and much more to leaue his companie without imioying the pleasure of his body, whome shee loued more than her selfe. The Prince in this sort having both deceued the courtiers, and the Ladyes expectation, that affirmed and swoore that hee neuer once offered to haue his pleasure of the woman, although in subtilty hee affirmed the contrary. euery man there vpon assured themselues that without all doubt hee was distraught of his senses, that his braynes were as then wholly void of force, and incapable of reasonable apprehension, so that as then Fengons practise took no effect · but for al that he left not off still seeking by al meanes to finde out Hamlets subtilty . as in the next chapter you shall perceiue.

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### CHAPTER III

*How Fengon, uncle to Hamlet, a second time to intrap him in his pollitick madnes. caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queenes chamber. behind the arras, to heare what speeches past betweene Hamlet and the Queen and how Hamlet killed him, and escaped that danger and what followed.*

AMONG the friends of Fengon, there was one that

aboue al the rest, doubted of Hamblets practises, in counterfeiting the madman, who for that cause said, that it was impossible that so craftie a gallant as Hamblet that counterfeited the foole, should be discovered with so common & vnskilfull practises, which might easily bee perceiued, and that to finde out his politique pretence it were necessary to inuent some subtile and crafty meanes, more attractiue, whereby the gallant might not haue the leysure to vse his accustomed dissimulation, which to effect he said he knewe a fit waie and a most conuenient meane to effect the kings desire, and thereby to intrap Hamblet in his subtilties, and cause him of his owne accord to fall into the net prepared for him, and thereby euidently shewe his secret meaning his deuise was thus, that King Fengon should make as though he were to goe some long voyage, concerning affayres of great importance and that in the meane time Hamblet should be shut vp alone in a chamber with his mother, wherein some other should secretly be hidden behind the hangings, vnknowne either to him or his mother, there to stand and heere their speeches, and the complots by them to bee taken, concerning the accomplishments of the dissembling fooles pretence, assuring the king that if there were any point of wisdom and perfect sence in the gallants spirit that without all doubt he would easily discover it to his mother as being deuoid of all feare that she would vtter or make knowne his secret intent, beeing the woman that had borne him in her bodie, and nourished him so carefully, and withall offered himselfe to be the man, that should stand to harken, and beare witnesse of Hamblets speeches with his mother, that hee might not be esteemed a counsellor in such a case, wherein he refused to be the executioner, for the behoofe and seruice of his prince. This inuention pleased the king exceeding well, esteeming it as the onelie and soueraigne remedie to heale the prince

Another  
subtily used  
to deceiue  
Hamblet

Hamblets  
subtily

A cruel re-  
uenge taken  
by Hamblet  
vpon him  
that would  
haue betraied  
him

Queene  
Geruthes re-  
pentance

of his lunacie, and to that ende making a long voyage issued out of his pallace, and road to hunt in the forest, meane time the counsellor entred secretly into the Queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, not long before the Queene and Hamblet came thither, who being craftie and polittique, as soone as hee was within the chamber doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake seuerely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practises he should be vnderstood, and by that meanes intercepted, vsed his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner as cockes vse to strike with their wings), vpon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring vnder them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellour (halfe dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and beeing slaine, cut his bodie in peeces, which he caused to be boyled and then cast it into an open vaulte or priuie, that so it mighte serue for foode to the hogges, by which meanes hauing discovered the ambushe, and guen the inuenter thereof his iust rewarde, hee came againe to his mother, who in the meane time wepte and tormented her selfe, to see all her hopes frustrate, for that what fault soeuer she had committed, yet was shee sore grieued to see her onely child made a meere mockery, euery man reproaching her with his folly, one point whereof she had as then seene before her eyes, which was no small pricke to her conscience, esteeming that the Gods sent her that punishment for ioynning incestuously in marriage with the tyrrannous murtherer of her husband, who like wise ceased not to inuent all the means he could, to bring his nephew to his ende, accusing his owne naturall indiscretion, as beeing the ordinary guide of those that so much desire the pleasures of the bodie, who shutting vp the waie to all reason respect

not what maie ensue of their lightnes, and greate inconstancy, and how a pleasure of small moment is sufficient to giue them cause of repentance, during their lues, and make them curse the daye and time that euer any such apprehensions, entred into there mindes, or that they closed there eies to reiect the honestie requisite in Ladies of her qualitie, and to despise the holy institution of those dames that had gone before her both in nobilitie and vertue, calling to mind the great prayses and commendations giuen by the Danes to Rinde daughter to King Rother, the chastest Lady in her time, and withall so shamefast that she would neuer consent to marriage with any prince or knight whatsoever, surpassing in vertue all the ladies of her time, as shee herselfe surmounted them in beawtie, good behauour, and comelines, and while in this sort she sate tormenting herselfe, Hamlet entred into the chamber, who hauing once againe searched euery corner of the same, distrusting his mother as well as the rest, and perceiuing himselfe to bee alone, began in sober and discreet manner to speak vnto her saying,

Rinde a  
prince of an  
admirable  
chastitie

What treason is this, O most infamous woman! of all that euer prostrated themselues to the will of an abominable whore-monger who vnder the vail of a dissembling creature couereth the most wicked and detestable crime that man could euer imagine, or was committed. How may I be assured to trust you, that like a vile wanton adulteresse, altogether impudent & giuen ouer to her pleasure, runnes spreading forth her armes ioyfully to imbrace the trayterous villanous tyrant, that murdered my father, and most incestuously receiuest the villain into the lawfull bed of your loyall spouse, impudently entertaining him in steede of the deare father of your miserable and discomforted sonne, if the gods graunt him not the grace speedilie to escape from a captiuitie so vnworthie the degree he

holdeth, and the race & noble familie of his ancestors. Is this the part of a queene, and daughter to a king? to lue like a brute beast (and like a mare that yeeldeth her bodie to the horse that hath beaten hir companion awaye,) to followe the pleasure of an abhominable king, that hath murthered a farre more honeste and better man ther himself in massacring Horuendile, the honor, and glory of the Danes, who are now esteemed of no force nor valour at all, since the shining splendure of knighthood, was brought to an end by the most wickedest, and cruellest villaine liuing vpon earth I for my part will neuer account him for my kinsman, nor once knowe him for mine vnkle, nor you my deer mother for not hauing respect to the blud that ought to haue vnited us so straightly together, & who neither with your honor nor without suspition of consent to the death of your husband could euer haue agreed to haue marryed with his cruell enemie O Queene Geruthe, it is the part of a bitch, to couple with many, and desie acquaintance of diuers mastiffes: it is licentiousnes only that hath made you deface out of your minde the memory of the valor & vertues of the good King your husband and my father. it was an unbrideled desire that guided the daughter of Roderick to imbrace the Tirant Fengon, & not to remember Horuendile (vnworthy of so strange intertainment), neither that he killed his brother traiterously, and that shee being his fathers wife betrayed him, although he so well fauoured and loued her, that for her sake he vtterly bereaved Norway of her riches and valiant souldiers, to augment the treasures of Roderick, and make Geruthe wife to the hardiest prince in Europe It is not the parte of a woman, much less of a princesse, in whome all modesty, curtesie, compassion and loue ought to abound, thus to leaue her deare child to fortune in the bloody & murtherous hands of a villain and traytor,

bruite beasts do not so : for Lyons, Tygers, ounces, and leopards fight for the safety and defence of their whelpes , and birds that haue beakes, claws, and wings, resist such as would rauish them of their yong ones, but you to the contrary expose and deluier mee to death, whereas ye should defend me. Is not this as much as if you should betray me, when you knowing the peruersenes of the tyrant and his intents, ful of deadly counsell as touching the race & image of his brother, haue not once sought nor desired to finde the meanes to saue your child (& only son) by sending him into Swethland, Noiway, or England, rather then to leaue him as a pray to youre infamous adulterer? bee not offended I pray you Madame, if transported with dolour and grieve I speake so boldely vnto you, and that I respect you lesse then dutie requireth, for you hauing forgotten mee, and wholly reiected the memorye of the deceased K. my father, must not bee abashed if I also surpasse the bounds and limits of due consideration, Beholde into what distress I am now fallen, and to what mischiefe my fortune and your ouer great lightnesse, and want of wisdome haue induced mee, that I am constrained to playe the madde man to saue my life in steed of vsing and practising armes, following aduentures, and seeking all meanes to make my selfe knowne to bee the true and vndoubted heire of the valiant and vertuous King Horuendile, it was not without cause, and iuste occasion, y<sup>t</sup> my gestures, countenances, and words seeme all to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to haue all men esteeme mee wholly depriued of sence and reasonable vnderstanding, bycause I am well assured, that he hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother, (accustomed to murthers, & allured with desire of gouernement without controll in his treasons) will not spare to saue himselfe with the like crueltie, in the blood, & flesh of the loyns of his



brother, by him massacred: & therefore, it is better for me to fayne madnesse then to vse my right sences as nature hath bestowed them vpon me, The bright shining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun doth hir beams vnder some great cloud, when the wether in sommer time ouercasteth: the face of a mad man, serueth to couer my gallant countenance, & the gestures of a fool are fit for me, to y<sup>e</sup> end that guiding my self wisely therin I may p<sup>r</sup>eserue my life for y<sup>e</sup> Danes, & the memory of my late deceased father, for y<sup>t</sup> the desire of reuenging his death is so ingrauen in my heart y<sup>t</sup> if I dye not shortly, I hope to take such and so great vengeance, that these Countreyes shall for euer speake thereof. Neuerthelesse I must stay the time, meanes, and occasion, lest by making ouer great hast, I be now the cause of mine owne sodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that meanes, end, before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discourteous man, must vse craft, and politike inuentions, such as a fine witte can best imagine, not to discover his interprise: for seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth me by dissimulation, subtiltie, and secret practises to proceed therein. To conclude, weepe not (Madame) to see my folly, but rather sigh and lament your owne offence, tormenting your conscience in regard of the infamie that hath so defiled the ancient renowne and glorie that (in times past) honoured Queene Geruth: for wee are not to sorrowe and grieue at other mens vices, but for our owne misdeedes, and great follyes. Desiring you, for the surplus of my proceedings, aboue all things (as you loue your owne life and welfare) that neither the king, nor any other may by any meanes know mine intent, and let me alone with the rest, for I hope in the ende to bring my purpose to effect.

We must vse subtiltie to a disloyall person

Wee must weepe for our owne faults and not for other mens.

Although the Queene perceiued herselfe neerly touched, and that Hamlet moued her to the quicke, where she felt her selfe intressed . neuerthelesse shee forgot all disdaine & wrath, which thereby she might as then haue had, hearing her selfe so sharply, chiden & reprooued, for the ioy she then conceaued, to behold the gallant spirit of her sonne, and to thinke what she might hope, & the easier expect of his so great policie and wisdom. But on the other side she durst not lift vp her eyes to behold him, remembring her offence, & on the other side she would gladly haue imbraced her son, in regard of the wise admonitions by him giuen vnto her, which as then quenched the flames of unbridled desire y<sup>t</sup> before had moued her to affect K. Fengon . to ingraff in her heart y<sup>e</sup> vertuous actions of her lawfull spouse, whom inwardly she much lamented, when she beheld the luely image and portraiture of his vertue & great wisdom in her childe, representing his fathers haughtie and valiant heart: and so ouercome and vanquished with this honest passion, and weeping most bitterly, hauing long time fixed her eyes vpon Hamlet, as beeing rauished into some great and deepe contemplation, & as it were wholly amazed, at the last imbracing him in her armes (with the like loue that a vertuous mother may or can vse, to kisse and entertaine her owne childe) she spake vnto him in this manner.

I know well (my Sonne) that I haue done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruell tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyall spouse: but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the Palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect or hope for of the Courtiers, all wrought to his will: as also the power hee made ready, if I should haue refused to like of him, thou wouldest rather excuse, then accuse me of

lasciuiousnes or inconstancy, much lesse offer me thit wrong, to suspect that euer thy mother Geiuthe once consented to the death & murther of her husband swearing vnto thee (by the maiestie of the Gods) that if it had layne in my power to haue resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood, yea and my life, I would surely haue saued the life of my Lord and husband, with as good a will & desire, as since that time, I haue often beene a meanes to hinder and impeach the shortning of thy life, which being taken away, I will no longer lue here vpon earth: for seeing that thy sences are whole and sound, I am in hope to see an easie meanes inuented for the reuenging of thy fathers death. Neverthelesse, mine owne sweet sonne, if thou hast pittie of thy selfe, or care of the memorie of thy father (although thou wilt do nothing for her that deserueth not the name of a mother in this respect), I pray thee carie thine affayres wisely, bee not hastie, nor ouer furious in thy interprises, neither yet aduance thy selfe moie then reason shall mooue thee to effect thy purpose. Thou seest there is not almost any man wherein thou mayest put thy trust, nor any woman to whom I dare vtter the least part of my secrets, that would not presently report it to thine aduersarie, who, although in outward shew he dissembleth to love thee, the better to inioy his pleasures of me, yet hee distrusteth and feareth mee for thy sake, and is not so simple to be easily perswaded, that thou art a foole or mad, so that if thou chance to doe any thing that seemeth to proceed of wisdom or policie (how secretly soeuer it be done) he will presently be informed thereof, and I am greatly afraide that the deuils haue shewed him, what hath past at this present between vs (Fortune so muche pursueth and contrarieth our ease and welfare) or that this murther that now thou hast committed, be not the cause of both our destructions, which I by no

meanes will seeme to know, but will keepe secret both thy wisdom & hardy interprise. Beseeching the Gods (my good sonne) that they, guiding thy heart, directing thy counsels and prospering thy interprise, I may see thee possesse and enjoy that which is thy right, and weare the crowne of Denmarke, by the Tyrant taken from thee: that I may reioice in thy prosperitie, and therewith content my self, seeing with what courage and boldness thou shalt take vengeance vpon the murtherer of thy father, as also vpon all those that haue assisted and fauoured him in his murderous and bloody enterprise. Madame (sayd Hamlet) I will put my trust in you, and from hencefoorth meane not to meddle further with your affayres, beseeching you (as you loue your own flesh and blood) that you will from hence forth no more esteeme of the adulterer mine enemy, whom I wil surely kill, or cause to be put to death, in despite of all the deuils in hel: and haue he neuer so manie flattering courtizans<sup>1</sup> to defend him yet will I bring him to his death, & they themselues also shall beare him company therein: as they haue bin his perverse counsellors in the action of killing my father, and his companions in his treason, massacre, and cruell enterprise. And reason requireth, that euen as trayteriously they then caused their prince to bee put to death, that with the like (nay well much more) iustice they should pay the interest of their fellonious actions.

You know (Madame) how Hother your grandfather, and father to the good king Roderick, hauing vanquished Guimon, caused him to be burnt, for that the cruell vilain had done the like to his lord Geuare, whom he betrayed in the night time. And who knoweth not that traytors and periured persons deserve no faith nor loyaltie to be obserued towardses

Hother,  
father to  
Roderick  
Guimon  
burnt his  
lord Geuare

We must  
observe nei-  
ther faith-  
fulness or  
fidelity to  
traytors or  
Parricides

them, and that conditions made with murtherers, ought to be esteemed as cobwebs, and accounted as if they were things neuer promised nor agreed vpon : but if I lay handes vpon Fengon, it will neither be felonie nor treason, hee being neither my King nor my Lord : but I shall iustly punish him as my subiect, that hath disloyaly behaued himselfe against his Lord & soueraigne prince. and seeing that glory is the rewarde of the vertuous, and the honour and praise of those that doe seruice to their naturall Prince, why should not blame and dishonour accompany Traytois, & ignominious death al those that dare be so bold as to lay violent hands vpon sacred Kings, that are friends & companions of the gods, as representing their maiestie & persons. To conclude, glorie is the crowne of vertue, & the price of constancie, and seeing that it neuer accompanieth with infelicitie, but shunneth cowardize and spirits of base & trayterous conditions, it must necessarily followe, that either a glorious death will be mine ende, or with my sword in hand, (laden with tryumph and victorie) I shall bereaue them of their liues, that made mine vnfortunate, & darkened the beames of that vertue which I possessed from the blood and famous memory of my Predecessors For why should men desire to liue, when shame & infamie are the executioners that torment their consciences, and villany is the cause that withholdeth the heart from valiant interprises, and diuerteth the minde from honest desire of glorie and commendation, which indureth for euer? I know it is foolishly done, to gather fruit before it is ripe, & to seeke to enioy a benefit, not knowing whither it belong to vs of right : but I hope to effect it so well, and haue so great confidence in my fortune (that hitherto hath guided the action of my life) that I shall not dye, without reuenging my selfe vpon mine enemy, and that himselfe shall be the instrument of his

growne decay, and to execute that which of my selfe I durst not haue enterprised

After this, Fengon (as if hee had beene out some long iourney) came to the Court againe, and asked for him that had receiued the charge to play the intelligencer, to entrap Hamlet, in his dissembled wisdom, was abashed to heare neither newes nor tydings of him, and for that cause asked Hamlet what was become of him: naming the man. The Prince that neuer vsed lying, and who in all the answers that euer he made (duing his counterfeited madnesse) neuer strayed from the trueth (as a generous minde is a mortal enemie to vntruth) answered and sayd, that the counsellor he sought for, was gone downe through the priue, where being choaked by the filthynesse of the place, the Hogs meeting him had filled their bellies

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### CHAPTER IIII.

*How Fengon the third time deuised to send Hamlet to the king of England, with secret letters to haue him put to death. and how Hamlet, when his companions slept, read the Letters, and instead of them, counterfeted others, willing the king of England to put the two Messengers to death, and to marry his daughter to Hamlet, which was effected, and how Hamlet escaped out of England.*

A MAN would haue iudged any thing rather than that Hamlet had committed that murther, neuerthelesse Fengon could not content himselfe, but still his minde gaue him, that the foole would play him some trick of Liegerdemaine, and willing would haue killed him, but he feared king Rodericke, his father in law, and

further duist not offend the Queene, mother to the foole, whom she loued & much cherished . shewing great grieve and heaunesse to see him so transported out of his wits. And in that conceit, seeking to bee rid of him, determined to finde the meanes to doe it by the ayde of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution, choosing rather that his friende should defile his renowne, with so great a wickednesse, then himselfe to fall into perpetuall infamie, by an exploit of so great crueltie, to whom hee purposed to send him, and by letters desue to him to put him to death.

Hamlet vnderstanding that he should be sent into England, presently doubted the occasion of his voyage, and for that cause speaking to the Queene, desired her not to make any shew of sorrow or grieve for his departure, but rather counterfeit a gladnesse, as being rid of his presence, whom, although she loued, yet she dayly griued to see him in so pitifull estate, deprived of all sence and reason desiring her further, that she should hang the hall with tapestrie, and make it fast with nayles upon the walles, and keepe the brands for him which he had sharpened at the points, then, when as he said he made arrowes to reuenge the death of his father . lastly, he counselled her, that the yeere after his departure being accomplished, she should celebrate his funerals : assuring her, that at the same instant, she should see him returne with great contentment and pleasure vnto her for that his voyage. Now to beare him company, were assigned two of Fengons faithfull ministers, bearing Letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlets death, in such sort as he had aduertised the King of England. But the subtile Danish prince (beeing at sea) whilst his companions slept, hauing read the letters, and knowne his vnckles great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to

the slaughter; raced out the letters that concerned his death, and in stead thereof graued others, with Commission to the king of England to hang his two companions, and not content to turne the death they had deuised against him vpon their owne neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him, to gaue his daughter to Hamlet in mariage: and so arriuing in England, the Messengers presented themselues to the King, giuing him Fengons Letters; who hauing read the contents, sayd nothing as then, but stayed conuenient time to effect Fengons desire; meane time vsing the Danes familiarly, doing them that honour to sit at his table (for that kings as then were not so curiously nor solemnely serued as in these our dayes,) for in these dayes meane kings and lords of small reuenewe are as difficult and hard to bee seene, as in times past the monarches of Persia vsed to be. or as it is reported of the great king of Aethyopia who (wil not permit any man to see his face, which ordinarily he couereth with a vaile) And as the Messengers sate at the table with the king, subtil Hamlet was so far from being merry with them, that would not taste one bit of meate, bread, nor cup of beare whatsoever, as then set vpon the table, not without great wondering of the company, abashed to see a yong man and a stranger, not to esteeme of the delicate meates & pleasant drinckes serued at the banquet, reiecting them as things filthy, euill of tast, & worse prepared. The king who for that time dissembled what he thought, caused his ghests to be conueyed into their chamber, willing one of his secret seruantes to hide himselfe therein, & so certifie him what speeches past among the Danes at their going to bed.

Hamlets  
craft to save  
his life

Now they were no sooner entred into the chamber, and those that were appointed to attend vpon them gone out, but Hamlets companions asked him, why he refused to eate and drinke of that which hee found



vpon the table, not honouring the banquet of so great a king, that entertained them in friendly sort, with such honour and courtesie as it deserved: saying further, that hee did not well, but dishonoured him that sent him, as if he sent men into England that feared to bee poysoned, by so great a king. The Prince that had done nothing without reason and prudent consideration, answered them and sayd: What think you, that I wil eat bread dipt in humane blood, and defile my throate with the rust of yon, and vse that meat that stinketh and sauoureth of mans flesh, already putrified and corrupted, and that senteth like the sauour of a dead carryon long since cast into a valt: and how would you haue mee to respect the King, that hath the countenance of a slaue, and the Queene who in stead of great majestie, hath done three things more like a woman of base parentage, & fitter for a waiting Gentlewoman then beseeming a Lady of her qualitie and estate & hauing sayd so, vsed many iniurious & sharpe speeches as well against the king & queene, as others that had assisted at that banquet for the intertainment of the Danish Ambassadors: and therein Hamblet said trueth, as hereafter you shall heare, for that in those dayes, the North parts of the worlde liuing as then under Sathans lawes, were full of inchanters, so that there was not any yong gentleman whatsoever, that knew not something therein sufficient to serue his turne, if need required: as yet in those dayes in Gothland & Biarmy, there are many y<sup>t</sup> knew not what the christian religion permitteth, as by reading the histories of Norway & Gothland you may easilie perceiue. and so Hamlet, while his father liued had been instructed in that deuilish art, whereby the wicked spirite abuseth mankind, and aduertiseth him (as he can) of things past.

It toucheth not the matter herein to discouer the

parts of deuination in man, and whether this prince by reason of his ouer great melancholy, had receued those impressions, deuining that, which neuer any but himselfe had before declared, like the Philosophers, who discoursing of diuers deep points of philosophie, attribute the force of those diuinations to such as are Saturnists by complection who, oftentimes speake of things which their fury ceasing, they then alreadye can hardly vnderstand who are the pronouncers, and for that cause Plato saith, many deuiners and many poets, after the force and vigour of their fier beginneth to lessen, do hardly vnderstand what they haue written, although intreating of such things, while the spirite of deuination continueth vpon them, they doe in such sort discourse thereof that the authors and inuenters of the arts themselues by them alledged commend their discourses & subtile disputations. Likewise I mean not to relate y<sup>t</sup> which diuers men beleue y<sup>t</sup> a reasonable soul, becommeth y<sup>e</sup> habitation of a meaner sort of diuels, by whom men learn the secrets of things natural, & much lesse do I account of y<sup>e</sup> supposed gouernors of y<sup>e</sup> world fained by magicians by whose means they brag to effect meruailous things, It would seeme miraculous y<sup>t</sup> Hamlet shold diuine in y<sup>t</sup> sort, which after prooued so true (if as I said before) the diuel had not knowledg of things past, but to grant it he knoweth things to come I hope you shall neuer finde me in so grosse an error, you will compare and make equall deriuation, & coniecture with those that are made by the spirit of God, and pronounced by the holy prophets, that tasted of that maruelous science, to whome onely, was declared the secrets & wondrous workes of the almighty. Yet there are some imposturous companions that impute so much deuinitie to the Diuell the father of lyes, y<sup>t</sup> they attribute vnto him the truth of the knowledge of thinges that shall hap-

pen vnto men, alledging the conference of Saul with the witch although one example out of the holy scriptures, specially set down for the condemnation of wicked man is not of force to giue a sufficient law to all the world, for they themselues confesse, that they can deuine, not according to the vniuersal cause of things, but by signes borrowed from such like causes, which are all waies alike, and by those coniectures they can giue iudgement of thinges to come, but all this beeing grounded vpon a weake support, (which is a simple coniecture) & hauing so slender a foundation, as some foolish or late experience the fictions being voluntarie, It should be a great folly in a man of good iudgment specially one that imbraceth the preachn of the gospell, & seeketh after no other but the trueth thereof, to repose vpon any of these likelihoods or writings full of deceit.

As touching magical operations, I will grant them somewhat therein, finding diuers histories y<sup>t</sup> write thereof, & that the Bible maketh mention and forbiddeth the vse thereof, yea the lawes of the gentiles and ordinances of Emperors, haue bin made against it, in such sort, that Mahomet the great Hereticke & friend of the Diuell by whose subtiltyes hee abused most part of the East countries hath ordained great punishments for such as vse and practise those vnlawfull & damnable arts which for this time leauing of, let vs returne to Hamblet, brought vp in these abuses, according to the manner of his country, whose companions hearing his answere reproached him of folly, saying that hee could by no meanes show a greater point of indiscretion, Then In despising that which is lawfull, and reiecting that which all men receaued, as a necessary thing and that hee had not grossely so forgotten himselfe, as in y<sup>t</sup> sort to accuse such and so excellent a man as the king of England, and to slander the Queene, being then as famous and wise a princes,

as any at that day raigning in the Ilands thereabouts, to cause him to be puntshed, according to his deserts, but he continuing in his dissimulation, mocked him, saying that hee had not done any thing that was not good & most true on the other side the King being aduertised thereof by him that stood to heare the discourse, iudged presently that Hamlet speaking so ambiguously was either a perfect foole, or else one of the wisest princes in his time, answering so sodainly, and so much to the purpose, vpon the demaund by his companions, made touching his behaviour, and the better to finde the trueth caused the babler to be sent for, of whome inquiring in what place the corne grew whereof he made bread for his table, and whether in that ground there were not some signes or newes of a battaile fought whereby humane blood had therein been shed, the babler answered that not far from thence there lay a field ful of dead mens bones. in times past slaine in a battaile, as by the greate heapes of wounded scullea, nighte well appeare and for that the grounds in that parte was become fertiler then other grounds by reason, of the fatte and humours of the dead bodies, y<sup>e</sup> euery yeer the farmers vsed there to haue in y<sup>e</sup> best wheat they could finde to serue his majesties house. The King perceuiung it to be true, according to the yong princes wordes, asked where the hogs had bin fed that were killed to be serued at his table, and answere was made him, that those hogs getting out of the saide fielde wherein they were kepte had found the bodie of a thiefe that had beene hanged for his demerits, and had eaten thereof: whereat the King of England beeing abashed, would needs know with what water the beer he vsed to drinke of, had beene brued, which hauing knowne, he caused the riuier to be digged somewhat deeper, and therein found great store of swords and rustie armours, that gaue an ill savour to the drinke.

It were good that I should heere dilate somewhat of Merliūs prophesies which are said to be spoken of him before he was fully one yeere old, but if you consider wel what hath al redde been spoken it is no hard matter to diuine of things past, although the minister of Sathan therein played his part giuing sodaine and prompt answeres, to this yong prince, for that herein are nothing but natural things, such as were wel known to be true, and therefore not needfull to dreame of thinges to come. This knowne, the King greatly moued with a certaine curiositie, to knowe why the Danish prince saide that he had the countenance of a slaue suspecting thereby that he reproached the basenes of his blood and that he wold affirme that neuer any prince had bin his sire, wherin to satisfie himselfe, he went to his mother, and leading her into a secret chamber, which he shut as soone as they were entred desired her of her honour to shewe him of whome he was ingendred in this world. The good Lady, wel assured that neuer any man had bin acquainted w<sup>t</sup> her loue, touching any other man then her husband, sware that the King her husband onely was the man that enioyed the pleasures of her body, but the king hir sonne, alreadie with the truth of the Danish princes answers, threatned his mother to make her tell by force, if otherwise she would not confesse it, who for feare of death acknowledged that she had prostrated her body to a slaue, & made him father to the king of England whereat the king was abashed and wholly ashamed, I giue them leaue to Iudge who esteeming themselues honester than there neighbours, & supposing that there can be nothing amisse in their houses, make more enquire then is requisite to know y<sup>e</sup> which they would rather not haue known, neuerthelesse dissembling what he thought, & biting vpon the bridle, rather then he would depriue himselfe, by publishing the lasciuiousnes of his mother, thought better to leaue a great sin vnpunished, then

thereby to make himselfe contemptible to his subiects, who peraduenture would have reiected him as not desiring to haue a bastard to raigne ouer so great a kingdome.

But as he was sorry to hear his mothers confession, on the otherside he tooke great pleasure in the subtilry, and quick spirit of the yong prince, and for that cause went vnto him to aske him why he had reprooved three things in his Queene conuenient for a slaue, and sauouring more of basenes then of royaltie, & far unfit for the maiesty of a great prince, The king not content to haue receiued a great displeasure by knowing him selfe to be a bastard, & to haue heard w<sup>t</sup> what injuries he charged her whom hee loued best in all the world, would not content himself vntill he also vnderstood y<sup>t</sup> which displeased him, as much as his owne proper disgrace, which was that his Queen was the daughter of a chambermaid, and with all noted certaine foolish countenances, she made, which not onely shewed of what parentage she came, but also y<sup>t</sup> hir humors sauored of the basenes and low degree of hir parents, whose mother he assured the king was as then yet holden in seruitude The king admiring the young, prince, and behoulding in him some matter of greater respect then in the common sort of men, gaue him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfet letters by him deuised, & the next day caused the two seruants of Fengon to be executed, to satisfie, as he thought the king's desire, but Hamlet, although y<sup>e</sup> sport plesed him wel, & that the King of England could not haue done him a greater fauour, made as though he had been much offended, threatening the king to be reuenged, but the King to appease him gaue him a great sum of gold, which Hamlet caused to be molten, and put it into two staues, made hollow for the same purpose, to serue his tourne there with as neede should require, for of all other the kings treasures he took

nothing w<sup>t</sup> him into Denmark but onely those two stauers, and as soone as the yeeie began to bee at an end hauing somewhat before obtained licence of the King his father in law to depart, went for Denmarke, Then with all the speed hee could to returne againe into England to marry his daughter and so set sayle for Denmarke.

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## CHAPTER V.

*How Hamblet hauing escaped out of England, arriued in Denmarke the same day that the Danes were celebrating his funerals, supposing him to be dead in England, and how he reuenged his fathers death vpon his Vncle and the rest of the Courtiers; and what followed :*

HAMBLET in that sort sayling into Denmark, being arriued in the contry entred into the pallace of his Uncle the same day that they were celebrating his funeralls, and going into the Hall, procured no small astonishment and wonder to them all, no man thinking other but that hee had beene deade, among the which many of them reioyced not a little, for the pleasure which they knew Fengon would conceaue for so pleasant a losse, and some were sadde, as remembering the honourable king Horuendile, whose victories they could by no meanes forget, much lesse deface out of there memories that which appertained vnto him, who as then greatly reioyced to see a false report spread of Hamlets death, and that the tyrant had not as yet obtained his will of the heire of Iutie, but rather hoped God would restore him to his sences againe for the good and welfare of that province. Their amazement at the last beeing tourned into laughter, all that as then were assistant at the funerall

banquet, of him whome they esteemed dead, mocked each at other, for hauing beene so simply deceiued, and wondring at the Prince, that in his so long a voyage he had not recouered any of his sences, asked what was become of them that had borne him company into greate Brittain, to whom he made answere (shewing them the two hollow stauess, wherein he had put his molten golde, that the king of England had giuen him to appease his fury, concerning the murther of his two companions) and said, here they are both. Whereat many that already knew his humours, presently coniectured that hee had plaide some trick of legerdemane, and to deliuer himselfe out of danger, had throwne them into the pitte prepared for him, so that fearing to follow after them and light vpon some euill adventure, they went presently out of the court, and it was well for them that they didde so, considering the Tragedy acted by him the same daie, beeing accounted his funerall, but in trueth theire last daies, that as then reioyced for their ouerthrow; for when euery man busied himselfe to make good cheare, and Hamlets ariually prouoked them more to drinke and carouse, the prince himselfe at that time played the Butler and a gentleman attending on the tables, not suffering the pots nor goblets to bee empty, whereby hee gaue the noble men such store of liquor, that all of them being full laden with wine, and, gorged with meate, were constrained to lay themselues downe in the same place where they had supt, so much their sences were dulled, and overcome with the fire of ouer great drinking, (a vice common and familiar among the Almanes, and other nations inhabiting the north partes of y<sup>e</sup> worl[d]) which when Hamlet perceiuing, & finding so good opportunitie to effect his purpose & bee reuenged of his enemies, & by y<sup>e</sup> means to abandon the actions gestures & apparel of a mad man, occasion so fitly finding his turn, & as it were

Drunkenes  
a vice over  
common in  
the north  
partes of the  
world



effecting it selfe failed not to take hold therof, & seeing those drunken bodies, filled with wine, lying like hogs, vpon the ground, some sleeping, others vomiting the ouer great abundance of wine which without measure they had swallowed vp, made the hangings about the hall to fall downe & couer them all ouer, which he nailed to the ground, beeing boorded, & at the endes thereof he stuck the brands whereof I spake before by him sharpned, which serued for prickes, binding and tying the hangings, in such sort, that what force soeuer they vsed to loose themselues, it was vnpossible to get from vnder them, and presently he set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such sort that all that were as then therein not one escaped away but were forced to purge their sins by fire, & dry up the great abundance of liquor by them receiued into their bodies, all of them dying in the vneuitable and mercilesse flames of the whot & burning fire which the prince perceiuing, became wise, & knowing y<sup>e</sup> his vncke before the end of the banquet had withdrawn himselfe into his chamber, which stood apart from the place where the fire burnt, went thither, & entring into y<sup>e</sup> chamber, layd hand vpon the sword of his fathers murtherer, leauing his own in the place. which while he was at the banquet some of the courtiers had nailed fast into the scaberd, & going to Fengon said, I wonder disloyal king how thou canst sleep heer at thine ease: & al thy pallace is burnt the fire thereof hauing burnt y<sup>e</sup> greatest part of thy courtiers & ministers of thy cruelty, & detestable tyrannies, & which is more I cannot imagin how thou sholdst wel assure thy self, & thy estate, as now to take thy ease, seeing Hamlet so neer thee armed with y<sup>e</sup> shafts by him prepared long since & and at this present is redy to reuenge the traiterous iniury by thee done to his Loid & Father.

A strange  
reuenge  
taken by  
Hamlet.

A mocke  
but yet sharp  
and stung  
ing, giuen by  
Hamlet to  
his vncke

Fengon as then knowing y<sup>e</sup> truth of his nephews

subtile practise, & hering him speak w<sup>t</sup> stayed mind, & which is more, perceiued a sword naked in his hand, which he already lifted vp to depriue him of his life, leaped quickly out of the bed, taking holde of Hamlets sworde, that was nayled into the scaberd, which as hee sought to pull out, Hamlet gaue him such a blowe vpon the chine of the necke, that hee cut his head cleane from his shoulders, and as he fell to the ground sayd . This iust and violent death is a first reward for such as thou art, now go thy wayes, & when thou comcest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother (whom thou trayterously slewest) that it was his sonne that sent thee thither with the message, to the ende that beeing comforted thereby, his soule may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit mee of the obligation which bound me to pursue his vengeance vpon mine owne blood, that seeing it was by thee, that I lost the chiefe thing that tyed me to this aliance & consanguinitie A man (to say the trueth) hardie, couragious, and worthy of eternall commendation, who arming himself with a crafty, dissembling and strange shew of beeing distract out of his wits, vnder that pretence deceiued the wise, polittike, and craftie : thereby not onelie preseruing his life from the treasons & wicked practises of the Tyrant, but (which is more) by an new & vnexpected kinde of punishment reuenged his fathers death many yeeres after the act committed : in no such sort that directing his courses with such patience, & effecting his purposes, with so great boldnes & constancie, he left a iudgement to be decyded among men of wisdom, which was more commendable in him, his constancy or magnanimitie, or his wisdom in ordning his affaires, according to the premeditable determination he had conceaued.

Commenda-  
tion of  
Hamlet for  
killing the  
Tyrant

If vengeance euer seemed to haue any shew of iustice, it is then, when pietie and affection con-

How iust  
vengeance  
ought to be  
considered

Dauids in-  
tent in com-  
manding  
Salomon to  
reuenge him  
of some of  
his enemies

stiaimeth vs to remember our fathers uniuſtly murdered, as the things wherby we are diſpenſed withal, & which ſeeke the means not to leaue treaſon and murder vnpunished. ſeeing Dauid a holy & iuſt king, & of nature ſimple, courteous and debonaire, yet when he dyed he charged his ſonne Salomon (that ſucceeded him in his thioane) not to ſuffer certaine men that had done him iniurie to eſcape vn- puniſhed: Not that this holy King (as then readie to dye, and to giue account before God of all his actions) was carefull or deſirous of reuenge, but to leaue this example vnto vs, that where the Prince or Countrey is intereſſed, the deſire of reuenge cannot by any meanes (how ſmall ſoeuer) beare the title of condemnation, but is rather commendable and worthy of praiſe: for otherwiſe the good kings of Iuda, nor others had not purſued them to death, that had offended their predeceſſors, if God himſelfe had not inſpired and ingiauen that deſire within their hearts. Hereof the Athenian lawes beare witneſſe, whoſe cuſtome was to erect Images in remembrance of thoſe men that, reuenging the iniuries of the Common wealth, boldly maſſacred tyrants and ſuch as troubled the peace and welfare of the Citizens.

Hamblet hauing in this manner reuenged himſelfe, durſt not preſently declare his action to the people, but to the contrary determined to worke by policie, ſo to giue them intelligence, what he had done, and the reaſon that drewe him thereunto; ſo that beeing accompanied with ſuch of his fathers friends, that then were riſing, he ſtayed to ſee what the people would doe, when they ſhoulde heare of that ſodaine and fearefull action. The next morning the Townes bordering there aboutes, deſiring to know from whence the flames of fire proceeded the night before they had ſeene, came thither, and perceiuing the kings Pallace burnt to aſhes, & many bodies (moſt

part consumed) lying among the rvines of the house, all of them were much abashed, nothing being left of the Palace but the foundation · but they were much more amased to beholde the body of the king all bloody, & his head cut off lying hard by him, whereat some began to threaten reuenge, yet not knowing against whom others beholding so lamentable a spectacle armed themselues, the rest reioycing, yet not daring to make any shewe thereof, some detesting the crueltie, others lamenting the death of their Prince, but the greatest part calling Horuendiles murther to remembrance, acknowledging a iust iudgement from aboue, that had throwne downe the pride of the Tyrant and in this sort, the diuersities of opinions among that multitude of the people, being many, yet euery man ignorant what would be the issue of that Tragedie, none stirred from thence, neither yet attempted to moue any tumult, euery man fearing his owne skinne, and distrusting his neighbour, esteeming each other to bee consenting to the massacre.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*How Hamlet hauing slaine his uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes, to shew them what he done. and how they made him king of Denmarke, and what followed.*

HAMLET then seeing y<sup>e</sup> people to be so quiet, & most part of them not vsing any words, all searching onely and simply the cause of this ruine and destruction, not minding to loose any time, but ayding himself with the commodotie thereof, entred among the multitude of people, and standing in the middle spake vnto them, as followeth.

If there be any among you (good people of Denmark) that as yet haue fresh within your memories, the wrong done to the valiant king Horuendile, let him not be mooued, nor thinke it strange to behold the confused, hydeous, and fearefull spectacle of this present calamitie if there be any man that affecteth fidelitie, and alloweth of the loue and dutie that man is bounde to shewe his parents, and find it a iust cause to call to remembrance the iniuries and wrongs that have beene done to our progenitors, let him not bee ashamed beholding this massacre, much less offended to see so fearefull a ruine both of men, and of the brauest house in all this countrey for the hand that hath done this iustice, could not effect it by any other meanes, neither yet was it lawfull for him to doe it otherwise, then by ruinating both sensible and vnsensible things, thereby to preserue the memorie of so iust a vengeance.

I see well (my good friends) & am very glad to know so good attention and deuotion in you, that you are sorrie (before your eyes) to see Fengon so murdered, and without a head, which heeretofore you acknowledged for your Commander but I pray you remember, this body is not the body of a king, but of an execrable tyrant, and a parricide most detestable. Oh Danes, the spectacle was much more hydeous, when Horuendile your king was murdered by his brother, What should I say a brother? nay rather, by the most abhominable executioner that euer beheld the same. It was you that saw Horuendiles members massacred, and that with teares and lamentations accompanied him to the graue. his body disfigured, hurt in a thousand places, & misused in ten times as many fashions, and who doubteth (seeing experience hath taught you) that the Tyrant (in massacring your lawfull king) sought onely to infringe the aunient Liberties of the common people? and it was one hand

onely, that murthuring Horuendile, cruelly dispoyled him of life, and by the same meanes uniuſtly bereaued you of your auncient liberties, & delighted more in oppreſſion then to embrace the pleaſant countenance of prosperous libertie, without aduenturing for the ſame? And what mad man is he, that delighteth more in the tyrrany of Fengon, then in the clemencie and renewed courteſie of Horuendile? If it bee ſo, that by clemencie and affabilitie, the hardeſt and ſtoutest hearts are molified and made tractable, and that euill and hard vsage cauſeth ſubiects to be outrageous and vnruely. why behold you not the debonair carriage of the firſt, to compare it w<sup>t</sup> the cruelties & inſolencies of the ſecond, in euery reſpect as cruell & barbarous, as his brother was gentle, meeke and courteous. Remember, O you Danes remember, what loue and amitie Horuendile ſhewed vnto you, with what equitie and iuſtice he ſwayed the great affaires of this kingdome, and with what humanitie and courtiſie he defended & cheriſhed you, and then I am aſſured that the ſimpleſt man among you will both remember and acknowledge, that he had a moſt peaceable, juſt, & righteous king taken from him, to place in his throane a tyrant and murthurer of his brother: one that hath peruerted all right, aboliſhed the auncient Lawes of our fathers, contaminated the memories of our anceſtors, & by his wickedneſſe polluted the integritie of this kingdome, vpon the necke thereof hauing placed the troublesome yoaſe of heauie ſeruitude, abolishing that libertie wherein Horuendile vſed to maintaine you, and ſuffred you to liue at your eaſe, and ſhould you now bee ſorrie to ſee the ende of your miſchiefes, & that this miſerable wretch, preſſed downe with the burthen of his offences, at this preſent payeth the vsury of the parricide committed vpon the body of his brother, & would not himſelfe be the reuenger of the outrage done to me,

whom he sought to deprive of mine inheritance, taking from Denmark a lawfull successor, to plant a wicked stranger, & bring into captivitie those that my father had enfranchised, and delivred out of misery & bondage? And what man is he that having any sparke of wisdom, would esteeme a good deed to be an iniury, & account pleasures equal with wrongs & euident outrages? It were then great folly & temerity in Princes & valiant commanders in the wars, to expose themselves to perils & hazards of their liues, for the welfare of the common people, if y<sup>e</sup> for a recompence they should reape hatred & indignation of the multitude, to what end should Hother haue punished Balder, if in steed of recompence, the Danes and Swethlanders had banished him to receiue and accept the successors of him that desired nought but his ruine and overthrowe? What is hee that hath so small feeling of reason & equitie, that would be grieued to see treason rewarded with the like, and that an euill act is punished with iust demerit, in the partie himselfe that was the occasion: who was euer sorrowfull to behold the murtherer of innocents brought to his end or what man weepeth to see a iust massacre done vpon a Tyrant, vsurper, villaine and bloody personage?

I perceiue you are attentue, & abashed for not knowing the author of your deliuerance, and sorry that you cannot tell to whom you should bee thankful for such & so great a benefit as the destruction of a tyrant, and the ouerthrow of the place, that was the storehouse of his villanies, and the true receptacle of all the theeues and traytors in this kingdome: but beholde (here in your presence) him that brought so good an enterprise to effect. It is I (my good friends) it is I that confesse I haue taken vengeance, for the violence done vnto my lord & father, and for the subiection and seruitude that I perceiued in this Countrey,

whereof I am the iust and lawfull successor. It is I alone, that haue done this piece of worke, whereunto you ought to haue lent me your handes, and therein haue ayded and assisted me, I haue only accomplished that, which all of you might iustly haue effected, by good reason, without falling into any point of treason or felonie. it is true that I hope so much of your good willes, towards the deceased king Horuendile, & that the remembrances of his vertues is yet so fresh within your memories, that if I had required your aide herein, you would not haue denied it, specially to your naturall prince. But it liked mee best to doe it my selfe alone, thinking it a good thing to punish the wicked, without hazarding the liues of my friends and loyall subiects, not desiring to burthen other mens shoulders, with this weight, for that I made account to effect it well inough without exposing any man into danger, & by publishing the same should cleane haue ouerthrowne the deuice, which at this present I haue so happily brought to passe. I haue burnt the bodyes of the courtiers to ashes, being companions in the mischiefs and treasons of the tyrant, but I haue left Fengon whole, that you might punish his dead car-kasse (seeing that when hee liued you durst not lay hands vpon him) to accomplish the full punishment and vengeance due vnto him, and so satisfie your choller vpon the bones of him, that filled his greedy hands and coffers with your riches, and shed the blood of your brethren and friends. Bee ioyfull then (my good friends) make ready the nose-gay for this vsurping King, burne his abhominable body, boyle his lasciuious members, and cast the ashes of him that hath beene hurtfull to all the world, into the ayre; drue from you the sparkes of pitie, to the end that neither siluer, nor christall cup, nor sacred tombe may be the restfull habitation of the reliques & bones of so detestable a man: let not one trace of a parricide be seene,



nor your countrey defiled with the presence of the least member of this tyrant without pity, that your neighbors may not smell the contagion, nor our land the polluted infection of a body condemned for his wickednes. I haue done my part, to present him to you in this sort, now it belongs to you to make an ende of the worke, & put to the last hand of dutie, whereunto your seuerall functions call you, for in this sort you must honor abhominable princes: and such ought to be the funerall of a tyrant, paicide, and vsurper both of the bed & patrimony, that no way belonged vnto him, who hauing bereaued his countrey of liberty, it is fit that the land refuse to giue him a place for the eternal rest of his bones.

O my good friends seeing you know the wrong that hath bin done vnto mee, what my griefs are & in what misery I haue liued since the death of the king, my Lord & father, and seeing that you haue both known and tasted these things then, when as I could not conceiue the outrage that I felt: what neede I recite it vnto you? what benefit would it be to discouer it before them, that knowing it, would burst (as it were with despight) to heare of my hard chance, and curse Fortune for so much imbasing a royall prince, as to deprive him of his maiesty, although not any of you durst so much as shew one sight of sorrow or sadnes? You know how my father in law conspired my death, & sought by diuers meanes to take away my life, how I was forsaken of the Q. my mother, mocked of my friends, and dispised of mine own subiects, hetherto I haue liued laden with grieffe, and wholly confounded in teares, my life still accompanied with fear and suspition, expecting the houre when the sharp sword would make an ende of my life and miserable anguishes, how many times counterfeiting y<sup>e</sup> mad man, haue I heard you pittie my distresse, & secretly lament to see mee disinherited, and yet no man

sought to reuenge the death of my father, nor to punish the treason of my incestuous vncle, full of murders & massacres? This charitie ministred comfort, and your affectionate complaints made me euidently see your good wills, that you had in memorie the calamity of your prince, & within your harts ingrauen the desire of vengeance for the death of him that deserued a long life: & what heart can bee so hard & vntractable, or spirit so seuere, cruel and rigorous, that would not relent at the remembrance of my extremities, and take pittie of an Orphan child, so abandoned of the world? What eyes were so voyd of moysture, but would distill a field [flood] of tears, to see a poore Prince assaulted by his owne subiects, betrayed by his mother, puisued by his vncle, & so much oppressed, that his friends durst not shew the effects of their charitie and good affection? O (my good friends) shew pity to him whom you haue nourished, and let your harts take some compassion vpon the memory of my misfortunes. I speak to you that are innocent of al treason, & neuer defiled your hands spirits nor desires with the blud of the greate & vertuous king Horuendile. Take pity vpon the queen some time your soueraign lady, & my right honorable mother, forced by the tyrant, and reioyce to see the end & extinguishing of the object of her dishonor, which constrained her to be lesse pitiful to her own blood so far as to imbrace the murderer of her own dear spouse, charging her selfe with a double burthen of infamy & incest, together w<sup>t</sup> iniuring and disanulling of her house, & the ruine of her race. This hath bin y<sup>e</sup> occasion y<sup>t</sup> made me counterfet folly, & couer my intents vnder a vaile of meer madnes, which hath wisdom & pollicy thereby to inclose the fruit of this vengeance which y<sup>t</sup> it hath attained to the ful point of efficacy & perfect accomplishment you your selues shall bee iudges, for touching this & other things

concerning my profit, & the managing of great affaires, I refer my self to your counsels, & therunto am fully determined to yeeld, as being those y<sup>t</sup> trample vnder your feet the murtherers of my father, & despise the ashes of him that hath polluted and violated the spouse of his brother, by him massacred, y<sup>t</sup> hath committed felony against his Lord, traiteiously assailed the majesty of his king & odiously thrall'd his contry vnder seruitude and bondage, & you his loyall subiects from whom he bereauing your liberty, feared not to ad incest to parricide, detestable to al the world, to you also it belongeth by dewty & reason commonly to defend & protect Hamlet the minister, and executor of iust vengeance who being iealous of your honour & reputation, hath hazarded himself, hoping you will serue him for fathers, defenders, & tutors, & regarding him in pity, restore him to his goods and inheritances, It is I y<sup>t</sup> haue taken away the infamy of my contry, and extinguished the fire y<sup>t</sup> imbraced your fortunes, I haue washed the spots y<sup>t</sup> defiled the reputation of the queen, ouerthrowing both the tirant & the tyranny and beguiling the subtilties of the craftiest deceiuer in the world; and by that meanes brought his wickednes and impostures to an end, I was grieued at the iniurie committed both to my father, & my natie country, and haue slaine him that vsed more rigorus commandements ouer you, then was either iust or conuenient to be used vnto men that haue commaunded the valiantest nations in the world. Seeing then he was such a one to you, it is reason, that you acknowledge the benefit & thinke wel of for the good I had done your posterty, & admiring my spirit & wisdom, chuse me your king, if you think me worthy of the place, you see I am the author of your preservation, heire of my fathers kingdome, not straying in any point from his vertuous action, no murtherer, violent parricide, nor man y<sup>t</sup> euer offended any of

you but only the vitious, I am lawfull successor in the kingdome, and iust reuenger of a crime aboue al others most grieuous & punishable: it is to me, that you owe the benefit of your liberty receaued, and of the subuersion of that tyranny y<sup>t</sup> so much afflicted you: that hath troden vnder feete the yoke of the tirant, and ouerwhelmed his throne, and taken y<sup>e</sup> scepter out of the hands, of him that abused a holy and iust authoritie, but it is you y<sup>t</sup> are to recompence those y<sup>t</sup> haue well deserued, you know what is the reward of so greate desert, & being in your hands to distribute the same, it is of you, that I demand the price of my vertue and the recompence of my victory.

This oration of the yong prince so mooued the harts of the Danes, and wan the affections of the nobility, that some wept for pity other for ioy, to see the wisdom and gallant spirit of Hamlet, and hauing made an end of their sorrow, al with one consent proclaimed him king of *Jutie and Chersonnese*, at this present the proper country of Denmarke, and having celebrated his coronation, and receiued the homages and fidelities of his subjects, he went into England to fetch his wife, and reioyced with his father in law, touching his good fortune, but it wanted little that the king of England had not accomplished that which Fengon with all his subtilties could neuer attaine.

Hamlet  
king of one  
part of Den-  
mark

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## CHAPTER VII.

*How Hamlet after his coronation went into England, and how the king of England secretly would haue put him to death, and how he slew the King of England: and returned againe into Denmarke with two wiues, and what followed.*

HAMLET being in England shewed the King what

meanes hee had wrought to recouer his kingdom, büt when the king of England vnderstood of Fengons death, he was both abashed and confused in his minde, at that instant feeling himselfe assailed with two great passions, for that in times past, he and Fengon hauing bin companions together in armes, had giuen each other their faith & promises, by oath, that if either of them chanced to bee slaine by any man whatsoever, hee that suruiued (taking the quarrel vpon him as his owne) should neuer cease till he were reuenged or at the leaste do his endeauour. This promise incited the barbarous king to massacre Hamlet, but the alliance, presenting it selfe before his eies, and beholding the one deade, although his friend, and the other aliue, and husband to his daughter, made him deface<sup>1</sup> his desire of reuenge. But in the end the conscience of his oath and promise obtained the vpper hand, and secretly made him conclude the death of his sonne in law, which enterprise after that was cause of his own death and ouerrunning of the whole country of England by the cruelty and despight conceued by the King of Denmarke. I haue purposely omitted the discourse of that battaile, as not much pertinent to our matter, as also, not to trouble you with too tedious a discourse, being content to shew you the end of this wise & valiant king Hamlet, who reuenging himselfe vpon so many enemies, & discovering all the treasons practised against his life, in the end serued for a sport to fortune, & an example to all great personages, that trust ouermuch to the felicities of this world, y<sup>t</sup> are of small moment, & lesse continuance.

The king of England perceiuing that hee could not easilie effect his desire vpon the king his son in lawe, as also not being willing to break the laws, & rights of

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<sup>1</sup> [Mr Collier proposed to read *defer*.]

Hospitality, determined to make a stranger the reuenger of his iniury, & so accomplish his oath made to Fengon without defiling his handes w<sup>th</sup> the blood of the husband of his daughter, & polluting his house by the traiterous massacring of his friend. In reading of this history it seemeth Hamlet should resemble an other Hercules, sent into diuers places of the world, by Euristheus (solicited by Iuno) where he knew any dangerous aduenture, thereby to ouerthrow & destroy him, or else Bellerophon sent to Ariobatus to put him to death, or (leaving prophane histories,) an other Vrias by King Dauid appointed to bee placed in the fore front of the battaile, and the man that should bee first slain by the Barbarians. For the King of Englands wife being dead not long before, (although he cared not for marrying an other woman) desired his sonne in lawe to make a voyage for him into Scotland, flattering him in such sort, that he made him beleue that his singular wisdome caused him to preferre him to that ambassage, assuring himselfe that it were impossible that Hamlet the subtillest & wisest prince in the worlde should take anything in the world in hand without effecting the same.

Now the queen of Scots beeing a maid and of a haughty courage, despised marriage with al men, as not esteeming any worthy to be her companion, in such manner that by reason of this arrogant opinion there neuer came any man to desire her loue but she caused him to loose his life: but the Danish Kings fortune was so good that Hermetrude (for so was the queens name,) hearing that Hamlet was come thither to intreat a marriage between her and the king of England, forgot all her pride, & dispoiling herselfe of her sterne nature, being as then determined to make him (being the greatest prince as then liuing) her husband, & deprive the English princesse of her

spouse whome shee thought fit for no men<sup>1</sup> but herself, & so this Amazon without loue disdainig Cupid, by her free wil submitted her haughtie mind to her concupiscence. The Dane arriuing in her court, desired she to see the old king of Englands letters & mocking at his fond appetites, whose blood as then was half congealed, cast her eies vpon the yong & plesant Adonis of the North, esteeming her selfe happy to haue such a pray fall into her hands wherof she made her ful account to haue the possession, & to conclude she y<sup>t</sup> neuer had been ouercome by the grace, courtesie, valor or riches of anie pince nor Lord whatsoeuer, was as then vanquished w<sup>t</sup> the onelie report of the subtilties of the Dane who knowing that he was already fianced to the daughter of the king of England, spake vnto him & said, I neuer looked for so great a blisse, neither from the Gods, nor yet from fortune, as to behold in my countries, the most compleate pince in the north, & he that hath made himselfe famous & renowned through all the nations of the world, as well neighbours as strangers, for the only respect of his vertue wisdom & good fortune, seruing him much in the pursuite & effect of diuers thinges by him vndertaken, & thinke my selfe much beholding to the king of England (although his malice seeketh neither my aduancement nor the good of you my Lord) to do me so much honor as to send me so excellent a man to intreate of a marriage (he being olde & a mortal enemy to me and mine) with mee that am such a one as euery man seeth, is not desirous to couple with a man of so base quality as he, whom you haue said to be y<sup>e</sup> son of a slave, but on the other side I maruel y<sup>t</sup> the son of Horuendile, and grand-child to king Roderick,

<sup>1</sup> [So the old copy; perhaps, as suggested by Mr Collier, we should read *one*.]

he that by his foolish wisdom, & famed madnesse surmounted the forces & subtilties of Fengon, & obtained the kingdom of his aduersary, should so much imbase himself, (hauing otherwise bin very wise and wel adused, in all his actions) touching his bed-fellow, & hee that for his excellency and valor surpasseth humane capacity, should stoope so lowe as to take to wife her that issuing from a seruile race, hath only the name of a king for her father, for that the basenes of her blood, will alwaies cause her to shewe what are the vertues & noble qualities of hir ancestors · and you my Lord said she, are you so ignorant as not to know that marriage should not bee measured by any foolish opinion, of an outward beautie, but rather by vertues and antiquitie of race, which maketh the wife to be honored for her prudence, and neuer degenerating from the integritie of his ancestors: exterior beawty also is nothing, where perfection of y<sup>e</sup> mind doth not accomplish, & adorn that which is outwardly seen to be in the bodie, and is lost by an accident, & occurrence of small moment: as also such toyes haue deceued many men, & drawing them like inticing baits, haue cast them headlong into the gulf of their ruine, dishonor, and vtter ouerthrow, it was I to whom this advantage belonged being a queen, & such a one, as for nobility may compaire my selfe with the greatest princes in Europe, being nothing inferiour vnto any of them neither for antiquitie of blood, nobilitie of parents, nor abundance of riches, & am not only a Queene, but such a one, as that receiuing whom I will for my companion in bed, can make him beare the title of a king, & with my body giue him possession of a great kingdome, & goodly prouince, think then my Lord how much I account of your alliance, who being accustomed with the sword to pursue such as durst imbolden themselues to win my love, it is to you only to whom I make a present both of



my kisses, imbracings scepter, & crown: what man is he if he be not made of stone, would refuse so pretious a pawn as Hermetrude with y<sup>e</sup> kingdome of Scotland? accept sweete king, accepte this Queene, who w<sup>t</sup> so great loue & amitie, desireth your so great profit, & can giue you more contentment in one day then the princesse of England wold yeeld you pleasure during hir life, & although shee surpasse me in beawty, her bloud being base it is fitter for such a king as you are to chuse Hermetrude, lesse beautiful but noble & famous, rather then the English Lady with great beawtie, but issuing from an vnknown race, without any title of honor. now think if the Dane hearing such forcible resons & vnderstanding y<sup>t</sup> by her which he half doubted as also moued w<sup>t</sup> choller for the treason of his father in law, y<sup>t</sup> purposely sent him thether to loose his life, & being welcomed, kist, and playd withal by this queen, yong, & reasonable faire, if he were not easie enough to be conuerted, & like to forget the affection of his first wife, w<sup>t</sup> this to enioy the realme of Scotland, & so open the waie to become king of all greate Britain, y<sup>t</sup> to conclude he marryed her & led her with him to the king of Englands, court which moued the king from that time forward much more to seek the meanes, to bereaue him of his life, & had surely done it, if his daughter, Hamlets other wife, more careful of him y<sup>t</sup> had reiected her then of her fathers welfare, had not discovered the enterprise to Hamlet saying, I know well my Lord, y<sup>t</sup> the alurements & perswasions of a bold & altogether shameles woman, being more lasciuious then the chaste imbracements of a lawfull and modest wife, are of more force to intice and charm the sences of yong men. but for my part I cannot take this abuse, for satisfaction to leaue mee in this sorte, without all cause reason or precedent faulte once knowne in mee your loyall spouse, & take more pleasure in the aliance of her who one day will be the

cause of your ruine, and ouerthrow, and although a iust cause of iealousye and reasonable motion of anger, dispence with mee at this time, to make no more account of you then you do of me, that am not worthy to be so scornfully reiected, yet matrimoniall charitie shal haue more force & vigour in my hart, then the disdaine which I haue iustly conceued to see a concubine hold my place and a strange woman before my face inioy the pleasures of my husband. This iniury my Lord although great & offensiue which to reuenge diuers Ladies of great renown haue in times past sought & procured the death of their husbands, cannot so much restrain my good wil, but that [I] may not chuse but aduertise you what treason is deuised against you, beseeching you to stand vpon your guard for that my fathers onely seeking is to bereaue you of your life, which if it happen, I shall not long lue after you. Manie reasons induse me to loue and cherish you, and those of great consequence, but specially and aboue all the rest, I am and must bee carefull of you, when I feele your child stirring in my wombe; for which respecte, without so much forgetting your self, you ought to make more account of me then of your concubine: whome I will loue because you loue her, contenting my selfe that your sonne hateth her, in regard to the wrong she doth to his mother: for it is impossible that any passion or trouble of the mind whatsoeuer can quench those fierce passions of loue, that made me yours, neither that I shold forget your fauours past, when loyallie you sought the loue of the daughter of the king of England, neither is it in the power of that thiefe that hath stoln your heart, nor my fathers choller, to hinder me, from seeking to preserue you from the cruelty of your dissembling friend (as heertofore by counterfetting the madman, you preuented the practises, & treasons of your Uncle Fengon) the complot being determind to be executed

vpon you & yours, without this aduertisement, the Dane had surely been slain, & the Scots y<sup>t</sup> came with him for the King of England inuiting his son in Law to a banquet w<sup>t</sup> the greatest curtesies y<sup>t</sup> a friend can vse to him whom he loued as himself, had the means to intrap him, and cause him dance a pittiful galliard, in that sort ; to celebrate the marriage betweene him and his new lady But Hamlet went thither with armor vnder his clothes, & his men in like sort, by which means, he and his escaped with little hurt, and so after that hapned the battaile before spoken of, wherein the king of England losing his life, his countrie was the third time sacked by the barbarians of the ilands, & countrie of Denmark.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

*How Hamblet being in Denmarke, was assailed by Wiglerus his vnkle, and after betrayed by his last wife, called Hermetrude, and was slaine : after whose death she married his enemye, Wiglerus.*

HAMLET having obtained the victory against the king of England, and slaine him, laden with great treasures and accompanied with his two wiues, set forward to saile into Denmarke, but by the way hee had intelligence, that Wiglere his vnkle, and sonne to Rodericke, hauing taken the royall treasure from his sister Geruth (mother to Hamblet) had also seized vpon the kingdome saying, that neither Horuendile nor any of his helde it but by permission, and that it was in him (to whom the property belonged) to giue the charge therof to whom he would. But Hamblet not desirous to have any quarrel with the sonne of him, from whom his Predecessors had receiued their greatnes and ad-

uancement, gaue such and so rich presents to Wiglere, that he being contented withdrew himselfe out of the countrey & territories of Geruths sonne. But within certaine time after, Wiglere, desirous to keepe all the countrey in subiection, intyced by the conquest of Scanie, and Sialandie, and also that Hermetrude (the wife of Hamlet, whom he loued more then himselfe) had secret intelligence with him and had promised him marriage, so he would take her out of the handes of him that held her, sent to defie Hamlet, and proclaimed open warre against him. Hamlet like a good and wise prince, louing especially the welfare of his subiects, sought by all meanes to auoide that warre, but againe refusing it, he perceiued a great spot and blemish in his honor, and accepting the same, hee knewe it would bee the ende of his dayes. by the desire of preseruing his life on the one side, & his honor on the other side pricking him forward, but at the last remembring that neuer any danger whatsoever had once shaken his vertues and constancy, chose rather the necessitie of his ruine, then to loose the immortall fame that valiant and honourable men obtained in the warres, and there is as much difference betweene a life without honour and an honourable death, as glory & renowne is more excellent then dishonour and euill report.

Hermetrude  
betrayeth  
Hamlet her  
husband

But the thing that spoyled this vertuous Prince, was the ouer great trust & confidence hee had in his wife Hermetrude, and the vehement loue hee bare vnto her, not once repenting the wrong in that case done to his lawfull spouse, and for the which (paradventure that misfortune had neuer hapned vnto him, and it would neuer haue bin thought, that she whom he loued aboue all things, would haue so villainously betrayed him), hee not once remembring his first wiues speeches, who prophesied vnto him, that the pleasures hee seemed to take in his other wife,

would in the end be the cause of his overthrowe, as they had rauished him of the best part of his sences, & quenched in him the great prudence that made him admirable in all the countries in the ocean seas, and through all Germany, now the greatest grief, that this king (besotted on his wife) had, was the separation of her whom he adored, and, assuring himself of his ouerthrowe, was desirous, either that shee might beare him company at his death, or els to find her a husband that should loue her (he beeing dead) as well as euer hee did : but the disloyall queene, had already prouided her selfe of a marriage, to put her husband out of trouble and care for that : who perceiving him to be sad for her sake, when shee should haue absented her selfe from him, she to blind him the more, and to incourage him to set forward to his owne destruction, promised to follow him whether soeuer he went, & to take the like fortune that befell to him, were it good or euil, and that so she would giue him cause to know, how much shee surpassed the English woman in her affection towards him, saying, that woman is accursed that feareth to follow and accompany her husband to the death : so that to heare her speake, men would haue sayd that shee had beene the wife of Mithridates, or Zenobia queene of Palmira, shee made so greate a show of loue and constancy. But by the effect it was after easily perceiued, how vaine the promise of this vncoustant and wauering Princesse was : and howe vncomparable the life of this Scottish Queene was to the vigor of her chastitie, being a mayd before she was married. For that Hamlet had no sooner entred into the field, but she found meanes to see Wiglere, and the battel begun, wherein the miserable Danish Prince was slaine : but Hermetrude presently yeilded her self, with all her dead husbands treasons, into the hand of the Tyrant . who more then content with

that metamorphosis so much desired, gaue order that presently the marriage (bought with the blood and treasure of the sonne of Horiendile) should bee celebrated.

Thus you see, that there is no promise or determination of a woman, but that a very small discommoditie of Fortune mollifieth and altereth the same, and which time doeth not peruert; so that the misfortunes subject to a constant man shake and overthrowe the naturall slipperie loyaltie of the variable steppes of women, wholly without any<sup>1</sup> faithfull assurance of loue, or true vnfaigned constancy; for as a woman is readie to promise so is shee heauy and slowe to performe, and effect that which she hath promised, as she that is without end or limit in her desires, flattring her selfe in the diuersitie of her wanton delights, and taking pleasure in diuersitie and change of newe things, which as soone shee doth forget and growe weary off: and to conclude, such shee is in all her actions, she is rash, couetous, and vnthankfull, whatsoeuer good or seruice bee done vnto her. But nowe I perceiue I erre in my discourse, vomiting such things vnworthy of this sects, but the vices of Hermetrude haue made mee say more then I meant to speake, as also the Authour, from whence I take this Hystorie, hath almost made mee hold his course, I finde so great a sweetnesse and liuelinesse in this kinde of Argument . and the rather because it seemeth so much the truer, considering the miserable successe of poore king Hamlet

Such was the ende of Hamlet, sonne to Horiendile, Prince of Jutie: to whom if his Fortune had been equall with his inward and naturall giftes, I know not which of the auncient Grecians and Romans had beene able to haue compared with him for vertue

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy reads, *and any* ]

and excellencie : but hard fortune following him in all his actions, and yet hee vanquishing the malice of his time, with the vigour of constancy, hath left vs a notable example of haughtie courage, worthy of a great Prince, arming himselfe with hope in things that were wholly without any colour or shewe thereof, and in all his honorable actions made himselfe worthy of perpetuall memorie, if one onely spotte had not blemished and darkened a good part of his prayses. For that the greatest victorie, that a man can obtain is to make himselfe victorious, and lord ouer his owne affections, and that restraineth the vnbridled desires of his concupiscence : for if a man be neuer so princely, valiant, and wise, if the desires and inticements of his flesh preuaile, and have the vpper hand, hee will imbase his credite, and gasing after strange beauties become a foole, and (as it were) incensed, dote on the presence of women. This fault was in the great Hercules, Sampson, and the wisest man that euer liued vpon the earth following this traine, therein impaired his wit, and the most noble, wise, valiant and discreet personages of our time, following the same course haue left vs many notable examples of their worthy and notable vertues.

But I beseech you that shall reade this Hystorie, not to resemble the Spider, that feedeth of the corruption that shee findeth in the flowers and frutes that are in the Gardens, whereas the Bee gathereth her honny, out of the best and fayrest flower shee can finde : for a man that is well brought vp should reade the lues of whoremongers, drunkards, incestuous, violent and bloody persons, not to follow their steps, and so to defile himselfe with such vncleanesse, but to shunne paliardize, abstain the superfluties and drunkenesse in banquets, and follow the modestie, courtesie, and continencie that recommendeth Hamlet, in this discourse, who while other made good cheare,

continued sober, and where all men sought as much as they could, to gather together riches and treasure, hee simply accounting riches nothing comparable to honor, sought to gather a multitude of vertues, that might make him equall to those that by them were esteemed as Gods, hauing not as then receiued the lighte of the Gospell, that men might see among the Barbarians, and them that were farre from the knowledge of one onelye God, that nature was prouoked to follow that which is good and those forward to imbrace vertue for that there was neuer any nation how rude or barbarous soever that tooke not some pleasure to do that which seemed good, therby to win praise, and commendations, which wee haue said to be the rewarde of vertue, and good life, I delight to speak of these strange histories, and of people that were vnchristned, that the vertue of the rude people maie giue more splendor, to our nation who seeing them so compleat,<sup>1</sup> wise, prudent, and well adused in their actions, might striue not only to follow (imitation being a small matter) but to surmount them as our religion surpasseth their superstition, and our age more purged subtile, and gallant, then the season wherin they liued and made their vertues knowne.

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<sup>1</sup> [The last lines from "compleat" to the end taper after the manner of books of the time ]





OTHELLO.

## INTRODUCTION.



THE novel upon which "Othello" was founded was translated into English by W Parr, in 1795, and that version we have appended to our reprint of the original by Cinthio, in his "Hecatommithi," Decad. III, Nov. 7. The narrative is not known in our language at an earlier date: it may have existed in the time of Shakespeare, and may have been since lost, or he may have been sufficiently acquainted with Italian to glean such incidents as suited his purpose, and this, in fact, is nearly the whole extent of his obligation. Shakespeare has deviated from the novel in several places, particularly in the conclusion, where, according to Cinthio, Desdemona is killed, not by Othello, but by Iago, in a most clumsy and unpoetical manner, his weapon being a stocking filled with sand—*una calza piena di rena*. Othello is an accomplice in the murder, and, in order to conceal it, they afterwards pull down the ceiling of the room upon the dead body, having first *spezzatale la testa*. Our great dramatist improved upon his original in other respects, by introducing the character of Roderigo, and by making Emilia the dupe of Iago in stealing the embroidered handkerchief, to which no magical virtues are imputed in the novel. Shakespeare perceived at once, that for Iago to purloin it from Desdemona, while she was playing with his child, could not be

rendered an effective dramatic incident : besides, the mere circumstance of making Iago a father was to form some alliance between him and the finer and tenderer feelings of our nature. The disappointed passion of Iago for Desdemona is thrust into the foreground in the Italian novel, and the villain derives no impulse towards his crime from envy of the advancement of Cassio. In short, the novel is, in all respects, a very poor and ill-constructed composition, and a comparison of it with Shakespeare's "Othello" illustrates most forcibly, not only the exhaustless resources, but the wonderful judgment, of our great dramatist.

It is to be observed that the only name introduced by Cinthio is that of Desdemona. Othello is called by him the Moor, Cassio the lieutenant, and Iago the ensign or ancient. Of Brabantio we hear nothing, and are merely told generally, that Desdemona's relations did all in their power to induce her to marry some other person.

Whence Shakespeare obtained the names of his characters must remain a question until, perhaps, some old translation or adaptation of Cinthio's novel is discovered, where they may be found. The only other work in which Othello occurs was pointed out by Malone, viz., "God's Revenge against Adultery," by Reynolds, where a person called Othello is represented as "an old German soldier."<sup>1</sup> Farmer truly

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<sup>1</sup> [It has been surmised as a possibility that by *Othello the Moor* we should understand *Otello Moro*. The Mori were an ancient Venetian family of ducal rank, and Cristoforo Moro, who had served with distinction in the wars of his country, was Doge in 1462.]

states that Iago is the name given to the Prince of Saxony in the old romance of "Euordanus," 1605; but that work was printed three years after the date when Othello was acted :<sup>1</sup> he omitted to remark that Emilia is also a name in the same work, which is another slight circumstance connecting it with Shakespeare's tragedy. Several portions of this work might be adduced to shew that Shakespeare was acquainted with it; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it appears to be an original romance, not translated, like many others, from a foreign original.

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<sup>1</sup> [So far as I can judge there is a certain inconsistency in the form which this name (a form of *James*) is allowed to take in the modern editions. When the *I* or *i* of the old printed copies is otherwise altered to *J* or *j*, Iago alone remains unchanged—perhaps to meet rhythmical exigencies. It is, in fact, the same name as Jago, which is still a common appellation in Cornwall.]



*Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Veneziana, un suo alfiero l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca, che l'alfiero uccida colui, ch'egli credea l'adultero; il capitano uccide la moglie, e accusato dall' alfiero, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari indiz è bandito; e lo scelerato alfiero, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente*



FU già in Venezia un Moro, molto valoroso, il quale, per essere prò della persona, e per aver dato segno, nelle cose della guerra, di gran prudenza, e di vivace ingegno, era molto caro a que' signori, i quali nel dar premio agli atti virtuosi avanzano quante repubbliche fur mai. Avenne, che una virtuosa donna, di maravigliosa bellezza, Disdemona chiamata, tratta non da appetito donnesco, ma dalla virtù del Moro, s'innamorò di lui: ed egli, vinto dalla bellezza, e dal nobile pensiero della Donna, similmente di lei si accese, ed ebbero tanto favorevole amore, che si

THERE was once in Venice a Moor of great merit, who for his personal courage, and the proofs he had given of his conduct, as well as his vigorous genius in the affairs of war, was held in greatest esteem by those gentlemen who, in rewarding patriotic services, excel all the republics that ever existed. It happened that a virtuous woman of great beauty, called Desdemona, not drawn by female appetite, but by the virtue of the Moor, fell in love

congiunsero insieme per matrimonio, ancora che i parenti della donna facessero ciò, che poterono, perchè, ella altro marito si prendesse, che lui: e vissero insieme di sì concorde volere, e in tanta tranquillità, mentre furono in Venezia, che mai tra loro non fu non dirò cosa, ma parola men, che amorevole. Occorse, che i signori Veneziani fecero mutazione delle genti d' arme, ch' essi sogliono tenere in Cipri. ed elessero per capitano de' soldati, che là mandavano, il Moro. Il quale, ancora che molto lieto fosse dell' onore, che gli era offerto (però che tal grado di dignità non si suol dare se non agli uomini, e nobili, e forti, e fedeli, e che abbiano mostrato avere in se molto valore) si scemava nondimeno la sua allegrezza, qualora egli si poneva innanzi la lunghezza, e la malagevolezza del viaggio, pensando, che Desdemona ne dovesse rimanere offesa: la donna, che altro bene non aveva al mondo, che il Moro, ed era molto contenta, del testimonio, ch' aveva avuto il marito della sua virtù da così possente, e nobile repubblica non vedea l'ora, che il marito, colle sue genti, si mettesse in camino, ed ella andasse

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with him; and he, subdued by the charms and noble sentiments of the lady, became equally enamoured of her. Their passion was so successful that they were married, although her relations did all in their power to make her take another husband. They lived together in such peace and concord while they were at Venice, that there never passed between them either word or action that was not expressive of affection. The Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island. Although he was extremely pleased with the honour proposed to him (as it is a dignity conferred only on those who are noble, brave, trusty, and of approved courage), yet was his joy diminished when he reflected on the length and inconvenience of the voyage, supposing that Desdemona must be very averse to undertaking it. His wife, who valued nothing in the world but her husband, and rejoiced exceedingly in the testimony of approbation so lately

seco in compagnia in così onorato luogo, ma le dava gran noia il vedere il Moro turbato. E, non ne sapendo la cagione, un giorno mangiando gli disse, Che vuole egli dir, Moro, che poi, che vi è stato dato dalla Signoria così onorato grado, ve ne state tanto maninconcio? a Desdemona disse il Moro, Turba la contentezza del ricevuto onore, l'amore, che io ti porto, perchè io veggo, di necessità, delle due cose deverne avvenir l'una: ovvero, ch'io ti meni con esso meco a pericoli del mare: ovvero, che per non ti dar questo disagio ti lasci in Venezia. La prima non mi potrebbe essere se non grave, perchè ogni fatica, che tu ne sostenessi, ed ogni pericolo, che ci sopravvenisse, mi recherebbe estrema molestia. La seconda, devendoti lasciare, mi sarebbe odioso a me medesimo, perchè, partendomi da te, mi patirei dalla mia vita. Desdemona, ciò inteso, deh, disse, marito mio, che pensieri son questi che vi vanno per l'animo? a che lasciate, che cosa tal vi turbi? vogli io venire con voi, ovunque andrete, Sì bene così devesse passare in camicia per il fuoco, come son per venire per acqua con voi, in sicura, e ben guarnita nave, e,

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shewn him by a powerful and celebrated republic, was extremely impatient for the departure of the troops, that she might accompany him to a post of so much honour. But she was very much vexed at seeing the Moor disturbed; and, not knowing the reason, said to him one day at dinner, "How can you be so melancholy after having received from the Senate so high and so honourable a distinction?"—"My love for you, Desdemona," replied the Moor, "disturbs my enjoyment of the rank conferred upon me, since I am now exposed to this alternative—I must either endanger your life by sea, or leave you at Venice. The first would be terrible, as I shall suffer extremely from every fatigue you undergo, from every danger that threatens you: the second would render me insupportable to myself, as parting from you would be parting from my life."—"Ah, husband," returned Desdemona, "why do you perplex yourself with such idle imaginations? I will follow you wherever you go, though it were necessary to pass through fire instead of only going by



se pure vi saranno pericoli, e fatiche, io con voi ne voglio essere a parte, e mi terrei d'essere poco amata da voi, quando, per non mi avere in compagnia nel mare, pensaste di lasciarmi in Venezia, o vi persuadeste, che più tosto mi volessi star quì sicura, ch'essere con voi in uno istesso pericolo. Però voglio, che vi apparecchiate al viaggio, con tutta quella allegrezza, che merita la qualità del grado, che tenete. Gettò allora le braccia al collo tutto lieto il Moro alla moghiera, e con un affettuoso bacio le disse. Iddio ci conservi lungamente in questa amorevolezza, moglie mia cara: ed indi a poco, pigliati i suoi arnesi, e messossi ad ordine per lo cammino, entrò colla sua donna, e con tutta la compagnia, nella galea: e date le vele al vento, si mise in cammino. e con somma tranquillità del mare, se n'andò in Cipro. Aveva costui nella compagnia un alfiere di bellissima presenza, ma della più scelerata natura, che mai fosse uomo del mondo. Era questo molto caro al Moro, non avendo egli delle sue cattività notizia alcuna. Perchè, quantunque egli fosse di vilissimo animo, copriva nondimeno; colle alte, e superbe parole, e

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water in a safe and well-equipped vessel. If there are dangers in the way, I will share them with you, and, indeed, your affection for me could not be great, if you thought of leaving me at Venice to save me from a sea voyage, or believed that I would rather remain here in security than share with you both danger and fatigue. I insist, therefore, on your preparing for the voyage with all that cheerfulness which your dignity ought to inspire." The Moor then tenderly embraced his wife, saying, "May Heaven long preserve us in this degree of reciprocal affection." Soon afterwards, having settled his affairs and prepared the necessary stores, he went on board the galley with his wife and his company, and sailed for Cyprus with a favourable wind. He had in his company an ensign of a very amiable outward appearance, but whose character was extremely treacherous and base. He had imposed on the Moor's simplicity so successfully, that he gained his friendship; for although he was, in fact, a very great coward, yet his carnage and conversation

colla sua presenza, di modo la viltà, ch' egli chiudea nel cuore, che si scopriva nella sembianza un Ettore, o un Achille Avea similmente menato questo malvagio la sua moglie in Cipri, la quale era bella, ed onesta giovane: e per esserè Italiana, era molto amata dalla moglie del Moro, e si stava la maggior parte del giorno con lei. Nella medesima compagnia era anche un capo di squadra, carrissimo al Moro: andava spessissime volte questo a casa del Moro, e spesso mangiava con lui e con la moglie. Laonde la donna che lo conosceva così grato al suo marito, gli dava segni di grandissima benivolenza. La qual cosa era molto cara al Moro. Lo scelerato alfiero, non curando punto la fede data alla sua moglie, nè l' amicizia, nè la fede, nè l' obbligo, ch' egli avesse al Moro, s' innamorò di Desdemona ardentissimamente, e voltò tutto il suo pensiero a vedere, se gli poteva venir fatto di dimostrarli, temenda, che, se il Moro se ne avedesse, non gli desse subito morte. Cercò egli con varj modi, quanto più occultamente poteva, di far accorta la donna, ch' egli l' amava. Ma ella, ch' avea nel Moro ogni suo pensiero, non pensava punto nè all' alfiero,

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were so haughty and full of pretension, that you would have taken him for a Hector or an Achilles. This rascal had also conducted his wife with him to Cyprus, who was a handsome and discreet woman, and, being an Italian, Desdemona was so fond of her, that they passed the greatest part of their time together. In the same company was also a lieutenant, to whom the Moor was much attached. The lieutenant went often to the Moor's house, and dined frequently with him and his wife. Desdemona seeing that the Moor was so fond of him, shewed him every mark of attention and civility, with which the Moor was much pleased. The detestable ensign, forgetting his duty to his own wife, and violating all the laws of friendship, honour, and gratitude with which he was bound to the Moor, fell passionately in love with Desdemona, and thought only how he might enjoy her. He dare not, however, avow himself, for fear the Moor, if he discovered it, should instantly put him to death. He sought by all the private means in his power to make Desdemona conscious of his love. But she was so entirely

nè ad altri. E tutte le cose, ch' egli faceva, per accenderla di lui, non più operavano, che se fatto non le avesse. Onde s'imaginò costui, che ciò avvenisse, perchè ella fosse accesa del capo di squadra; e pensò volerlosi levar dinanzi agli occhi, e non pure a ciò piegò la mente, ma mutò l' amore, ch' egli portava alla donna, in acerbissimo odio; e si diè, con ogni studio, a pensare, come gli potesse venir fatto, che ucciso il capo di squadra, se non potesse goder della donna, il Moro anco non ne godesse. E rivolgendosi per l' animo varie cose tutte scelerate, e malvagie, alla fine, deliberò di volerla accusare di adulterio al marito, e dargli ad intendere, che l' adultero era il capo di squadra; ma sapendo costui l' amore singolare, che portava il Moro a Desdemona, e l' amicizia, ch' egli avea col capo di squadra, conosceva apertamente, che se con astuta froda non faceva inganno al Moro, era impossibile a dargli a vedere nè l' uno, nè l' altro. Per la qual cosa si mise ad aspettare, che il tempo, e il luogo gli aprisse la via da entrare a così scelerata impresa. E non passò molto, che il Moro, per aver messo mano alla spada il capo di squadra,

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taken up with the Moor, that she thought neither of him nor of any one else; and all that he did to engage her affections produced not the least effect. He then took it into his head, that this neglect arose from her being pre-engaged in favour of the lieutenant, and not only determined to get rid of him, but changed his affection for her into the most bitter hatred. He studied, besides, how he might prevent in future the Moor from living happily with Desdemona, should his passion not be gratified after he had murdered the lieutenant. Revolving in his mind a variety of methods, all impious and abominable, he at last determined to accuse her to the Moor of adultery with the lieutenant. But knowing the Moor's great affection for Desdemona, and his friendship for the lieutenant, he plainly saw that unless his deceit was very artfully conducted, it would be impossible to make him think ill of either of them. For this reason he determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design; and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant for having drawn his sword and

nella guardia, contra un soldato, e dategli delle ferite, lo privò del grado · la qual cosa fù gravissima a Desdemona. E molte volte aveva tentato di rappacificare il marito con lui. Tra questo mezzo disse il Moro allo scelerato alfiero, che la moglie dava tanta seccagine per il capo di squadra, che temea finalmente, di non essere astretto a ripigliarlo. Prese da ciò il mal' uomo argomento di por mano a gli orditi inganni, e disse; Ha forse Desdemona cagione di vederlo volentieri. Et perchè? disse il Moro, io non viglio, rispose l' alfiero, por mano tra marito, e moglie: ma, se terrete aperti gli occhi, voi stesso lo vi vedrete. Nè per diligenza, che facesse in Moro, volle l' alfiero più oltre passare · benchè lasciarono tali parole, così pungente spina nell' animo del Moro, che si diede con sommo studio a pensare ciò che volessero dire tali parole, e se ne stava tutto maninconioso. La onde, tentando un giorno la moglie di ammolare l' ira sua verso il capo di squadra, e pregandolo a non voler mettere in oblio la servitù, e l' amicizia di tanti anni, per un picciolo fallo; essendo massimamente nata pace, fra il soldato ferito

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wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the mean time the Moor had observed to the ensign, that his wife teased him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery which he began by saying, "Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company." "And why?" said the Moor. "Nay," replied he, "I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife, but if you watch her properly, you will understand me." Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife sometime afterwards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, particularly as the lieutenant and

ed il capo di squadra, venne il Moro in ira, e le disse : Gran cosa è questa, Disdemonia, che tu tanta cura ti pigli di costui, non è però egli nè tuo fratello, ne tuo parente, che tanto ti debba essere a cuore. La donna, tutta cortese, e umile ; non vorrei, disse, che voi vi adiraste con meco, altro non mi muove, che il dolermi di vedervi privato di così caro amico, qual sò, per lo testimonio di voi medesimo, che vi è stato il capo di squadra : non ha però egli commesso sì grave errore, che gli debbiate portar tanto odio. Ma voi Mori siete di natura tanto caldi, ch'ogni poco di cosa vi muove ad ira, e a vendetta. A queste parole più irato rispose il Moro, tale lo potrebbe provare, che non sel crede . vedrò tal vendetta delle ingiurie, che mi son fatte, che ne resterò sazio. Rimase la donna tutta sbigottita a queste parole . e, veduto fuor del suo costume, il marito, contra lei riscaldato, umilmente disse, altro, che buon fine, a parlarvi di ciò non mi ha indotta, ma perchè più non vi abbiate di adirar meco, non vi dirò più mai di ciò parola. Veduta il Moro la istanza, che di nuovo gli avea fatta la moglie, in favore del capo di squadra, s' ima-

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the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, "It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow, he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection." His wife, with much sweetness and humility, replied, "I have no other motive for speaking, than the pain it gives me to see you deprived of so excellent a friend as you have always told me the lieutenant was to you. I hope you will not be angry with me; yet his fault does not merit so much of your hatred but you Moors are of so warm a constitution, that every trifle transports you with anger and revenge." The Moor, still more irritated by these words, replied, "Perhaps one who suspects it not may learn that by experience, I will be revenged for the injuries done to me, so thoroughly, that I shall be satisfied." His wife was much terrified by these expressions, and seeing him, for the first time, in a passion with her, submissively answered, "I have none but the purest motives for speaking on the business: but not to displease you in future, I

ginò che le parole, che gli avea detto l'alfiero, gli avessero voluto significare, che Disdemona fosse innamorata di lui, e se n' andò a quel ribaldo tutto maninconioso, e cominciò a tentare, ch' egli più apertamente gli parlasse. L'alfiero, intento al danno di questa misera donna, dopo l' aver finto di non voler dir cosa, che fosse per dispiacerli, mostrandosi vinto da' preghi del Moro, disse; Io non posso negare, che non m' incresce incredibilmente, di avervi a dir cosa, che sia per esservi più di qualunque altra molesta. ma, poi che pur volete, ch' io la vi dica, e la cura, che io debbo avere dell' onor vostro, come di mio signore, mi sprona anche a dirlovi, non voglio ora mancare nè alla vostra dimanda, nè al debito mio. Devete adunque sapere, che, non per altro, è grave alla donna vostra il veder il capo di squadra in disgrazia vostra, che per lo piacere, ch' ella si piglia con lui, qual' ora egli in casa vostra viene: come colei, a cui già è venuta noia questa vostra nerezza. Queste parole passarono il cuore al Moro insino alle radici. Ma, per saper più oltre (ancora, ch' egli credesse vero quanto avea detto l'alfiero, per lo sospetto,

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promise never to speak of it again." The Moor, on this new application made by his wife in favour of the lieutenant, imagined that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with him he therefore went to that scoundrel in a state of great dejection, and endeavoured to make him speak more intelligibly. The ensign, bent on the ruin of this poor woman, after feigning an unwillingness to say anything to her disadvantage, and at last pretending to yield to the vehement entreaties of the Moor, said, "I cannot conceal the pain I feel in being under the necessity of making a discovery which will be to you so very shocking, but since you insist on it, and the attention which I ought to pay to the honour of my commanding officer prompts me to speak, I will not now refuse to satisfy your demand and my own duty. You must know, then, that Desdemona is only displeased at seeing you angry with the lieutenant, because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust which your blackness now occasions her to feel." These words penetrated to the very bottom of the Moor's

che già gli era nato nell' animo) disse, con fiero viso ; non sò io che mi tenga, che non ti tagli questa lingua, tanto audace, che ha avuto aidir di dai tal infamia alla donna mia. L' alfiere allora, non mi aspettava, disse, capitano, di questo mio amorevole ufficio, altra mercede, ma, poi che tanto oltre mi ha portato il debito mio, ed il desiderio dell' onor vostro : io vi replico, che così sta la cosa, come intesa l' avete, e se la donna, col mostiar di amarvi, vi ha così appannati gli occhi, che non abbiate veduto quel, che veder dovevate, non è mica per ciò, che io non vi dica il vero. Perchè il medesimo capo di squadra l' ha detto a me, come quegli, cui non pareva la sua felicità compiuta, se non ne faceva alcuno altro consapevole , e gli soggiunse . e, se io non avessi temuta l' ira vostra, gli avrei dato, quando ciò mi disse, quella mercede, coll' ucciderlo, della quale egli era degno. Ma poscia, che il farvi saper quello, che piu a voi, che a qualunque altro appartiene, me ne fà avere così sconvenevole guiderdone : me ne vorrei essere stato cheto, che non sarei, tacendo, incoiso nella disgrazia vostra. Il Moro allora tutto cruccioso, se non mi fai, disse,

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heart, but to be better informed (although his previous suspicion made him give great credit to the ensign's information) he assumed a threatening countenance, and said, "I know not what prevents me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours that has so impudently attacked the honour of my wife." The ensign then replied, "I expected no other reward for this friendly office of mine, but since my duty has made me go so far, and my regard for your honour still remains, I tell you again that the case is so, and if her feigned affection for you has blindfolded you to such a degree that you have not seen what is so very visible, that does not at all lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, who is one of those who are not content with their own enjoyments when some other is not made acquainted with them, told me so ; and," added he, "if I had not feared your displeasure, I would have given him at the time that death he merited. But since the information I give you, which concerns you more than any one else, makes you treat me so very improperly, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue, that I

vedere cogl' occhi quello, che detto mi hai, viviti sicuro, che ti farò conoscere, che meglio per te sarebbe, che tu fossi nato mutolo. Agevol mi sarebbe stato questo, soggiunse il malvagio, quando egli in casa vostra veniva, ma oia, che, non per quello che bisognava, ma per vie più lieve cagione, l' avete scacciato, non mi potrà essere se non malagevole, che ancora che io stimi, ch' egli di Desdemona si goda, qualora voi gliene date l' agio, molto più cautamente lo dee fare oia, che si vede esservi venuto in odio, che non facea di prima. Ma anco non perdo la speranza di potervi far vedere quel, che creder non mi volete. E con queste parole si dispartirono. Il misero Moro, come tocco da pungentissimo strale, se n' andò a casa, attendendo che venisse il giorno, che l' alfiere gli facesse veder quello, che lo devea far, per sempre, misero. Ma non minor noia dava al maladetto alfiere la castità, ch' egli sapeva, che osservava la donna, perchè gli pareva non poter ritrovar modo a far credere al Moro quello, che falsamente detto gli aveva: e, voltato in varie parti il pensiero, pensò lo scelerato a nuova malizia. Andava sovente la moglie

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might have avoided giving you offence" The Moor then answered, in great agitation, "If you do not make me to see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb" — "This would have been easy enough," replied the villain, "when he came to your house but now that you have driven him away for a much lighter reason than that which ought to have banished him thence, it will be difficult to prove it For though I think yet that he continues to enjoy Desdemona whenever you give him an opportunity, he must necessarily proceed with greater caution now than he did before he had incurred your displeasure. But I do not despair of making you see that which upon my word you will not believe" They then separated. The poor Moor went home with a barbed arrow in his side, waiting impatiently for the day when the ensign should show him what was to render him for ever miserable But the known purity of Desdemona's conduct gave no less uneasiness to the villainous ensign, because he was afraid he should not be able to convince th



del Moro, come ho detto, a casa della moglie dell'alfiero, e se ne stava con lei buona parte del giorno, onde veggendo costui ch' ella talora portava seco un pannicello da naso, ch' egli sapeva, che le avea donato il Moro, il qual pannicello era lavorato alla moresca sottilissimamente, ed era carissimo alla donna, e parimente al Moro, si pensò di toglierle secretamente, e quindi apparecchiare l' ultimo danno. E avendo egli una fanciulla di tre anni, la quale era molto amata di Desdemona, un giorno, che la misera donna a casa di questo reo si era andata a stare, prese egli la fanciulla in braccia, ed alla donna la pose la quale la prese, e la si reccò al petto; questo ingannatore, che eccellentemente giocava di mano, le levò da cintola il pannicello così accortamente, ch' ella punto non se ne avide, e da lei, tutto allegro, si dipartì. Desdemona, ciò non sapendo, se ne andò a casa. e occupata da altri pensieri, non si avide del pannicello. Ma, indi ad alquanti giorni, cercandone, e nol ritrovando, stava tutta timida, che il Moro con gliele chiedesse, come egli sovente facea. Lo scelerato alfiero, pigliatosi comodo tempo, se ne andò al capo di squadra, e con

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Moor of what he had so falsely assuied him. He appled himself therefore to the invention of new malice, and devised other expedients. I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity that she did not perceive him, and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for

astuta malizia gli lasciò il pannicello a capo del letto, nè se ne avide il capo di squadra, se non la seguente mattina, che levandosi dal letto, essendo il pannicello caduto in terra, vi pose il piede sopra : nè sapendosi immaginare, come in casa l'avesse, conoscendolo cosa di Desdemona, deliberò di dargliele : ed attendendo che il Moro fosse uscito di casa, se ne andò all'uscio di dietro, ed ivi picchiò, volle la Fortuna, che pareva, che coll'alfiero congiurata si fosse alla morte della meschina : che in quell'ora appunto, il Moro si venne a casa. ed udendo picchiare l'uscio, si fece alla finestra ? e tutto cruccio, disse, chi picchia là ? Il capo di squadra, udita la voce del Moro, temendo ch'egli non scendesse a danno suo, senza rispondere parola si diede a fuggire. Il Moro, scese le scale e aperto l'uscio, uscì nella strada, e cercando di lui nol ritrovò. Onde entrato in casa, pieno di mal talento, dimandò alla moglie, chi fosse colui che la giù picchiava. La donna rispose quel, che vero era, che nol sapeva. Ma il Moro disse, mi ha egli paruto il capo di squadra ; Non so io, disse ella, se sia stato nè egli, nè altri. Rattenne il Moro il furore, quantunque d'ira ardesse, nè prima

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it, as he often did. The infamous ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came there, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her, and, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back-door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired along with the ensign the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock he went to the window, and, much disturbed, asked, Who is there ? The lieutenant hearing his voice, and fearing that when he came down he should do him some mischief, ran away without answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. "But I think," said he, "it was the lieutenant."—"It might be he,"

volle far cosa alcuna, che parlasse, coll' alfiere, al quale subitamente se n' andò, e gli disse quanto era occorso, e lo pregò ad intendere dal capo di squadra tutto quello, ch' egli poteva intorno a ciò. Egli, lieto di così fatto avvenimento, gli promise di farlo. E al capo di squadra parlò un giorno costui, che il Moro era in luogo, onde gli poteva vedere insieme ragionare. E parlandogli di ogni altra cosa, che della donna, faceva le maggior risa del mondo, e mostrando di maravigliarsi, facea di molti atti, e col capo, e colle mani, come, che udisse cose maravigliose. Il Moro, tosto che gli vide partiti, andò verso l' alfiere, per saper ciò che colui detto gli avesse. Questo, dopo aversi fatto lungamente pregare, al fin gli disse, non mi ha egli celato cosa alcuna, e mi ha detto, che si ha goduto della moglie vostra ogni volta, che voi coll' esser fuori, gli ne avete dato tempo, e che l' ultima fiata, che egli è stato con lei, gli ha ella donato quel pannicello da naso, che voi, quando la sposaste, le deste in dono. Il Moro ringraziò l' alfiere, e gli parve, che se ritrovava, che la donna non avesse il pannicello, potesse essere chiaro, che così fosse, come

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said she, "or any one else." The Moor checked himself at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had just happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he had concealed nothing from him. He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that in their last interview she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handker-

gli avea detto l'alfiero. Per la qual cosa un giorno, dopo desinare entrato in varj ragionamenti colla donna, le chiese il pannicello. L'infelice che di questo avea molto temuto, a tal dimanda, divenne nel viso tutta fuoco, et per celare il rossore, il quale molto bene notò il Moro, corse alla cassa, e finse di cercarlo. E dopo molto averlo cercato; non so, disse, com' oia non lo ritrovi, l'avreste voi forse avuto? s'avuto lo avessi, disse egli, perchè te lo chiederei io? ma ne cercherai più agiatamente un'altra volta. Et partitosi cominciò a pensare, come dovesse far morire la donna, ed insieme il capo di squadra, sì ch'è a lui non fosse data colpa della sua morte. E pensando giorno, e notte sopra ciò, non poteva fare, che la donna non si avedesse, ch'egli non era quegli, che verso lei, per adietro essere solea. E gli disse più volte, che cosa avete voi, che così vi turbi? Voi che solevate essere il più festoso uomo del mondo, siete ora il più maninconico, che viva? Trovava il Moro varie cagioni di rispondere alla donna, ma non ne rimaneva ella punto contenta. E posto, ch'ella sapesse, che

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chief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, "I cannot conceive," said she, "what is become of it! have not you taken it?"—"Had I taken it," replied he, "I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it another time more at your ease." Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour to her was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him what it was that agitated him so violently. You, who were once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy. The Moor answered and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satis-

per niuno suo misfatto non dovesse essere coì turbato il Moro, dubitava nondimeno, che per la tropa copia, ch' egli aveva di lei, non gli fosse venuta a noia. E talora diceva colla moglie dell' alfiero, in non so, che mi dica io del Moro, egli solea essere verso me tutto amore, ora, da non so che pochi giorni in quà, è divenuto un' altro e temo molto di non essere io quella, che dia esempio alle giovani di non maritarsi contra il voler de' suoi, che da me le donne Italiane imparino, di non sì accompagnare con uomo, cui la natura, e il Cielo, e il modo della vita disgiunge da noi. Ma perchè io so, ch' egli è molto amico del vostro marito, e comunica con lui le cose sue vi prego, che se avete intesa cosa alcuna da lui, della quale mi possiate avisare, che non mi manchiate di aiuto, e tutto ciò le diceva dirottamente piangendo; la moglie dell' alfiero, che tutto sapeva, (come colei, cui il marito aveva voluto usare per mezzana alla morte della donna) ma non l'aveva ella mai voluto acconsentire, e temendo del marito, non ardiva di dirle cosa alcuna; solo le disse, abbiate cura di non dare di voi sospetto al

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fied with any of them; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once in conversation with the ensign's wife expressed herself thus - "I know not what to say of the Moor, he used to treat me most affectionately, and I begin to fear that my example will teach young women never to marry against their parents' consent, and the Italians in particular, not to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the confidential of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I intreat you, if you have heard anything that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance." These words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

The ensign's wife, who knew all (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona), but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, "Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity."—"Why, so I do," said she, "but to

marito, e cercate con ogni studio, ch' egli in voi conosca amore, e fede, ciò faccio io, disse ella, ma nulla mi giova. Il Moro, in questo mezzo tempo, cercava tutta via di più certificarsi di quello, che non avrebbe voluto ritrovare. e piegò l' alfiero, che operasse di modo che potesse vedere il pannicello in podestà del capo di squadra: e benchè ciò fosse grave al malvagio, gli promise nondimeno di usare ogni diligenza, perchè egli di ciò si certificasse. Aveva il capo di squadra una donna in casa, che maravigliosi trapunti faceva sulla tela di rensa, la quale veggendo quel pannicello, ed intendendo, ch' era della donna del Moro, e ch' era per esserle reso, prima ch' ella l' avesse, si mise a farne un simile. e mentre ella ciò faceva, s' avide l' alfiero, ch' ella appresso una finestra si stava, e da chi passava per la strada poteva essere veduta, onde fece egli ciò veder al Moro, il quale tenne certissimo che l' onestissima donna fosse in fatto adultera, E conchiuse coll' alfiero, di uccidere lei, ed il capo di squadra, trattando ambidue tra loro come ciò si dovesse fare lo pregò il Moro, ch' egli volesse essere

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no purpose" The Moor, in the meantime, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant, and, consulting together about the means, the Moor intreated him to undertake the assassination of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant,

quegli, che il capo di squadra uccidesse, promettendo di restarghiele obligato eternamente. E ricusando egli di volei far cosa tale come malagevolissima, e di molto pericolo, per essere il capo di squadra non meno accorto, che valoroso, dopo molto averlo pregato, datagli buona quantità di danari, lo indusse a due, che proverebbe di tentar la fortuna. Fatta questa risoluzione, uscendo una sera il capo di squadra di casa di una meretrice, colla quale egli si sollazzava, essendo la notte buia, gli si accostò l'alfiero colla spada in mano, e gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere, ed avvenne, ch' egli tagliò la destra coscia a traverso, onde il misero cadde. e gli fù addosso l'alfiero, per finire di ucciderlo. Ma avendo il capo di squadra, che coraggioso era, e avezzo nel sangue, e nelle morti, tratta la spada, e, così ferito come egli era, dirizzatosi alla difesa, gridò ad alta voce, io sono assassinato. Per la qual cosa, sentendo l'alfiero correr gente, ed alquanti de' soldati, ch' ivi attorno erano alloggiati, si mise a fuggire, per non vi essere colto: e, data

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but with much entreaty and considerable presents, he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant coming out of the house of a female libertine where he usually passed his evenings, and assaulted him sword in hand. He struck at his legs with a view of bringing him to the ground and with the first blow cut him quite through the right thigh. The poor man instantly fell, and the ensign ran to him to put him to death. But the lieutenant, who was courageous, and familiar with wounds and slaughter, having drawn his sword notwithstanding his desperate situation, and raised himself for defence, cried out Murder as loud as he could. The ensign, perceiving that some people were coming, and that the soldiers quartered thereabouts had taken the alarm, fled for fear of being caught, and, turning about again pretended likewise that he had been brought there by the noise. Placing himself among the rest, and seeing that the 'leg was cut off, he concluded that though he was not dead, he must die of this wound. and, although he was exceedingly rejoiced at all this, yet he consoled with

una volta, fe vista anch' egli di essere corso al romore. E ponendosi tra gli altri, vedutagli mozza la gamba, giudicò che se bene non era morto, morirebbe ad ogni modo di quel colpo; e, quantunque fosse di ciò lietissimo, si dolse nondimeno col capo di squadra, come s' egli suo fratello fosse stato. La mattina la cosa si sparse per tutta la città, ed andò anche alle orecchie di Desdemona, onde ella, ch' amorevole era, e non pensava ch' indi le dovesse aver grandissimo dolore di così fatto caso, di ciò fece il Moro pessimo concetto. E andò a ritrovar l' alfiero, e gli disse, Tu sai bene, che l' asina di mia moglie è in tanto affanno, per lo caso del capo di squadra, ch' ella è per impazzare. E come potevate, disse egli, pensar altrimenti, essendo colui l' anima sua? Anima sua, eh? replicò il Moro, io le trarrò ben' io l' anima del corpo, che mi terrei non essere uomo, se non togliessi dal mondo questa malvagia. E discorrendo l' uno cou l' altro, se di veleno, o di coltello si devea far morir la donna, nè accettandosi questo, nè quello da loro. disse l' alfiero;

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the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother The next morning this accident was spread all over the city, and came to the ears of Desdemona, who being very compassionate, and not suspecting that this could occasion mischief to herself, expressed the greatest concern for the lieutenant's misfortune. The Moor drew from hence the worst of inferences, and said to the ensign, "You must know that my simpleton of a wife is almost mad with sorrow for the lieutenant's accident"—"How could it be otherwise," said he, "as he is her life and soul?"—"How," said the Moor, "her life and her soul! I will separate her soul from her body. I should disgrace my manhood if I killed her not." And discoursing together if poison or the dagger would be best, and not liking either the one or the other, the ensign said, "A method has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling,



un modo mi è egli venuto nella mente, che vi sodisfarà, e non se ne avrà sospetto alcuno, ed egli è tale. La casa, ove voi state, è vecchissima, e il palco della camera vostra ha di molte fessure, voglio, che con una calza piena di rena percuotiamo Disdemona, tanto ch' ella ne muoia, perchè non appaia in lei segno alcuno di battitura: morta, ch' ella sarà, faremo cadere parte del palco, e romperemo il capo alla donna, fingendo, che una trave nel cadere rotto gl'el abbia, ed uccisa: e, a questo modo, non sarà persona, che di voi pigli sospetto alcuno, stimando ognuno la sua morte essere venuta a caso. Piacque al Moro, il crudel consiglio: e, aspettato il tempo, che convenevole gli parve, essendo egli una notte con lei nel letto, ed avendo già nascoso l' alfiere in un camerino, che nella camera entrava, l' alfiere, secondo l' ordine tra lor dato, fe non so che strepito nel camerino: e, sentitolo, subitamente disse il Moro alla moglie; hai tu sentito quello strepito? L' ho sentito, disse ella; levati soggiunse il Moro, e vedi che cosa è. Levosi l'infelice Desdemona: e, tosto ch' ella fu ap-

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and bruise your wife's head, then give out that a beam in falling has done this, and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental." This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answered Yes—"Get up, then, and see what it is." Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed and said to her, "Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity!—even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds." The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second

presso il camerino, n' uscì l' alfiero, il quale, essendo forte, e di buon nerbo, colla calza, che in punto aveva, le diede una crudel percossa, nel mezzo della schiena, onde la donna subito cadde, senza poter trarne appena fuori il fiato. Ma con quella poca voce, che potè avere, chiamò il Moro, che l' aiutasse; ed egli, uscito del letto, le disse, Sceleratissima donna, la mercede hai della tua disonestà, costì si trattano quelle, che fingendo di amare i loro mariti, pongono loro le corna le corna in capo. La misera donna, ciò udendo, e sentendosi giunta al fine (però che l' alfiero un' altro colpo dato le avea) disse, che in testimonio della sua fede, ella chiamava la giustizia divina, poi, che quella del mondo le veniva meno, e chiamando ella Iddio, che l' aiutasse, sopraggiungendo la terza percossa, rimase uccisa dall' empio alfiero. Poscia, messala nel letto, e spezzatale la testa, fecero egli, e il Moro, cadere come aveano ordinato fra loro il palco della camera, e cominciò il Moro a chiamare soccorso, che la casa cadeva, alla voce del quale corsero i vicini, e scoperto il letto, trovarono la donna sotto le travi

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blow that the ensign had given her, said, "That, since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine Justice in favour of her honour and her truth," and invoking the Divine Assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams. Her life had been so virtuous that every one lamented her fate; and the following day she was buried, to the great sorrow of the whole island. But God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it. So that the Moor, who had loved Desdemona more than his eyes, finding himself deprived of her, began to regret her so extremely, that he almost lost his senses, and went about the house looking for her in every room. Reflecting besides that the ensign had been the cause of his losing along with her all the enjoyments of life, and even his own

morta. La qual cosa, per la buona vita della donna, inciebbe ad ognuno. Il giorno seguente fù Disdemona sepolita, con universal dolore di quel popolo. Ma non volle Iddio, giusto riguardatore delle anime altrui, che così gran sceleragine se ne rimanesse senza la dicevole pena. Imperò, che il Moro, che la donna aveva amato più, che gli occhi suoi, veggendosene privo, cominciò ad avere tanto desiderio di lei, che l' andava, come fuori di se, cercando per tutti i luoghi della casa: e considerando trase, che l'alfiero era stato cagione, ch'egli avesse perduto, colla sua donna, tutto il dolce della vita, ed anco se medesimo, gli venne lo scelerato in tanto odio, che non aveva occhio, col quale vedere lo potesse. se non avesse avuto timore della inviolabile giustizia de' Signori Veneziani, l'avrebbe palesemente ucciso. Ma non potendo far questo, con sua salvezza, gli levò la insegna, e più non volle nella compagna, onde nacque tanta aspra nimicizia tra l' uno, e l' altro, che non si potrebbe immaginare la maggiore, nè la più grave. Per la qual cosa l'alfiero, peggiore di tutti gli scelerati, voltò tutto il pensiero a danni del Moro. E

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faculties, that villain became so insupportable to him, that he could not bear the sight of him; and had he not feared the strict and impartial justice of the Venetians, he would have put him openly to death. But not being able to do this with safety to himself, he degraded him from his commission, and permitted him no longer to remain in the company. Hence arose between them the most bitter enmity that can be conceived, and the ensign the greatest of all villains, studied only how he might be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who was cured and walked about with his wooden leg, and said to him, "The time is now come when you may be revenged for the loss of your leg; and if you will come with me to Venice, I will tell you who the assassin was. Here I dare not inform you for many reasons, but there I will be your witness in a court of justice." The lieutenant, who felt himself violently exasperated against the person, though unknown to him, thanked the ensign, and came away with him to Venice. When they were arrived, the ensign told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg, because he suspected him

ritrovato il capo di squadra, che già era risanato, e con una gamba di legno se n' andava in vece della tagliata, gli disse, Venuto è il tempo, che tu possi far vendetta della tua tagliata gamba: e quando tu vuoi venire con esso meco a Venezia, io ti dirò, chi è stato il malfattore, che quì non ardirei di dirtoti, per molti rispetti: ed io ne farò, per te, testimonio in giudizio. Il capo di squadra, che si ritrovava fieramente offeso, e non sapeva perchè; ringraziò l' alfiere, e seco a Venezia se ne venne. Ove giunti, che furono, egli gli disse, che il Moro era stato quegli, che gli avea tagliato la gamba, per opinione, che gli era nata nella testa, che egli si giacesse con Disdemona: e che per questa medesima cagione egli aveva ucciso lei, e poscia data voce, che il palco caduto ucciso l' avesse. Il capo di squadra, inteso ciò, accusò il Moro alla Signoria, e della gamba a lui tagliata, e della morte della donna, ed indusse per testimonio l' alfiere, il quale disse, che l' uno, e l' altro era vero, perchè il Moro aveva tutto comunicato seco, e l' avea voluto indurre a fare l' uno, e l' altro maleficio:

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of adultery with his wife, and that for the same reason he had murdered her, and afterwards given out that she had been killed by the ceiling's falling in upon her. The lieutenant on hearing this, immediately accused the Moor before the Council of the injury done to himself and the murder of Desdemona, and the ensign being called as a witness, asserted the truth of both these accusations, and added that the Moor had communicated to him the whole project, with a view of persuading him to execute both these crimes, and when he had murdered his wife from the impulse of a furious jealousy, he had related to him the manner in which he had put her to death. The Venetian magistrates hearing that one of their fellow-citizens had been treated with so much cruelty by a barbarian, had the Moor arrested in Cyprus and brought to Venice, where, by means of the torture, they endeavoured to find out the truth. But the Moor possessed force and constancy of mind sufficient to undergo the torture without confessing any thing; and though by his firmness he escaped death at this time, he was, after a long imprisonment, condemned to perpetual exile, in which he was

e che, avendo poscia ucciso la moglie, per bestial gelosia, che gli era nata nel capo, gli avea narrato la maniera, ch' egli avea tenuto in darle morte. I Signori Veneziani, intesa la crudeltà, usata dal Barbaro, in una lor cittadina, fecero dar delle mani addosso al Moro in Cipri, e condurlo a Venezia, e con molti tormenti cercarono di ritrovare il vero. Ma vincendo egli col valore dell' animo, ogni martorio, il tutto negò, così costantemente, che non se ne potè mai trarre cosa alcuna. Ma se bene, per la sua costanza, egli schifò la morte, non fù però, che dopo essere stato molti giorni in prigione, non fosse dannato a perpetuo esilio, nel quale finalmente fù da' parenti della donna, com' egli meritava, ucciso. Andò l' alfiere alla sua patria: e non volendo egli mancare del suo costume, accusò un suo compagno, dicendo, ch' egli ricercato lo avea di ammazzare un suo nimico, che gentiluomo era, per la qual cosa fù preso colui, e messo al martorio e negando egli esser vero, quanto dicea l' accusatore, fù messo al martorio anco l' alfiere per paragone. Ove, fù talmente collato che gli si corropo le interiora: onde, uscito di prigione, e condotto a casa, miseramente se ne morì; tal fece Iddio vendetta della innocenza di Desdemona. E tutto questo successo narrò la moglie dell' alfiere, del fatto consapevole, poi ch' egli fù morto, come io lo vi ho narrato.

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afterwards killed, as, he deserved to be, by his wife's relations

The ensign returned to his country, where, still continuing his old practices, he accused one of his companions of having attempted to murder a nobleman who was his enemy. The man was taken up and put to the torture, and, denying firmly the crime laid to his charge, his accuser was also put to the torture; where he was racked so violently that his vitals were injured, and upon being conducted home he died in great agony. Thus was the divine vengeance executed against those who had murdered the innocent Desdemona.

The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair, after his death thus circumstantially related the story,

KING LEAR.

IN the narratives hereinafter printed, it will be perceived that the conclusion of the story essentially varies from Shakespeare's play. Both in the foundation-drama, which is included in the Second Part, and in Laſamou, Geoffrey of Monmouth, the "Gesta Romanorum," and Holinshed, the old British monarch returns to the enjoyment of his kingdom, and everything is amicably settled. The tragical catastrophe in Shakespeare's "Lear" is the poet's own creation,

## INTRODUCTION.



THE following productions relate to Shakespeare's "King Lear" which, as our readers may be aware, was three times printed in 1608, and was, perhaps, produced in 1605. The narrative, "How Queen Cordila in despair slew herself, the year before Christ 800," is taken from the fourth edition of that celebrated work, "The Mirror for Magistrates." The particular portion here reprinted was written by John Higgins, who dates his dedication "At Winceham the 7 day of December 1586." There is nothing to connect Shakespeare's tragedy particularly with this specimen of supposed autobiography, but there can be little doubt that he was well acquainted with so popular a performance as "The Mirror for Magistrates," which went through various editions prior to the year 1610, when it appeared, with a continuation, by Richard Nicols. Higgins would seem to have been the first (Harding in his Chronicle excepted) who put the story of Lear and his daughters into verse, and he was followed in 1590 by Spenser, who briefly introduces the chief circumstances into his "Faene Queene," Book II., Canto 10. What is headed "Lenvoy," in our reprint from Higgins, is not found in the edition of 1610: it certainly is no necessary portion of the poem, but we have transferred it to our pages from the impression of 1587, for the sake



of completeness. We may add, that the reprint of "The Mirror for Magistrates," in 1610, affords several various readings of some importance; thus, stanza 7 there begins—

"He had three daughters faire, the first hight Conerell,"  
stanza 17 opens as follows —

"Betwixt their husbands twaine they caused him to agree  
To part the realme," &c

and the first line of stanza 18 is this .—

"As thus in his distress he lay lamenting fates"

Other differences may be seen by a comparison of the text we have supplied from the earlier impression, and it is not necessary here to dwell upon them farther. Warner's "Albion's England," Book III., c. 14, also contains the history of Lear and his daughters, the youngest of whom he names Cordella. Spenser softened it to Cordelia, and as far as we now know, Shakespeare first altered the spelling of Leir (as it is printed in the older play, and in other authorities) to Lear.

The "Story of the Paphlagonian unkind King" has been considered, and with much appearance of probability, the origin of the episode of Gloster and his sons in the same tragedy. It is from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," a work which, it is demonstrable from other plays, Shakespeare had diligently read, even if, without such proof, we could suppose him ignorant of a production of such extraordinary celebrity. Sidney having been killed in 1586, the "Arcadia" was a posthumous production, which first came out in 4° in 1590. This impression is generally called "imperfect," and there is no doubt that in 1593 a more complete edition was published in folio, in which the three books of the 4°, 1590, with addi-

tions, were divided into five books, and the enumeration and separation of chapters omitted. It is believed that Sir P. Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, arranged and superintended the folio of 1593, but the poems called "Astrophel and Stella" were not added until 1598, although most of them had been surreptitiously printed in 1591, under the editorial care of the celebrated Thomas Nash, who prefixed to them a very interesting epistle, which may be seen at length on p. xxi of the Introduction to the reprint of his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, by the Shakespeare Society.

The principal differences between the 4<sup>o</sup>, 1590, and the folio, 1593, of the "Arcadia," consist in the obvious want of a conclusion to the former, and in the misarrangement of the many poems inserted in various parts of the work. The tale we have furnished from it, chap. 10, Book II, of the 4<sup>o</sup> impression, is precisely the same (orthography excepted) in all the editions, the Countess of Pembroke not having thought it fit to add or to alter anything. Upon the resemblances between it and the incidents in which Gloster and his sons are engaged in "King Lear" we need not dwell, but although Shakespeare adopted the circumstances, it was evidently necessary that he should change the names.



## 1. *The Account of Lear, Tenth Ruler of Britain.*

[From HOLINSHED, ed. 1807, 1 44-68 <sup>1</sup>]

—o—

Leir the  
10 Ruler  
Mat West  
Leicester  
is builded

Gal Mon.

LEIR the sonne of Baldud was admitted ruler ouer the Britaines, in the yeare of the world 3105, at what time Ioas reigned in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanour, gouerning his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caelier now called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuer of Sore. It is written that he had by his wife thrée daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, which daughters he greatly loued, but specially Cordeilla the yongest farre aboue the two elder. When this Leir therefore was come to great yeres, and began to waxe vnweldie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards him, and preferre hir whome he best loued to the succession

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Furnivall has reminded me that the most ancient account of Lear in English is that in Lazamou's "Brut," edit. Maddon, 1 123-58. There is the utmost improbability that Shakespeare ever saw it.

ouer the kingdome. Whervpon he first asked Gonnilla the eldest, how well she loued him. who calling hir gods to record, protested that she loued him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason should be most déere vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him : who answered (confirming hir saieings with great othes) that she loued him more than toong could expresse, and farre aboue all other creatures of the world. A triall of love.

Then called he his yoongest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked of hir what account she made of him, vnto whome she made this answer as followeth.—Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies borne towards me (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience leadeth me) I protest vnto you, that I have loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I lue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, assertaine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are woorth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henninus the duke of Cornewall, and the other vnto Maglanus the duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be divided after his death, and the one halfe thereof immediatlie should be assigned to them in hand : but for the thirde daughter Cordeilla he reserved nothing. The answer of the yoongest daughter.  
The two eldest daughters are married.  
The realme is promised to his two daughters.

Neuertheless it fortuneth that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to have hir in mariage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he might haue hir to wife, to whome answer

was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could have none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters alreadie. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receive anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, tooke hir to wife, onlie moued thereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable 'vertues This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the British historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

He gourned  
the third  
part of  
Gallia  
as  
Gal Mon.  
saith

After that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long yer the gouernment of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life. by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to lue after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in processe of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henninus But the greatest grieffe that Leir tooke, was to see the vnkindnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little: in so much that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that miserie, that scarslie they would allow him one seruant to wait vpon him

In the end, such was the vnkindnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnaturalnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constrained of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his yongest daughter Cordeilla, whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arriued in poore estate, she first sent to him priuilie a certeine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to reteine a certeine number of seruants that

might attend vpon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne . and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so ioyfullie, honorable, and lounghie receiued, both by his sonne in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordeilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted : for he was no lesse honored, than if he had beene king of the whole countrie himselfe.

Now when he had informed his sonne in law and his daughter in what sort he had béene vsed by his other daughters Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in readinesse, and likewise a great nauie of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome

It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightful inheritour after his decesse, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie maner of wise.

Herevpon, when this armie and nauie of ships were readie, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband took the sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enimies, and discomfited them in battell, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slaine . and then was Leir restored to his Kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yéeres, and then died, fortie yéeres after he first began to reigne

His body was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the chancell of the ruier of Sore beneath the towne.



## 2. *The Story of Lear, King of Britain.*

[*From the Gesta Romanorum*, edit. Madden, p 450-3]



[LXXIX.]

LEYRE was some tyme kynge of Bretayne the More, that now is callede Englonde. This kynge Leyre made the towne of Leycetur, ande callede it after his name Leycetur. This kynge hade thre doughters, the name of the fyrste doughter was Gonorylle; the seconde was Regane, the thride Cordelle, that was beste taughte, and wiseste. Leyre, here fadre, was feble ande olde, ande wolde marie his doughters or he deyede, but fyrste he woulde wete, which louede hym moste, shulde be beste mariede. On a day he askide his eldiste doughter, how mych she louyd hym? "Sir," she seide, "I loue you as mych as myne owne lyfe." "For sothe," seide the kynge, "that is a grete loue; I may no more aske." Then he askede the seconde doughter, how mych she louyde hym? She sayde, she louyde hym aboue alle criatures of the worlde. "For sothe," seide Leyre, "I may no more aske." Then he askede of the yongeste doughter, how much she louyde hym? "Sir," she seide, "my systers hane seide to you

wordes of glosynge, but I say to you trouthe. I love you as mych as I owe to loue my fadire, ande for to make you more certayne how mych loue is worthe, I shalle say you, as mych as ye hane, so mych are ye woithe, ande so mych I loue you" Leyre wenyde that she had skornede, ande was wrothe, ande seide, that she shulde neuer haue lande of hyme; but his othere doughters, that mych louyde hyme, shulde depart the lande betwene hem, be euyne porcyons, ande she shulde be disheriede. Ande he mariede the eldiste doughter to Managles, the kynge of Scotlonde, and the tothere to Hanemos, erle of Cornwaylle, ande the mariage was thus made of the tone ande of the tothere, that kynge of Scottes and the erle of Cornwayle shulde departe Grete Bretayne, aftere his dissesse, so that<sup>1</sup> Cordelle, his yongest doughter, shulde not haue of his. This maydyne Cordelle was so fayre, and so wele taughte, that it was mervayle, so that Agape, kynge of Fraunce, herde speke so grete of this maydyne Cordelle, that he sente to kynge Leyre, that he wolde gyfe hym here to wife. Leyre sente worde agayne, that he hade departede his lande bytwene his ij eldiste doughters; and so he hade no more lande, the which he myght maie Cordelle, his yongeste doughter, with. When Agape herde this answere, he sente agayne to Leyre, and seide, he askede no thinge with here, but alonly here bodie, and here clothinge. And Leyre, here fadre, made here wele to be arrayede, and clenly, and sent here to the kynge of Fraunce; ande he ioyfully ressayuede here, and weddide here, with grete worship, ande made here queene of Fraunce. The kynge of Scottes ande the erle of Cornwayle, that hade weddide the<sup>2</sup> eldiste doughters of kynge Leyre, wolde not abide till after his dethe for to haue the londe, but werrede

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<sup>1</sup> *That, with MS*

<sup>2</sup> *His, MS*



harde vppoñ hyme, ande putt hym in so grete distresse, that they tokene so awaye the reawme ; but oñ this wise they ordeynede betwix hem, that the toone of hem shulde witholde hyme in soiorne alle his lyfe, with xl. knyghtis, and here squyers, that he myght worshipfully go to what partie he wolde Managles, kynge of Scottes, resseyuede with hym Leyre in the manere afore seide, ande or a yere were passede, Gonorelle, the wife, ande doughter of Leyre, was so anoyede and dissesed of hyme ande of his many, that she spake to here housbonde, that x knyghtes and here squyers shuld be putt from here fadire. Leyre he come<sup>1</sup> right heuy, and his many, that that was putt away, ande his state apayrede, theifore meñ hadde hyme in the lesse reuerence ; wherfore he thought to go into Cornwaylle, for to preve Regane, his other doughter. Ande when he was comyne to here, the erle ande his doughter resseyuede hym with grete solempnite, and helde hyme with heñ, with his thretty knyghtes ande his squyers, but he hade skarsly dwellede there a yere, but that his doughter was yrke of hyme and of his many, that here housbonde ande she helde hyme in so grete vyolete ande repressse, that of thretty knyghtes ande here squyeres they putt hyme vnto oone alone. Thañ was Leyre more sorowfulle than euer he was befoie, and seide, "Alas ! that euer I was borne, for now ame I more vile theñ euer I was before Yette it hade bene better to haue dwellede stille with my fyrste doughter." Ande wente agayne into Scotlonde, to his eldyeste doughter. But when the kynge ande his wife sawe that, ande the myschefe of Leyre, they ressayuede hyme, ande tokyne away the knyght, and putt to hym a squyere. Theñ was Leyre more sorowfulle theñ euer he was before, ande begane gretly for to sorowe,

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<sup>1</sup> Become.

ande pleyne hyme piteously, ande seide, "Alas ! alas ! I haue leuyde to longe, that it is fallen to me , now ame I pore that was wonte to haue so mekille ; now haue I no frende ne kynne that wil me goode. Cordelle, my doughter, seide me fulle wele, ande that I haue now fowndyne , for she seide me as mych as I hade, so mych was I worthe, ande so mych louyde shulde I be. Now wote I wele, that myn othere doughters haue flaterede me ; now they take no force. Now behouys me for nede to go ande proffere myne yongeste doughter Cordelle, to whome I wolde gyfe no lande ne tenemente, for she seide she louyde me als mekille as she ought to loue here fadre." Ande on this maner pleyned longe. Ande atte laste he wente ouere the see, with his squyere, ande come into Fraunce , and he askede where the queene shulde be fowndyne, ande meñ tolde hyme. He come to the cite, ande sente his squyere to the queene, for to saye here, that here fadre was comyne for nede, for to gete some goode ande helpe of here. The squyere wente, ande tolde in ordre to the queene, how his 1j doughters had lefte hyme. Cordelle, the queene, toke golde ande syluer grete plente, ande toke it to the squyere, and seide to hyme in cownsaylle, that he shulde bere that tresoure to here fadre, ande that he shulde go to some goode towne, ande araye hyme richely of rialle clothinge, with-holdynge with hyme xl<sup>th</sup> knyghtes of oone liveraye ; ande when he were redye, he shulde sende vnto the kynge, here lorde, that he was comyne to speke with hyme, ande to se his doughter. The squyere commaundide the queene to Gode, ande come to Leyre, his lorde, ande toke to hyme his tresoure, and seide his message. Wherefore Leyre wente ferre thense to anothere cite, ande dide after the ordynaunce of his doughter , ande afterwarde he come to the kynge, there he soiournede with his wife. Leyre sente to the kynge of Fraunce,

and tolde Cordelle, his doughter, that he was comyne into Fraunce, for to speke with hem. When the kynge herde this, he commaundide alle his men to take here horse, ande the queene also commaundide alle here men to take here horse; and alle they riddene to-gedre. The kynge and the queene come with a grete worship agayne hyme, and ressayuede hyme with grete noble. The kynge commaundide throw alle his reawme, that alle shulde be intendaunte to kynge Leyre, the fadre of his wife, as to hyme selfe. When Leyre hade dwellede there with the kynge of Fraunce a monethe, he tolde the kynge ande the queen how his ij. doughters hade seruede hyme. Wherefore kynge Agape assemblede a grete powere of folke, and sente hem with Leyre in to Bretayne; ande Cordelle, his doughter, come with hyme, for to haue the londe after here fadre. Ande they passede the see, ande foughtyne with the felouns, ande slowen hem; ande Leyre toke agayne his londe, ande leuyde after iij. yere in pease, ande afterwarde he diede, ande Cordelle, his doughter, dide hym be beriede at Leycetur. Ande after the dethe of here fadre, Cordelle helde the lande of Bretayne. Here may men se what fayre flaterynge wordes done, that vntrewly fullfillene the behest that<sup>1</sup> they make; and here also many men may here, what comys to hem that sayene the truthe, as Cordelle dide; for it is writtene, they that glosene the, and praysene the, dysseyuene the, ande they that tellene the the truthe ande the sothe, the louene the, and are thy good frendes, &c.

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<sup>1</sup> *That that*, MS.

*The gunarchie of queene Cordeilla, how she was  
vanquished, of hir imprisonment and selfe-  
murther: the contention betweene Cunedag  
and Margan nephewes for gouvernement, and  
the euill end thereof.*



#### THE SIXT CHAPTER.

CORDEILLA the yoongest daughter of Leir was ad-  
mitted Q and supreme gouernesse of Britaine, in the <sup>Queene</sup>  
yéere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome <sup>Cordeilla,</sup>  
54, Vzia then reigning in Iuda, and Ieroboam ouer  
Israell. This Cordeilla after hir fathers deceasse  
ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the  
space of fíue yéeres, in which meane time hir husband  
died, and then about the end of those fíue yéeres, hir  
two nephewes Margan and Cunedag, sonnes to hir  
aforesaid sisters, disdaining to be vnder the gouern-  
ment of a woman, leued warre against hir, and de-  
stroied a great part of the land, and finallie tooke hir  
prisoner, and laid hir fast in ward, wherewith she  
tooke such griefe, being a woman of a manlie courage,  
and despairing to recouer libertie. there she slue hir-  
selfe, when she had reigned (as before is mentioned)  
the tearme of fíue yéeres



3. *How Queene Cordila, in dispaire, slew  
her selfe, the yeare before Christ, 800.*

—o—

[From the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1587.]

**I**F any woefull wight have cause to wayle her woe,  
Or griefs are past do picke us Princes, tell our  
fall

My selfe likewise must needes constrayned eke do so,  
And shew my like misfortunes and mishaps withall.  
Should I keepe close my heavy haps and thrall?

Then did I wrong: I wrong'd my selfe and thee,  
Which of my facts a witnes true maist bee.

A woman yet must blush when bashfull is the case,  
Though trueth bid tell the tale and story as it fell.  
But sith that I mislike not audience, time, nor place,  
Therefore, I cannot keepe my woes in counsaile well,  
No greater ease of heart then griefes to tell,  
It daunteth all the dolours of our minde,  
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

For why to tell that may recounted bee agayne,  
And tell it as our cares may compasse ease:  
That is the salve and medicine of our payne,

Which cureth corsies all and sores of our disease :  
It doth our pinching panges and paynes apeace .  
It pleads the part of an assured friend,  
And tells the trade, like vices to amend.

Therefore if I more willing bee to tell my fall,  
With my mishaps to ease my burdened breast and  
    minde :  
Some others haply may avoide and shunne the thrall,  
And thereby for distresse more aide and comfort  
finde.  
They keeping measure, whereas I declin'd,  
    May bee as prompt to flie like brute and blame  
As I to tell, or thou to write the same.

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record  
What Queene Cordila tells to ease her inward smarte ,  
I will recite my story tragicall ech word,  
To thee that gev'st an eare, and ready art.  
But lest I set the horse behinde the cart,  
    I minde to tell ech thing in order, so,  
As thou maist see and shew whence sprang my  
    woe.

My grandsire Bladud hight, that found the bathes by  
    skill,  
A fethered King that practis'd highe to soare :  
Whereby hee felt the fall, God wot against his will,  
And never went, road, raygnd, nor spake, nor flew no  
    more.  
After whose death my father Leire therefore  
    Was chosen King, by right apparent heyre,  
Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

Hee had three daughters, first and eld'st hight Gone-  
    rell,  
Next after her his yonger Ragan was begot :  
The third and last was I the yongest, nam'd Cordell.

Us all our father Leire did love to well God wot.  
 But minding her that lov'd him best to note,  
     Because hee had no sonne t'enjoy his land,  
     Hee thought to guerdon most where favour most  
     hee fand.

What though I yongest were, yet men mee judg'd more  
     wise

Then either Gonerell, or Ragan more of age :  
 And fairer farre · wherefore my sisters did despise  
 My grace and giefts, and sought my wrecke to wage.  
 But yet though vice on vertue dye with rage,  
     It can not keepe her underneath to drowne :  
     For still she flittes above, and reaps renowne.

My father thought to wed us unto Princely peeres,  
 And unto them and theirs deuide and part the land.  
 For both my sisters first hee cal'd (as first their  
     yeares  
 Requir'd) their mindes, and love, and favour t'under-  
     stand.

(Quod hee) all doubts of duty to aband,  
     I must assay your frendly faithes to prove ·  
     My daughteis tell mee how you doe mee love.

Which when they aunswerd him they lov'd their father  
     more

Then they themselves did love, or any wordly  
     wight :

Hee praised them, and sayd hee would therefore  
 The loving kindnes they deserv'd in fine requite.  
 So found my sisters favour in his sight,  
     By flattery faire they won their fathers heart,  
     Which after turned hym and mee to smart.

But not content with this, hee asked mee likewise  
 If I did not him love and honour well.  
 No cause (quod I) there is I should your grace  
     despise :

For nature so doth binde and duty mee compell,  
To love you, as I ought my father, well.

Yet shortely I may chaunce, if Fortune will,  
To finde in heart to beare another more good will.

Thus much I sayd of nuptiall loves that ment,  
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire.

And partly taxing them, for which intent  
They set my fathers heart on wrathfull fire

Shee never shall to any part aspire

Of this my realme (quod hee) among'st you twayne  
But shall without all dowry aie remaine.

Then to Maglaurus Prince, with Albany hee gave  
My sister Gonerell, the eldest of us all.

And eke my sister Ragan to Hinnue to have,

And for her dowry Camber and Cornwall.

These after him should have his Kingdome all.

Betweene them both hee gave it franke and free,

But nought at all hee gave of dowry mee.

At last it chaunst a Prince of Fraunce to heare my  
fame.

My beauty brave, my wit was blaz'd abroad ech  
where.

My noble vertues prais'd mee to my fathers blame,  
Who did for flattery mee lesse friendly favour beare.

Which when this worthy Prince (I say) did heare,

Hee sent ambassage lik'd mee more then life,

And soone obtayned mee to bee his wife.

Prince Aganippus reav'd mee of my woe,

And that for vertues sake, and dowryes all the  
best :

So I contented was to Fraunce my father fro

For to depart, and hoapt t'enjoy some greater rest.

Where living well belov'd, my joys encreast.

I gate more favour in that Prince his sight,

Then ever Princesse of a Princely wight.



But while that I these joyes so well enjoyed in  
 Fraunce,  
 My father Leire in Britayne waxt unweldy old.  
 Whereon his daughters more themselves aloft t'ad-  
 vauce,

Desir'd the Realme to rule it as they wolde.  
 Their former love and friendship waxed cold,  
 Their husbands rebels voyde of reason quite  
 Rose up, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right .

Caus'd him agree they might in parts equall  
 Devide the Realme, and promist him a gard  
 Of sixty Knights on him attending still at call.  
 But in six monthes such was his hap to hard,  
 That Gonerell of his retinue barde  
 The halfe of them, shee and her husband left .  
 And scarce alow'd the other halfe they left

Eke as in Albany lay hee lamenting fates,  
 When as my sister so, sought all his utter spoyle :  
 The meaner upstart countiers thought themselves his  
 mates,  
 His daughter him disdayn'd and forced not his  
 foyle.

Then was hee fayne for succoure his to toyle  
 With halfe his trayne, to Cornwall there to lie  
 In greatest neede, his Ragans' love to try.

So when hee came to Cornwall, shee with joy  
 Received him, and Prince Maglaurus did the like.  
 There hee abode a yeare, and liv'd without anoy :  
 But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite  
 Save only ten, and shew'd him daily spite.

Which hee bewayl'd complayning durst not strive,  
 Though in disdayne they last alow'd but five.

What more despite could develish beasts devise,  
 Then joy their fathers woefull days to see ?  
 What vipers vile could so their King despise,

Or so unkinde, so curst, so cruell be ?  
Fro thence agayn he went to Albany,  
Where they bereav'd his servants all save one :  
Bad him content him selfe with that, or none.

Eke at what time hee ask'd of them to have his gard,  
To gard his noble grace where so hee went :  
They cal'd him doting foole, all his requests debard,  
Demaunding if with life hee were not well content.  
Then hee to late his rigour did repent

Gaynst mee, my sisters fawning love that knew,  
Found flattery false, that seem'd so faire in view

To make it short, to Fraunce hee came at last to  
me,

And told mee how my sisters evell their father usde.

Then humbly I besought my noble King so free,  
That he would aide my father thus by his abusde.

Who nought at all my humble hest refusde,

But sent to every coast of Fraunce for aide,

Whereby King Leire might home bee well conveyde.

The souldiours gathered from ech quarter of the  
land,

Come at the length to know the noble Princes will :

Who did commit them unto captaynes every band.

And I likewise of love and reverent meere good will

Desir'd my Lord, hee would not take it ill

If I departed for a space withall,

To take a part, or ease my father's thrall.

Hee graunted my request . Thence wee arived here,

And of our Britaynes came to aide likewise his right

Full many subjects, good and stout that were :

By martiall feats, and force, by subjects sword and  
might,

The British Kings were fayne to yeeld our right.

Which wonne, my father well this Realme did guide

Three yeares in peace, and after that hee dyde.

Then I was crowned Queene this Realme to hold,  
Till five yeares past I did this Island guyde :  
I had the Britaynes at what becke I would,  
Till that my loving King mine Aganippus dide.  
But then my seat it faltered on ech side,  
My sisters sonnes began with mee to jarre,  
And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.

The one hight Morgan Prince of Albany,  
And Conidagus King of Cornwall and of Wales :  
Both which at once provided their artillery,  
To worke mee woefull woe, and mine adherents  
bales.

What neede I fill thine eares with longer tales ?  
They did prevaile by might and powre, so fast,  
That I was taken prisoner at last.

In spitefull sorte they used then my captive corse,  
No favour shewde to mee, extinct was mine estate :  
Of kinred, Prynces, bloud, or peere was no remorse,  
But as an abject vile, and worse, they did mee hate.  
To lie in darkesome dungeon was my fate  
As t'were a thiefe, mine aunsweres to abide,  
Gaynst right and justice, under Jailours guide.

For liberty at length I su'd to subjects were :  
But they kept mee in prison close, devoide of trust  
If I might once escape, they were in dread and feare  
Their fawning friends with mee would prove untrue  
and just.

They told mee take it patiently I must,  
And bee contented that I had my life :  
Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Whereby I sawe might nothing mee prevaile to pray,  
To pleade, or prove, defend, excuse, or pardon  
crave.

They heard mee not, despis'd my plaints, sought my  
decay,

I might no lawe, nor love, nor right, nor justice have,  
No friends, no faith, nor pittie could mee save.

But I was from all hope of freedome bard  
Condem'd, my cause like never to bee heard.

Was ever noble Queene so drencht in wrecks of woe,  
Depos'd from Princely powre, bereft of liberty,  
Depriv'd of all these worldly pompes her pleasures fro,  
And brought from wealth to neede, distresse, and  
misery,

From Pallace proude in prison poore to lie,  
From Kingdomes twayne, to dungeon one, no more,  
From Ladies wayting, unto vermine store?

From light to darke, from holesome aire to lothsom  
smell,

From odoure sweete to smart, from ease to greevous  
paine,

From sight of Princely Wights, to place where thieves  
doe dwell,

From dainty beds of downe, to bee of strawe full  
fayne:

From bowres of heavenly hewe, to dennes of daine:  
From greatest haps that worldly wights atchive,  
To more distresse than any wretch alive?

When first I left my frends in Fraunce did me exalte,  
And eke my noble King, mine Aganippus true:  
And came to England; for their heynous facts and  
faulte,

Which from his right and kingdome quite our father  
threwe,

To take his Realme: to raigne and treason knewe  
I thinke of all misfortunes was the worst:  
Or else I deeme the causers al accurst.

For marke my haplesse fall that fortune did me send  
As thus in prison vile on live I lingring lay,  
When I had mourned long, but found no faythfull frend

That could me helpe, or ayde, or comfort any  
way,

Was served at meate as those that Kinges betray  
With fare God wote was simple, bare, and thin,  
Could not sustayne the corps it entred in.

And when the sighes, and teares, and playnes nigh  
burst my hart,

And place, and stenche, and fare nigh poysond every  
pore .

For lacke of frends to tell my seas of giltlesse smart,  
And that mine eyes had sworne to take sweete sleepe  
no more,

I was content, sith cares oppresse me sore,  
To leave my foode, take mourning, playnts, and  
cye,

And lay mee downe, let griefe, and nature trye.

Thus as I pining lay, my carcas coucht on strawe,  
And felt the payne erst never creature earthly  
knewe:

Mee thought by night a grizely ghost in darkes I  
sawe,

Eke nearer still to mee with stealing steps shee  
drew,

Shee was of colour pale and deadly hewe,  
Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,  
And pictures plaine of hastened deathes withall.

I musing lay in paines, and wondred what shee was,  
Mine eyes stood still, mine haire rose up for feare an  
end,

My flesh it shoke and trembled ; yet I cryde (alas)  
What wight art thou ? a foe ? or else what fawning  
frend ?

If death thou art, I pray thee make an end.

But th'art not death. Art thou some fury sent,  
My woefull corps, with paynes, to more torment !

With that shee spake : " I am (quoth shee) thy frend  
 Despayre,  
 Which in distresse each worldly wight with speede do  
 ayde :

I rid them of their foes, if I to them repayre  
 To long from thee by other caytives was I stayde.  
 Now, if thou art to dye no whit afrayde,  
 Here shalt thou choose of Instruments (beholde)  
 Shall rid thy restlesse life, of this be bolde "

And therewithall she threwe her garments lap aside,  
 Under the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes :  
 Both knives, sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde  
 With bloud, and poysons prest which shee could well  
 devise.

" There is no hope (quoth shee) for thee to rise,  
 And get thy Crowne or Kyngdome ueste agayne :  
 But for to live long lasting pynning payne.

Lo here (quoth shee) the blade that Did' of Carthage  
 hight,  
 Whereby shee was from thousand panges of payne let  
 passe :

With this shee slewe her selfe, after Æneas flight,  
 When hee to Sea from Tyrian shoares departed was.  
 Do choose of these thou from woes to passe,  
 Or bide the end, prolong thy paynfull dayes,  
 And I am pleasse from thee to packe my wayes."

With that was I (poore wretche) content to take the  
 knife,  
 But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearefull fayne would  
 byde.

So still I lay in study with my selfe, at bate and strife  
 What thing were best of both these deepe extreames  
 untryde,

Good Hope all reasons of Despayre denyde.  
 And shee agayne replyde to prove it best  
 To dye : for still in life my woes increast.

Shee cal'd to minde the joyes in Fraunce I whilome  
had,  
Shee tolde me what a troupe of Ladyes was my  
trayne:  
And how the Lordes of Fraunce, and Britaynes both  
were glad  
Of late to wayte on mee, and subjects all were fayne  
She tolde I had bin Queene of Kingdomes twayne,  
And how my kinsmen had my seate and Crowne.  
I could not rise, for ever fallen downe.

A thousand thinges beside recited then Despayre,  
Shee tolde the woes in warres, that I had heapt of  
late ;  
Reheerst the prison vile in steede of Pallace fayre,  
My lodging lowe, and mouldy meates my mouth did  
hate ;  
Shee shewde mee all the dongeon where I sate,  
The dankish walles, the darkes, and bade mee smell,  
And byde the savour it I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch devoid of comfort quite and hope,  
And pleasures past comparde with present paynes I  
had ;  
For fatall knife slipt forth, my fearefull hand did grope,  
Despayre in this to ayde my senceles limmes was glad,  
And gave the blade : to end my woes shee bad.  
I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart  
Ile pray to Gods, revenge my woefull smart.

If any wrong deserve the wrecke, I pray you skyes  
And starres of light (if you my plight doe rue)  
O Phœbus cleere I thee beseech and pray likewise,  
Beare witnes of my playnts well knowne to God are  
true.

You see from whence these injuryes they grue.  
Then-let like vengeaunce hap and light on those  
Which underserved were my mortall foes.

God graunt immortall strife betweene them both may  
fall,

That th' one the other may, without remorse, distroye:

That Conidagus may his cosin Morgan thrall,

Because hee first decreast my wealth, bereft my joye.

I pray you Gods he never be a Roy:

But caytife may be payde with such a frend,

As shortly may him bring to sodayne end.

Farewell my Realme of Fraunce, farewell, Adieu,

*Adieu mes nobles tous*, and England now farewell:

Farewell Madames my Ladyes, *car ie suis perdu*,

*Il me fault aler desesper m'addonne conseil*

*De me tuer*, no more your Queene farewell.

My cousens mee oppresse with mayne and might,

A captive poore, gaynst Justice all and right.

And therewithall the sight did fayle my dazeling  
eyne,

I nothing sawe save sole Dispaire bad mee dispatch:

Whome I behelde, shee caught the knife from mee I  
weene,

And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.

Com on (quod I) thou hast a goodly catch.

And therewithall Dispaire the stroke did strike,

Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like:

Which I to late bewayle, Let those a live beware,

Let not the losse of goods or honours them constrainne

To playe the fooles, and take such careful carke and  
care,

Or to dispayre for any prison, pine, and payne.

If they be giltlesse let them so remayne,

Farre greater follye it is for to kill,

Themselves dispayring, then is any ill.

Sith first thereby theyr enmyes have that they desire,

By which they prove to deadly foes unware a frende:

And next they cannot live, to former blisse t'spyre,



If God do bring theyr foes in time to sodayne ende.  
 They lastly, as the damned wretches, sende  
     Theyr soules thereby to darkesome *Stygian* lake  
     Which kill the corps that mighty *Jove* did make.

# LENVOY.

When as this desperate Queene had ended thus  
 Her tale, and tolde the haplesse grace she had :  
 As of her playnte som poyntes I did discusse,  
 Her sisters dealings were (mee thought) to bad  
 Her cosens cruell both, for Kingdomes mad.  
     Her own estate most pityfull to see,  
     A Queene by kinred captive kepte to bee.

So wise a Queene, so fayre a Princesse wrongde,  
 So dutifull in parents plight of yore :  
 By rebells vile hir cousens to bee throngde,  
 Such hatred hir ambitiously that bore.  
 Who ever saw such cruelty before ?  
     *Cordilaes* state most pitifull to see,  
     By kinred cloce in prison kepte to bee.

But next from *Wales* in warlike armour came  
 With wounded corps *Morganus* th' *Albane* king,  
 In woefull wise his doubtfull tale to fame,  
 And of his aunes distresse reports each thing.  
 Hee from *Glamorgan* this for truth doth bring,  
     That who' by slaughter seekes a prince to bee,  
     As traytoure falles beneath his first degree.



#### 4. *The Story of the Paphalgonian Unkind King.*

[From Sydney's "*Arcadia*," 1627, pp. 132 33]



#### BOOK II. CHAPTER 10.

*The pitifull state and storie of the Paphalgonian unkinde King, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father. The three Princes assaulted by Plexirtus and his traine. assisted by their King of Pontus and his troupes Plexirtus succoured and saved by two brothers, that vertuously loved a most vicious man. Beseeged by the new King he submitteth, and is pardoned. The two Princes depart to aide the Queene of Lycia*

IT was in the kingdome of Galacia, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that never any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child so that the princes were even compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place within a certaine hollow rocke offering it unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed.

they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiuing them (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation which made them steppe out, yet in such sort, as they might see un-seene. There they perceaved an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreemely weather beaten, the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet, through all those miseries, in both these seemed to appeare a kind of noble nesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man Well Leonatus (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to lead me to that which should end my grieffe, and my trouble, let me now entreat thee to leave me. feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie; feare not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But fle, fle from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father (answered he) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse. while I have power to doo you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my sonne (saide he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow strave to breake his harte), how evill fits it me to have such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse upbraide my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in), moved the princes to goe out unto them, and aske the younger what they were. Sirs (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreable by a certaine noble kinde of pitiousnes), I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede, our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull unto us as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous unto

us, then to make our selves so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promiseth, that cruelty shall not over-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of Paphlagonia, by the hardharted ungratefulnes of a sonne of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which nature graunts to the poorest creatures Whereby, and by other his unnaturall dealings, he hath bin driven to such griefe, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would have made me (who received my life of him) to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen (said he) if either of you have a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes hart, let me intreate you to convey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and securitie. Amongst your worthe actes it shall be none of the least, that a king, of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved

But before they could make him answer, his father began to speake: Ah my sonne (said he), how evill an historian are you, that leave out the chiefe knotte of all the discourse: my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doest it to spare my eares (the onely sense now left me proper for knowledge), assure thy selfe thou dost mistake me. And I take witnesse of that sunne which you see (with that he cast up his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light), and wish my selfe in woise case then I do wish my selfe, which is as evill as may be, if I speake untruely; that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame Therefore, know you, gentlemen (to whom from my harte I wish that it may not

prove ominous foretold of misfortune to have mette with such a miser as I am), that whatsoever my sonne (O God, that trueth binds me to reproch him with the name of my sonne) hath said, is true. But, besides those truthe, this also is true that, having had in lawful mariage, of a mother fitte to beare royall children, this sonne (suche one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my shorte declaration), and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to justifie their expectations (so as I needed envie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leave an other ones-selfe after me), I was caried by a bastarde sonne of mine (if, at least, I be bounde to beleve the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly, to destroy, to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) undeserving destruction. What waies he used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smoothe malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envie, as in any living person could be harbored. But I list it not, no remembrance of naughtines delights me, but mine own. and, me thinks, the accusing his trames might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeves (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to live poorely: which he did, giving himselfe to be a private souldier, in a countrie hereby. But as he was redy to be greatly advanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he hearde newes of me: who (dronke in my affection to that

unlawfull and unnaturall sonne of mine), suffered my self so to be governed by him, that all favors and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his favourites, so that ere I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity which was laid upon me), threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me goe, neither imprisoning, nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feeble my miserie; miserie, indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchednes, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so unjust meanes, as unjustlie he kept it, by force of stranger souldiers in *cittadels*, the nestes of tyranny, and murderers of libertie, disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a well-willer of mine: to say the trueth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnes to my unkinde bastard): but if there were any who fell to pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of unstained duety left in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giving me almes at their doores, which yet was the onelie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shewe so much charitie, as to lende me a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, woorthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the present good way he was in doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my unspeakable grieve; not onely because his kindnes is a glasse even to my blind eyes, of my naughtines, but that above all griefes, it greeves me he should desperatly

adventure the losse of his well-deserving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would cary mudde in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, how much soever (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised ; yet he will not let slippe any advantage to make away him, whose just title (ennobled by courage and goodnes) may one day shake the seate of a never secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craved of him to leade me to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onelie therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient unto me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me ; for never was there more pity in saving any, then in ending me, both because therein my agonies shall ende, and so shall you preserve this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter, in it self lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put of the markes thereof) greatly moved the two princes to compassion, which could not stay in such harts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented : for Plexirtus (so was the bastard called) came thether with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder this brother ; of whose comming he had soone advertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne ; and therefore came him selfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as he came, not regarding

the weake (as he thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of Leonatus. But the young prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sworde) how falsely soever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe : but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then Pyrocles and Musidorus were quickly become parties (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship), and so did behave them among that companie (more injurious then valiant), that many of them lost their lives for their wicked maister.

Yet, perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of Pontus (lately by them made so) had not come unlooked for to their succour. Who (having had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon some great daunger, presently to follow those two princes whom he most deerely loved) was come in all hast, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundreth horses in that countrie, which he thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place inough to make the stage of any tragedie.

But then the match had ben so ill made for Plexirtus, that his ill-led life, and worse-gotten honour, should have tumbled together to destruction, had there not come in Tydeus and Telenor, with fortie or fiftie in their suit, to the defence of Plexirtus. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought up from their infancie with Plexirtus : men of such prowesse, as not to know feare in themselves, and yet to teach it others that should deale with them : for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible daungers ; never dismayed, and ever fortunate ; and truely no more settled in their valure, then disposed to goodnesse and justice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to



make friendship a child, and not the father vertue. But bringing up (rather then choise) having first knit their minds unto him (indeed, craftie enough, eyther to hide his faultes, or never to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, then al the world, and rather to be good friendes then good men: so, as though they did not like the evill he did, yet they liked him that did the evill; and, though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now, they having heard of this sodaine going out, with so small a company, in a country full of evil-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause), followed him, till they found him in such case as they were to venture their lives, or else he to loose his: which they did with such force of minde and bodie, that truly I may justly say. Pyrocles and Musidorus had never till then found any that could make them so well repeate their hardest lesson in the feates of aimes. And briefly so they did, that, if they overcome not, yet were they not overcome, but caried away that ungratefull maister of theirs to a place of securitie; howsoever the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancie of the princes so to leave it; but in all hast making forces both in Pontus and Phrygia, they had in fewe dayes lefte him but only that one strong place where he was. For feare having bene the onely knot that had fastned his people unto him, that once untied by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birdes, whose cage had bene broken.

In which season the blind king (having in the chief citie of his realme set the crowne upon his sonne Ieonatus head) with many teares (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him,

and forst his sonne to accept honour of him (as of his newe-become subject), even in a moment died, as it should seeme · his hart broken with unkindnes and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this excesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vitall spirits But the new king (having no lesse lovingly performed all duties to him dead, then alive) pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, asmuch for the revenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet In which seige, truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whom the princes never found in all their travell two men of greater habilitie to performe, nor of habler skill for conduct.

But Plexirtus, finding that, if nothing els, famin would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turnings of sleights, that, though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule then he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another . though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stir pitie · no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest ; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting maner of aggravating his owne evil, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now, he tooke this way, that, having gotten a pasport for one (that pretended he would put Plexirtus alive into his hands) to speak with the king his brother, he him selfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of Leonatus. Where what submission he used, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the lesse, how artificially he could set

out the torments of his own conscience, with the burdensome comber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, he begged life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though, at first sight, Leonatus saw him with no other eye then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon, and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poor villaines (chiefe ministers of his wickednes, now betrayed by the author therof), were delivered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had rather come into the defence of an unremediable mischiefe already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent.

In such sort the princes left these reconciled brothers (Plexirtus in all his behaviour carying him in far lower degree of service than the ever-noble nature of Leonatus would suffer him), and taking likewise their leaves of their good friend the king of Pontus (who returned to enjoy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome), they privately went thence, having onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through divers places; they foure dooing actes more daungerous, though lesse famous, because they were but privat chivalries. till hearing of the faire and vertuous Queen Erona of Lycia, besieged by the puissant king of Armenia, they bent themselves to her succour, both because the weaker (and weaker as being a ladie), and partly, because they heard the king of Armenia had in his company three of the most famous men living for matters of armes, that were knowne to be in the worlde. Whereof one was the Prince Plangus (whose name was sweetened by your breath, peerlesse ladie, when

the last daie it pleased you to mention him unto me), the other two were two great princes (though holding of him), Barzanes and Euardes, men of giant-like both hugenes and force : in which two especially the trust the king had of victory was reposed. And of them, those two brothers Tydeus and Telenor (sufficient judges in warlike matters) spake so high commendations, that the two yong princes had even a youthfull longing to have some triall of their vertue. And, therefore, as soone as they were entred into Lycia, they joyned themselves with them that faithfully served the poore queene, at that time besieged : and, ere long, animated in such sort their almost overthrowne harts, that they went by force to relieve the towne, though they were deprived of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all hast to returne to their old friend and maister, Plexirtus. who (willingly hood-winking themselves from seeing his faultes, and binding themselves to beleieve what he said) often abused the vertue of couiage to defend his fowle vice of injustice. But now they were sent for to advaunce a conquest he was about; while Pyrocles and Musidorus pursued the delverie of the Queene Erona.



5. *A Lamentable Song of the Death of  
King Leir and his Three Daughters*

*(To the Tune of "When Flying Fame")*



KING Leir once ruled in this land  
With princely power and peace ;  
And had all things with hearts content,  
That might his joys increase  
Amongst those things that nature gave.  
Three daughters fair had he,  
So princely seeming beautiful,  
As fairer could not be

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
A question thus to move,  
Which of his daughters to his grace  
Could shew the dearest love :  
For to my age you bring content,  
Quoth he, then let me hear,  
Which of you three in plighted troth  
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ,  
Dear father, mind, quoth she,

Before your face, to do you good,  
My blood shall render'd be :  
And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;  
Dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all extremities  
I'll gently undertake .  
And serve your highness night and day  
With diligence and love ;  
That sweet content and quietness  
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
The aged king reply'd ;  
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,  
How is thy love ally'd ?  
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
Which to your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child,  
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he.  
Than doth thy duty bind ?  
I well perceive thy love is small,  
When as no more I find.  
Henceforth I banish thee my court,  
Thou art no child of mine ,  
Nor any part of this my realm  
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more  
Than well I can demand,  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdome and my land,

My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,  
By these two sisters here ;  
The third had causeless banishment,  
Yet was her love more dear .  
For poor Cordelia patiently  
Went wandering up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,  
Through many an English town .

Untill at last in famous France  
She gentler fortunes found ;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
The fairest on the ground :  
Where when the king her virtues heard,  
And this fair lady seen,  
With full consent of all his court  
He made his wife and queen.

Her father King Leir this while  
With his two daughters staid .  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
Full soon the same decay'd ;  
And living in Queen Ragan's court,  
The eldest of the twain,  
She took from him his chiefest means,  
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont  
To wait with bended knee :  
She gave allowance but to ten,  
And after scarce to three ,  
Nay, one she thought too much for him ;  
So took she all away,

In hope that in her court, good king,  
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
In giving all I have  
Unto my children, and to beg  
For what I lately gave?  
I'll go unto my Gonorell:  
My second child, I know,  
Will be more kind and pitiful,  
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court,  
Where when she heard his moan  
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,  
That all his means were gone:  
But no way could relieve his wants,  
Yet if that he would stay  
Within her kitchen, he should have  
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,  
His made his answer then;  
In what I did let me be made  
Example to all men.  
I will return again, quoth he,  
Unto my Ragan's court,  
She will not use me thus, I hope,  
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command  
To drive him thence away:  
When he was well within her court  
(She said) he would not stay.  
Then back again to Gonorell  
The woeful king did hie,  
That in her kitchen he might have  
What scullion boys set by.



But there of that he was deny'd,  
Which she had promis'd late  
For once refusing, he should not  
Come after to her gate.  
Thus, twixt his daughters, for relief  
He wandred up and down ;  
Being glad to feed on beggars food,  
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
His youngest daughters words,  
That said the duty of a child  
Was all that love affords :  
But doubting to repair to her,  
Whom he had banish'd so,  
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind  
He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
And tresses from his head,  
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
With age and honour spread.  
To hills and woods and watry founts  
He made his hourly moan,  
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,  
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,  
He pass'd o're to France,  
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,  
To find some gentler chance :  
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard  
Of this her father's grief,  
As duty bound, she quickly sent  
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,  
In brave and gallant sort,

She gave in charge he should be brought  
To Aganippus' court ;  
Whose royal king, with noble mind  
So freely gave consent,  
To muster up his knights at arms,  
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,  
To repossesse King Leir,  
And drivè his daughters from their thrones  
By his Cordelia dear  
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
Was in the battel slain ;  
Yet he, good king, in his old days,  
Possest his crown again

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
Who died indeed for love  
Of her dear father, in whose cause  
She did this battle move ;  
He swooning fell upon her breast,  
From whence he never parted :  
But on her bosom left his life,  
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
The end of these events,  
The other sisters unto death  
They doomed by consents ;  
And being dead, their crowns they left  
Unto the next of kin :  
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
And disobedient sin.

END OF VOL. II.

